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The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

MR. FABIAN FRANKLIN is a veteran prosecutor of fallacies in popular logic. His seventy-eight years have not blurred an iota of the mental alertness of his college days or the time when he held a chair of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University. In this issue of THE FORUM he deplores soggy thinking on the part of our political and financial leaders in these hard times when, of all others, we have a right to expect keen analysis and hard-headedness. During the depression our government at Washington has promulgated the doctrine that unemployment should be relieved by hastening the construction of public works. This has been pretty well accepted, and wisely, by the country at large. At the same time Washington has acquiesced to another doctrine that seems to conflict with the first — that such works should not be allowed to assume proportions great enough to increase the national debt. But if we float bonds in the urgency of war, why not in economic crises? Perhaps history will judge that we have placed the wrong emphasis on thrift. Thrift would seem to be better as an antidote for periods of inflation than a practice designed to hoist us out of the depths of deflation.

SINCE Mr. Franklin wrote this paper for THE FORUM ninety of our leading economists have endorsed a plan for a one-billion-dollar "prosperity loan." The program is designed to give thousands of our unemployed jobs on public works and to put into their pockets the wherewithal to buy freely, thus breaking the general consumers' strike. "It seems only logical," reads the statement of these economists, "that the Federal Government, which has been urging these expenditures by business men and local governments, should now do its part in restoring the purchasing power of the masses of the people by an extensive expansion of such public works as post roads, reforestation, elimination of grade crossings, reclamation and flood control projects, and other improvements that do not compete with private industry and can be undertaken promptly."

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FORUM

Next Month

MASS PRODUCTION AND THE WAR DEBTS

James Truslow Adams

Ever since the war, Europe has hoped that America might some day come round to the point of canceling her war loans to the Allied Governments. This proposal has been condemned time and again by our business and political leaders until very recently, when several responsible bankers have shown unmistakable signs of regarding it favorably. What has led them to reverse their opinions? What are the secret reasons behind this new agitation for canceling the debts? Mr. Adams, who once espoused this view himself, examines the motives of our business men and now concludes that it would be an international blunder for America to withdraw her war claims.

LIQUOR CONTROL IN SWEDEN

Ivan Bratt

The Wickersham report on Prohibition aroused wide interest in the Swedish system of liquor control through the advocacy by Henry W. Anderson, a member of the Commission, of a modified form of the Swedish system to replace the 18th Amendment in this country. Ivan Bratt, the originator of the Swedish system — which has been in effect the same number of years as the Prohibition Amendment — will explain its principles and the reasons why it has succeeded where our Noble Experiment has failed.

HONESTY IN POLITICS

Richard F. Warner

Why strict honesty is never the best politics.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Irwin Edman

The personal philosophy of a young man who devotes his life to teaching the philosophy of others. Of all the credos published in THE FORUM'S series of Living Philosophies, Irwin Edman's probably is most nearly representative of the younger generation to-day.

RISING ABOVE THE MARKET

Gertrude Mack

The true story of a family whose resources were wiped out by the crash of the stock market, with a faithful account of how they met the crisis.

"GERMANY AWAKE!"

S. McClatchie

An American who has spent four years in Germany draws a vivid picture of the post-war conditions of life in that country which have driven millions to join the ranks of the Fascists.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

Sherwood Anderson

A pæan in praise of the small, independent, country newspaper — by the man who traded his literary birthright for a mess of bucolic pottage and found it a good bargain.

FOREWORD

Continued

WE ARE too much governed by slogans that carry over into the wrong era. These are useful guides for our conduct when we have nothing better to go by. But no amount of high-sounding phrases about "pluck" and "thrift" can save us unless we use our wits, and no amount of driving efficiency can dispel economic gloom unless we have leaders in the seats of the mighty who use their brains. The slogan, "Less government in business and more business in government," sounds well, but to follow it blindfolded may lead to disaster. Professor Beard's penetrating book on our government, *The American Leviathan*, proves that *laissez faire* has not at all times been responsible for the growth of American business. In countless ways other than the post office and the tariff the government has played a useful part in coördinating the elements of our vast and complicated economic machine.

EXCELLENT old maxims and verbal truisms don't always work. When there are no new ideas to meet new conditions, things go wrong. There was no mind in Europe convincing enough to prevent or shorten the folly of the World War. In 1928 there was no mind in America keen or convincing enough to prophesy, convert us, and head off the unsound inflation of 1929. That was a sad afternoon last autumn when, in the great hall of the Chamber of Commerce in New York, beneath the portraits of the grand masters of American business — the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Harrimans, and Morgans — the captains of our day, in sackcloth and ashes, asked for a fund of eight million dollars to relieve the results of the earthquake which their own unintelligent leadership had unloosed. To be sure, they produced one constructive measure: they proposed to answer this depression in a new way, with jobs, instead of the old way, with doles.

THE PUBLIC is now confused by rival slogans — those which urge us to "save, save, save," and those which call upon us to "spend, spend, spend." One broad idea at least seems to be emerging. In times of inflation private industry needs danger signals and no artificial stimulus from government. That is the time for the government to look on and make blue prints. As deflation sets in the government should get out its blue prints, float a bond issue if necessary, and take up the slack until private leadership gets its bearings again.

— HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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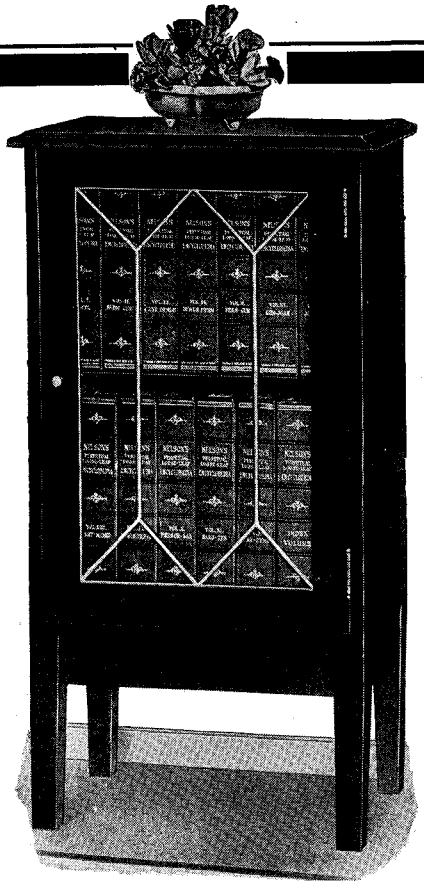

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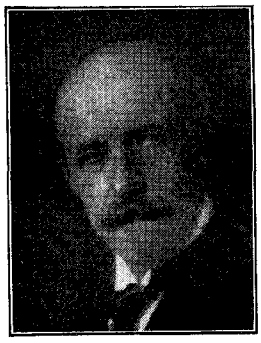

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN **JOHN T. FLYNN**
FRANCES WARFIELD **HARVEY N. DAVIS**

The Scholar's Ideal

UNIVERSITIES: AMERICAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN, by Abraham Flexner; Oxford, $3.50.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER'S analysis of American, English, and German universities is brash, dogmatic, highly stimulating, verbose, snobbish, courageous, pertinent, and badly organized, all in the same exciting and bewildering breath. In its main contention it repeats the refrain that James Truslow Adams has been singing: that the future of civilization depends on a cleared area within which disinterested thinkers and investigators may function without economic troubles to distract them, and without a subtly pernicious pressure exerted by the hosts of "practical" men to produce an idea, a discovery, a formula, or a style that can be turned immediately into cash value. Dr. Flexner is not much concerned with the undergraduate; he is interested in a haven for trained minds which will result in the ascertaining of facts in all fields, plus the piecing together of these facts. There must be specialization, but there must also be the philosophical intelligence; there "will be a Rutherford breaking up the atom, and a Whitehead or Eddington trying to make out what it all means. . . ." One can fancy Sinclair Lewis's Martin Arrowsmith saying, "Great stuff."

The Flexner ideal is admirable. But Dr. Flexner does not stop to develop his vision, he does not make clear in any detailed sense his idea of an articulated school system — primary, secondary, and higher. Instead, he turns vigorously to the attack. When he has finished laying about him with his quotations from the Higher Silliness, he has left the American idea of a university, as interpreted by Nicholas Murray Butler, lying bruised and dismembered in a pool of blood and mud. It must be confessed that his case against the Columbia idea *sounds* damaging in the extreme; and it is damaging. It is ridiculous, for instance, to put as much stress on vocational training, the teaching of trade tricks, home study courses, "practical poultry raising," the principles of advertising layout, etc., as on the legitimate sciences and humanities. It is positively time-wasting to run a mere trade school for journalists. But, although Dr. Flexner is so obviously sensible in the gist of his attack, he should not be given an untrammeled right of way.

Mr. R. L. Duffus, an intelligent observer and a real democrat, for instance, suspects Dr. Flexner of being medieval in his thinking. He suspects him of favoring isolated thinking rather than disinterested thinking. The university designed for service, such as Wisconsin, is a fine, democratic thing, in Mr. Duffus's opinion. Now who is the wiser? On the basis of this book it would be impossible to prove Dr. Flexner medieval, but his tone does incline one to give something to Mr. Duffus's suspicion. And, of course, if the people of a democracy desire the sort of education embodied in the "service" institution, that is their own business; the masses get what they want — ultimately — anyway. The matter would seem to narrow down to a consideration of the degree and what it means.

It is here that Dr. Flexner is on firm ground. The degree should connote a certain level of cultural value; it should not be given indiscriminately. In America, because of the degradation of the democratic dogma of education for everybody, it means nothing at all, except to the more naïve who are impressed by any insignia, whether it be on parchment or on the head of a Shriner. And this is a confused state of affairs; it keeps us from thinking straight on education. Vocational study and cultural study should be kept apart, either inside the same university unit or by committing each type of study to separate institutions. Dr. Flexner is all for the latter method. But, following Mr. Duffus, does it really matter whether poultry-raising is taught in the same university as constitutional history, provided the poultry professor is not put on a plane with a Charles Beard? Perhaps the two types of education are mutually exclusive, but Dr. Flexner has only raised the issue, not settled it. Experiment is the one thing that will settle it.

A defect of Dr. Flexner's book is that, while he discusses the English and German ideas of universities in relation to the American idea (to the latter's shame), he doesn't examine American theorists with any care. A consideration of Dewey and Meiklejohn, of Dr. Eliot and Irving Babbitt, of education for "power and service" versus education which might answer Meiklejohn's question, "How can the quality of human life be exalted?" — such a consideration might have shed more illumination than Dr. Flexner manages to spill in his pages on "The Idea of a Modern University." Or are these men too much concerned with "secondary" education to suit Dr. Flexner?

Royal Memories

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia; Viking, $3.50.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

GRAND DUCHESS Marie begins by telling us that she rode to her christening in a golden coach drawn by six white horses and surrounded with mounted hussars in scarlet uniforms. Then, remembering that this is America, she quickly adds that the very magnificence of her setting deprived her of a normal upbringing. "As a child I enjoyed no real family life and in consequence I have never been able to comprehend the meaning and true value of a home," she says. And thereupon launches into a book flavored throughout with the rich, warm atmosphere of devotion and fine loyalty which characterizes Russian family relationship at its best.

It takes only a minute, then, to discard the conventional picture of the lonely princess, peering enviously over her ermine collar at the lucky little bourgeois

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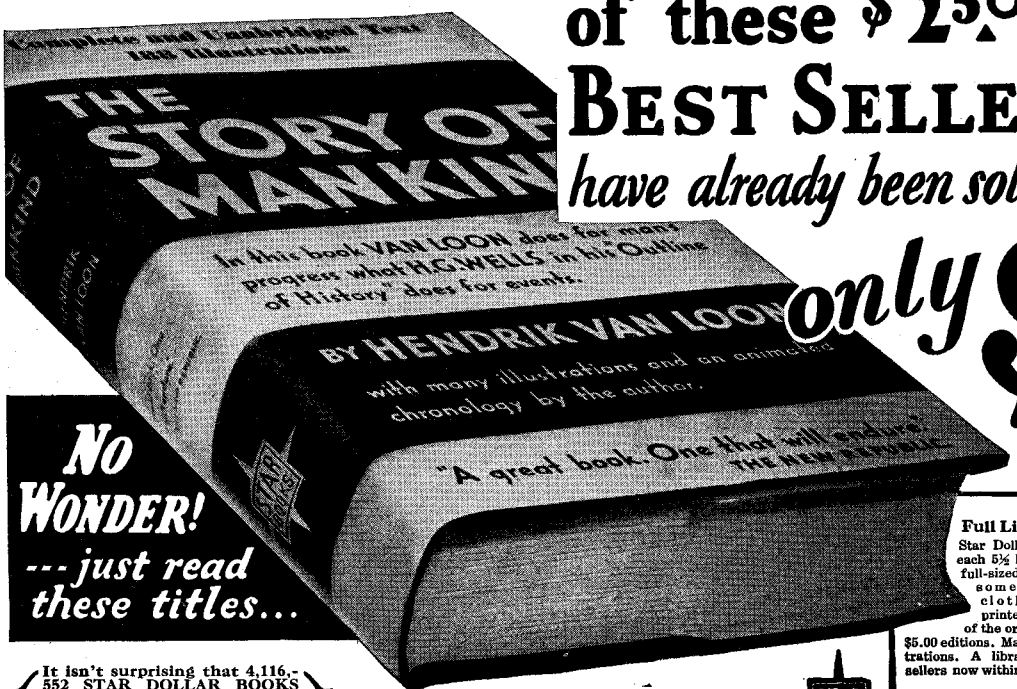
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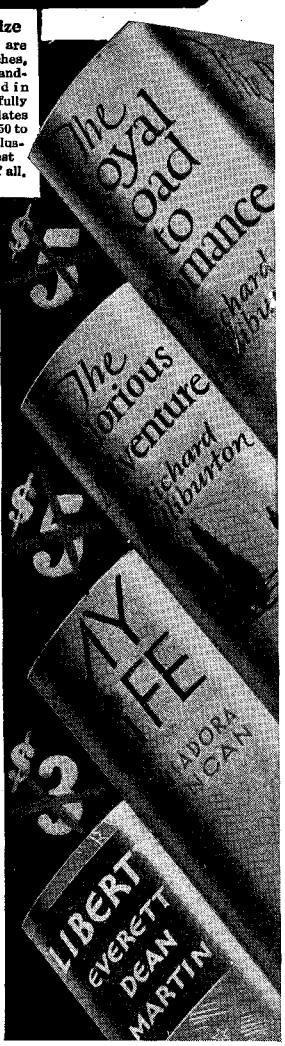

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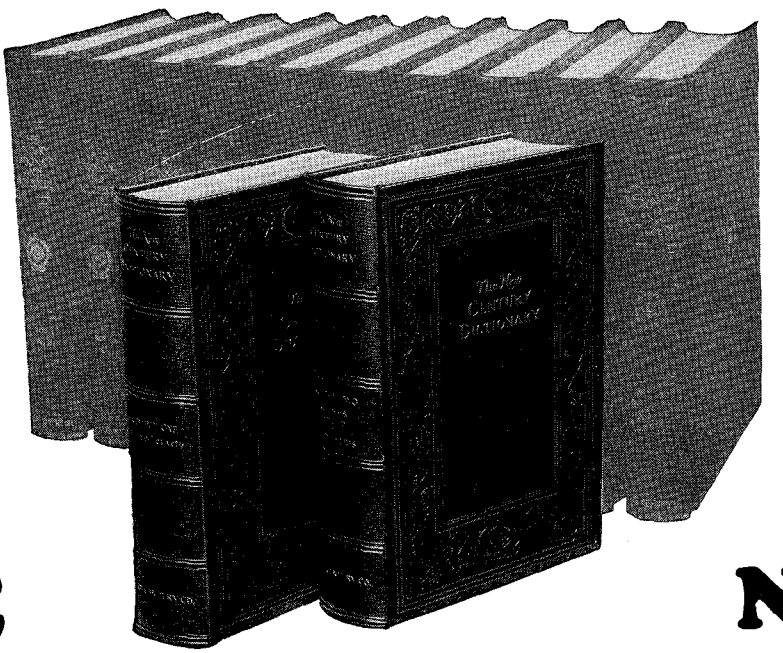

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to say, "and this is what has happened to me. Consider my education and upbringing and imagine what the effect of these experiences must have been upon me." But that is one way of writing a successful memoir, and the Grand Duchess Marie has written one.

Industrial Dilemma

THE MENACE OF OVER-PRODUCTION, edited by Scoville Hamlin; Wiley, $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN T. FLYNN.

AT THIS MOMENT two questions confront and vex a world sadly out of kilter. One of them touches the production of goods; the other has to do with the purchase of goods. The problem in the first may be called over-production. The problem in the second may be called distribution — not the distribution of the economist, but the distribution of the business man. This latter problem includes two subsidiary ones — merchandising and gold. Here are the three overmastering economic problems of this age — over-production, merchandising, and money. They lie at the root of the present depression and of the depressions that will follow it. That is why our people, without understanding precisely why, are excited by the phenomena of idle factories, chain-store agitations, and the growing international gold controversy.

The present volume undertakes to deal with the first of these bewildering questions via the symposium route. Symposiums have their weaknesses. They waste an immense amount of print in duplication and when one is done with them, one feels that there are immense areas of the subject under discussion which are not touched at all by the papers included.

Mr. Hamlin, the editor of this volume, has done a somewhat better job of collecting than is usual. He has included nine chapters dealing with over-production in specific industries — soft coal, oil, textiles, wool, silk, rayon, agriculture, and radio. Ten other chapters undertake to examine in more general terms the causes of over-production and the methods of dealing with it. The whole discussion is greatly improved by a chapter in which the editor undertakes to summarize in a connected way the data and opinions of the various contributors, and a final chapter in which is presented a brief statement of the curative proposals offered for particular industries and for the phenomenon of over-production as a whole.

Since the book has a foreword by Mr. Stuart Chase, one is not surprised to find the editor looking for the cause of over-production in the machine. This is well enough as far as it goes, yet it leaves out of the study the over-production which is found in all industries, those highly-mechanized as well as the more primitive industries of the old world. There is over-production in coffee, in wheat growing, in rubber raising, in the house-building industry, and there was over-production in the coal industry — worse than there is to-day — in former years when that industry, like the house-building industry, was still successfully resisting the introduction of machines. There is unemployment in highly-mechanized America. But there is unemployment in India — the unemployment of half the population for half the year every year has been called by Gandhi the overwhelming economic problem of that troubled country.

Unemployment seems to be the work of the machine, but there is some more fundamental cause behind it. However, the case for machine unemployment is put rather fully in this volume. A similar volume of discussions of modern distributive machinery and the international gold question would make a rather complete library of depression literature.

The names of the contributors, with a few exceptions, are not so well-known, but this is more than made up for by the fact that they are experts in the fields of industry they discuss.

Economic Theory

A TREATISE ON MONEY, by John Maynard Keynes; Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., $8.00.

Reviewed by HARVEY N. DAVIS.

READERS of Keynes's article, "Causes of World Depression," in the January FORUM, will remember this paragraph: "How, then, can it be that the total costs of production for the world's business as a whole can be unequal to the total sale proceeds? Upon what does the inequality depend? I think that I know the answer. But it is too complicated and unfamiliar for me to expound it here satisfactorily. (Elsewhere I have tried to expound it accurately.)" The two volumes under review are the accurate exposition referred to, and the FORUM article might well be used as a preface to them by ordinary readers.

The volumes themselves are hard reading for laymen because they deal with a very complicated and technical subject, because they are full of detail, and because the close-knit argument demands such an unflagging intensity of attention as laymen are seldom willing to give even to their more serious reading.

On the other hand, these two volumes deal with such subjects as the credit (or business) cycle, rising and falling prices, rising and falling real and money wages, the various indices of purchasing power,

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and the effect of the bank rate, the volume of bank credit, and the handling of foreign exchanges on them and on each other — all of which are matters of vital importance to every business man, whether he understands them or not. It therefore behooves him to find out all he can about them, and a mighty effort to assimilate Keynes's treatise is a good way to begin. The task is made as easy as may be by the clarity and beauty of Keynes's style.

Two aspects of the treatment appeal to me. The first is the dynamic as distinguished from the static emphasis. Keynes is interested in analyzing not only industrial and financial equilibriums and the conditions under which they might conceivably exist, but also the disequilibriums that characterize transition periods and the oscillations that are continually overlying and tending to mask the long-range trends. A second admirable quality is that Keynes is continually asking not only what the facts are, but also what can and should be done about them. For this reason the treatise is a singularly provocative work, one likely to inspire independent thinking and intelligent action in industry.

The treatise seems, at least to this layman reviewer, to be a very important contribution to the progress of economic theory. It undoubtedly must be read *in toto* by all bankers and all intelligent managers of investment trusts and large estates. Business men and others may wish to begin to skip and skim after the first twelve chapters, though they will find nuggets that are both easy and useful reading at frequent intervals thereafter. The treatise is distinctly a book to own and live with, and return to at frequent intervals. As Dr. Crothers wrote in a delightful essay on "The Honorable Points of Ignorance," virtue will exude out of the back of it as it lies among one's books, whether one actually reads it through or not.

Books In Brief

CHARLES W. ELIOT, by Henry James; Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols., $10.00.

WHATEVER one may think of America's experiment in democracy, there can be no doubt of the crucial part, for good or ill, which education is playing in it; and for several generations the name of the late President Eliot of Harvard has come to be a synonym for higher education in this country. The two volumes prepared by Henry James are a monument, not only to the man, but to the whole academic movement of the past fifty years which he symbolized. Briefly stated, this movement has transformed our little, provincial colleges into great diploma

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Books in Brief

mills where, without too much effort, every mother's son of us can remedy the defect of nature which failed to confer the A.B. degree upon us at birth.

This benign state of affairs would no doubt have come about sooner or later even without Eliot's help, but it is fruitless to speculate upon what might have happened without him; history records that he was on hand to start it, and the glory of the event is his achievement. In this single respect his labors have affected our times more, perhaps, than those of any other individual in the nineteenth century, because what he began at Harvard every other educator in the land has imitated and improved upon until now the perfect flowering of his ideas may be seen at any state university. No thoughtful student of contemporary conditions can ignore this biography; it contains the authentic shadow of the man as it can be found nowhere else except in Eliot's own writings. The reader, however, will have to supply his own measure of interpretation and judgment. Mr. James, as a distinguished Harvard graduate, has avoided this dangerous ground for the safer certainties of the record itself.

Eliot introduced the elective system, the forerunner of all the experimental absurdities which are now known collectively as "progressive education." An avowed enemy of contemplation and introspection and of that European discipline in the ancient classics whose motto was "Know Thyself," Eliot became the great champion of science as a sufficient preparation for life. It is significant that he was the first president of Harvard who was not a clergyman. His repeated emphasis upon training for "power and service" gave to college education that decisive turn which made it merely a training for "success" in the business man's meaning of the term, which is to-day its principal and most depressing characteristic. The logical climax of all this was the founding of the Graduate School of Business Administration — the last act of Eliot's official career.

Because of the singular purity and nobility of his private character, his public contributions to the theory and practice of pedagogy have not yet been subjected to the searching scrutiny which they will some day have to undergo. On that day one suspects that the austere Boston Brahman who guided Harvard's destinies for forty years will have grave sins to answer for.

THE JOURNAL OF MY OTHER SELF, by Rainer Maria Rilke; Norton, $3.00.

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Books

written in a delicate, sensitive prose which has (to judge without having seen the original) been translated into English with unusual care and sympathy. Anyone wishing to learn the details in the life of this cosmopolitan mystic must look elsewhere, for facts, names, and places are almost wholly absent. Only here and there, and then dimly, can one pierce the veil of mist which seems to have hung nebulously over the major portion of Rilke's life. We see a little of his boyhood — sad, troubled, made uneasy by interludes spent in a ghost-ridden northern castle; even less of his hermitlike existence in a recluse's Paris; in short, we are left to sense, rather than to perceive and to understand. The Proustian comparison, though obvious and possibly overstressed by current reviewers, is the one which will form the core of most readers' analyses. Yet even it will do little to explain or to interpret the melancholia of this book which, protest against its malarious spirit as one will, one cannot help admiring.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHYLOCK, by Ludwig Lewisohn; Harper. $2.50.

WHATEVER Shakespeare's actual intentions may have been, astute actors persist in interpreting Shylock as a character of tragic dimensions. With this viewpoint Mr. Lewisohn heartily agrees. His Merchant of Venice is not, however, the warm and living Jew of the original — a contradictory figure, half pitiful, half comic. He is a much-abused Zionist, the history of whose wrongs is told with deadly seriousness. Mr. Lewisohn picks up the story with the return of Shylock from the trial. One sees him as a broken but still defiant old man, brooding over the unmerited sufferings of himself and his people. Eventually he escapes to the East, where he is sheltered by a rich Jew high in the favor of the Sultan. After an abortive attempt to found a Zionist colony in Palestine, he becomes reunited to the truant Jessica and ends his days in peaceful resignation as a student of Hebrew sacred lore. Mr. Lewisohn has told his story in a rich, consciously archaic style and with a considerable sense of pageantry. As a work of art it is superior to his last novel, *Stephen Escott*. Unfortunately, like so much of his fiction, it is marred by Mr. Lewisohn's passionate racial preoccupation. For all that he is a dignified and moving figure, Shylock is less a full-blooded character than a symbol of Jewish destiny. Mr. Lewisohn has again failed, at least partially, to maintain the delicate balance between art and propaganda which he once achieved in *The Island Within*. He has sacrificed pure fictional interest to ulterior concerns and, as a result, his novel is more sluggish and duller than it should be.

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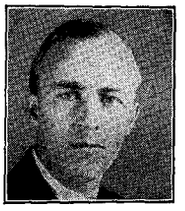

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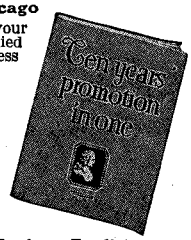

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Books

ENDING IN EARNEST, by Rebecca West; Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.

THIS casual literary log, gleaned from the pages of *The Bookman*, should be particularly welcome to those who prefer Rebecca West, the critic and essayist, to Rebecca West, the novelist. Miss West knows almost everyone worth knowing in London. She has, moreover, a rare capacity to write about celebrities crisply, intimately, and humorously without degenerating into a vulgar gossip. Her brilliant, stabbing little portraits of such figures as Max Beerbohm, Maurice Ravel, Evelyn Waugh, Virginia Woolf, and Richard Hughes are entirely admirable. So, too, is much of the rather informal literary criticism to which a good part of the book is devoted. Miss West is a person of strong and racy prejudices. Witness her impassioned defenses of the newer school of writing, and especially of D. H. Lawrence. When she takes the trouble, however, she is also good at more formal dialectics. Her spirited valedictory to *The Bookman* must have made some of the Humanists wince. Scrappy and ephemeral as many of the individual pieces are, this book should have a sure appeal to anyone who is interested in current letters.

ROMAN HOLIDAY, by Upton Sinclair; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

LUKE FABER was a serious young man of an old and wealthy family. He manufactured racing cars, worried about the trend of the times, and (with other American Legionnaires) strove to keep Rivertown free of labor agitators and kindred trouble-makers. At a time when this activity seemed about to get him into difficulties, he was injured in a racing wreck and went into a coma. For three weeks, then, he "lived" in ancient Rome, finding conditions there astonishingly like those in Rivertown. Eventually he recovered and wrote down the whole business at the behest of a neurologist. During his Roman interlude he thought: "If I am prætor, I will have to investigate the slaughterhouses. I have a vague recollection that somebody wrote a book on this subject, and I must look it up." He probably had in mind *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair — a much better book, by the way, than *Roman Holiday*.

HARD LINES, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster, $1.75.

FOLLOWING its initial appearance in *The New Yorker*, this reader memorized, and quoted ecstatically to all who would listen, that immortal invocation which opens thus: "Senator Smoot (Republican, Ut.) is planning a ban on smut. Oh rooti-ti-toot for Smoot of Ut. And his

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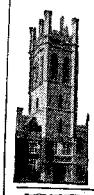

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Books in Brief

reverend occiput." (Others, I believe, were similarly bowled over by "I sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue and say to myself you have a responsible job, havenue?") The cockeyed verses of Mr. Ogden Nash have now been printed in book form — and a good thing, too. There has not been such a revolution in rhyming, nor such mad, improbable rhymes, since the happy days of Gilbert and Sullivan. To date, Mr. Nash is merely a supreme wagster. He displays none of the more serious lyric gifts of Samuel Hoffenstein, E.B.W., or Dorothy Parker (his sworn admirer). One can never tell though — and anyway he is very, very funny.

THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph Hergesheimer; Knopf, $2.50.

OF THE TWO Hergesheimers — he who wrote *Cytherea* and similar hymns to Venus, and he who wrote *The Three Black Pennys* and, now, *The Limestone Tree* — the latter seems to us the better novelist. This new book gives us critical moments in the lives of various generations of the Sash family, dwellers on Kentucky's dark and bloody ground. From 1776 to 1890, from pioneer days to the Civil War drama, Gabriel Sash and his descendants were inseparably bound up with the history of their state, first clearing away its wilderness, then enjoying its fertility, and then fighting for — and against — it. Naturally in treating such a subject Hergesheimer devotes a good deal of time to historical events, and it is probable that to some readers certain paragraphs and even whole pages will seem like those of a textbook rather than a novel. But this background is essential to an understanding of the Sashes, for the history of Kentucky shaped to a large extent the history of their lives. In spite of stodgy and obviously uninspired stretches, this gallery of portraits represents Hergesheimer at his recent best.

FESTIVAL, by Struthers Burt; Scribner, $2.50.

MR. BURT has one distinctive characteristic which is partly a virtue but perhaps more largely a defect. He has the leisurely, reflective mind of the essayist rather than that of the born novelist. He is interested in the intellectual impact which ideas and experiences make upon his characters, rather than in the characters themselves as living individuals. The central figure in *Festival* is a wealthy Philadelphia banker who retires from business at the age of fifty and then proceeds, with an ardent and touching curiosity, to feel his way round in a world which he has never had time to explore. He learns a good deal vicariously from the emotional adventures of his daughter,

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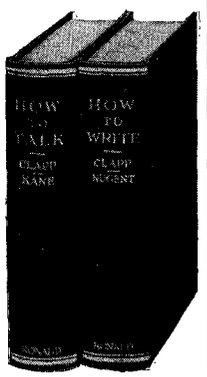

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Books in Brief

who is married somewhat unfortunately to an Italian prince. He learns, in fact, from everyone with whom he comes in contact, for he happens to be blessed with an alert and interested mind. *Festival* is a rich, mellow, rewarding kind of novel, packed with excellent conversation about American life and character, and with ideas for about a dozen excellent articles. The difficulty is that the people in it are not sufficiently sharp-edged. They have less vitality than the ideas which they so abundantly and fluently express.

MACKEREL SKY, by Helen Ashton; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

WHEN there is a mackerel sky, the weather will change. Of this theme as applied to human beings does Miss Ashton create her story. Gilbert Falkland is an author. His wife, Elizabeth, is Miss Willoughby's head saleswoman. Nothing extraordinary as a modern setting. And there is nothing extraordinary in the novel. There is the weariness of Elizabeth who finds a job (housekeeping), an inadequate salary, and a temperamental husband — a little too heavy a program to allow her the strength for those fascinations which most men want from their wives. There is the other woman and the carelessly conceived and unwanted child. Trite, to be sure. But from it Miss Ashton contrives to make real figures, real situations, excellent if somewhat monotonous dialogue. This is a fair novel, but it cannot be compared to her last season's success, *Dr. Serocold.*

EAST OF THE HUDSON, by J. Brooks Atkinson; Knopf, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH this book of essays encompasses a variety of subjects, from Greenwich Village and the Palisades to the defects of liberalism and the virtues of the Marx brothers, there is a coördinating note running through it. One is perpetually aware of Mr. Atkinson's deliberate effort to retain his poise and individuality in face of the pressure exerted by a turbulent city life. One gathers that his success is largely due to his periodic retreats into that countryside around New York which he describes so freshly and feelingly — which he describes, in fact, better than he does the city itself. Mr. Atkinson has adopted a curious and slightly irritating device of writing in the past tense, as if for a hypothetical reader of the year 2000. What he gains in perspective, he loses in immediacy and warmth. His whole book is somewhat cool and mannered. His point of view is intelligent, thoughtful, sane — but, like his prose, it achieves no heights. His recipe, if one can call it that, for the Good Life is not one that many people will care to follow.

BACK STREET, by Fannie Hurst; Cosmopolitan, $2.50.

RAY SCHMIDT was one of those girls that traveling men ogled. When she passed the hotels, eyebrows were lifted, a snicker was heard, men nudged each other and winked. She was "fly." And yet the first time a man made an indecent proposal to her she smacked his face and left him sitting in the Cincinnati beer garden where he'd taken her. It was almost a maternal feeling that Ray had for all the men who took her out. They seemed so disappointed if she didn't allow them to fondle her. They didn't seem particularly upset if her ardor was less than theirs, so long as they were allowed their amorousness — up to a certain point. And then Ray met Walter Saxel. The rest of the book is theirs. Other men are incidental. Ray's whole life is submerged in giving to Walter, and his whole life is made rich by taking from her. Ray is old-fashioned woman incarnate — the mother, the mistress. Miss Hurst's power is greater in this novel than in some of her other recent books. It is a tragic story with a sordid ending, but Ray is a truly fine character.

TIN PAN ALLEY, by Isaac Goldberg; John Day, $3.50.

TO OLD-TIMERS who enjoy recalling "The Letter Edged in Black" and its contemporary sob ballads, and to anyone interested in the development of the semi-legitimate stage from minstrelsy into musical comedy, this is a fascinating book. It contains an astonishing amount of information strung together in a flashy, epigrammatic, occasionally brilliant manner well suited to the subject. The origins of the topical song, the blues, the mammy song, the torch song, and all the other vocal vogues from "Sewanee River" to "Body and Soul" are set forth and the personalities and fortunes of their leading practitioners touched upon. Mr. Goldberg knows his music and his Broadway, and he has an enthusiasm for both that shows through his writing. There is evidence, particularly in the introduction, that the book has been hastily thrown together, but, even so, it is the best history of song-tinkering we have seen. George Gershwin contributed the foreword.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT, by John Heard; Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00.

THOSE who read without angry impatience the article by Samuel Eliot Morison on those misunderstood Puritans in the March FORUM may put on their slippers and enjoy a chaste two hours reading the biography of one of those ancestral pillars of our American social order

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Books in Brief

— John Wheelwright. John Heard is a descendant in the tenth generation of a scholar who gave up the Church of England for Congregationalism, and England with its stained-glass windows for New England with its Indian scalps, and even Boston for the good of Salisbury, Massachusetts. The author is a French scholar and presents the relentless idealism of his hero with Gallic clarity.

ONLY SAPS WORK, by Courtney Terrett; Vanguard, $2.00.

THIS account of racketeering as a new career open to American youth is to be recommended as source material for those who wish to pursue the study of the underworld outlined in Walter Lippmann's articles in THE FORUM. Unlike most writers of textbooks, Mr. Terrett is as entertaining as he is authoritative. Although racketeering requires courage, it is the most profitable career now open to the little fellow. It may become one of America's major industries affording generous opportunities for the lower classes and the lower middle classes who enjoy the job of protecting the upper-middle and middle-middle classes.

WIND WITHOUT RAIN, by Shan Sedgwick; Scribner, $2.00.

A LOT of very disagreeable people are collected between the covers of this first novel. They live in a wealthy suburb of New York, work in Wall Street or lie on couches waiting for their husbands to come home, and talk a great deal without doing anything. In a ragged and often monotonous style, Mr. Sedgwick satirizes their petty, vicious lives — and for the most part the satire is effective. He appears to be particularly disgusted with the futility of such existences, the clash between beautiful surroundings and ugly souls, and the general havoc which persons with too much money can work with their own and others' careers. To this reader, the author's understanding and apparent ability seem worthy of a theme less threadbare than this.

SAINT JOHNSON, by W. R. Burnett; Dial, $2.00.

PROBABLY a bit tired of Chicago gunmen, Mr. Burnett has turned to their predecessors — the outlaws of Arizona in the eighties. As far as sustaining interest is concerned, the exchange has not been a profitable one. *Saint Johnson* has moments of strength and is compactly and tersely written, but the fact remains that it is only a dime novel, and not a very good one. Every man has his weaker moments, and this is Mr. Burnett's.

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THE WAR PRESIDENT

WHO retired from public life on March 4, 1921. Now, after ten years, his work may be viewed with surer perspective, and Mr. Harold J. Laski has written for this issue a penetrating interpretation of the man and his ideas, with an estimate of his ultimate place in history.

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F O R U M

MARCH, 1931 VOL. 85, NO. 3

WOODROW WILSON After Ten Years

by HAROLD J. LASKI

I

No serious observer of modern times could look upon history in Carlyle's fashion, as the biography of great men. The institutions by which our lives are molded have become so impersonal that, in sober fact, the real rulers of society are undiscoverable. Men who at the moment of their activity seem to loom large over their epoch pass away without seriously disturbing the scene of their labors. The death of Stresemann has far less importance than the maldistribution in the supply of gold; the defeat of either Signor Mussolini or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would produce less change in the disposition of the world's forces than the discovery of coal in Italy or a new technique of organization in the Lancashire cotton trade.

To those of us who remember the intensity of passion which surrounded President Wilson during his tenure of office, the difficulty now is to see concrete meaning in its urgency. With or without him, the progressive movement would have stayed for a brief moment the growth of American plutocracy. With or without him, America was destined to enter the World War and to dominate the fortunes of Europe in its aftermath. Every piece of legislation which he urged upon Congress in the heyday of his authority was the outcome of impalpable forces which he neither shaped nor controlled. The whole character of his policy in foreign affairs was marked by ideas and purposes common to innumerable thinkers both in America and Europe during his time.

It was his fortune to represent the American people at a moment when the principles of liberalism found a ready and eager echo in the war-weary nations. He gave to them an emotional expression more rich and profound than any other leader of his time. But he was unaware that, as he formulated them, they had already been made obsolete by a changing economic technology, on the one hand, and the vast implications of the Russian Revolution on the other. Soberly considered, his eight years of power look now like the ablest effort of the period to translate the ideals of an individualistic liberalism, conceived in almost the classic terms of the nineteenth century, into a social structure too highly developed to receive them usefully. With higher purposes and

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a more genuine idealism than any of the political leaders of his time, not less than any of them he was incapable of understanding the essential environment of his age.

II

MR. WILSON'S career as President is most usefully divided into two periods. From his inauguration, and until the winter of 1914, he was concerned to make effective a domestic policy of social legislation which would protect the small man in America from the integrated attack of the new plutocracy. The Federal Reserve system, almost in the temper of Andrew Jackson, sought to protect the business man of moderate means from the control of the money power. The Clayton Act was an attempt to safeguard trade-unionism from an attack by the great corporations through the medium of the injunction. The Federal Trade Commission was the logical outcome of the Sherman Act — an effort to limit undue and unfair competition by big industry against small.

The tariff reductions of 1913 represented the historic Democratic, even Jeffersonian policy of protecting the individual farmer against the costs imposed upon him by a protective system conceived in the interests of the American manufacturer. The Farm Loan Act was a brave attempt to prevent rural life from being crippled by the payment of a high rate of interest to the cities. The eight-hour-day on the railroads showed that the "new freedom" endeavored to give at least the aristocracy of labor some sort of place in the sun. Even his Mexican policy can probably be most simply interpreted as an attempt to prevent the power of government from being used to further the dubious interests of the great investing houses of America.

When these measures were in the making, there was an undeniable glamour about them. Liberal-minded people could easily bring themselves to feel that big business had at last been given a serious blow. President Wilson worked at them with an ardor, he urged them with an eloquence, that no executive had shown since the Civil War.

At ten years' distance they look less historic than they appeared to his contemporaries; only the Federal Reserve system has had about it the permanence of partial success. Legal casuistry has deprived the Clayton Act of most of its significance. Political intervention has reduced the Federal Trade Commission to relatively minimal proportions. The movement toward free trade which the Tariff Act of 1913 inaugurated is now hardly a memory; and the American farmer is in the grip of world forces which no government is more than partially able to remedy.

Nothing positive, and of a big scale, remains of Mr. Wilson's domestic policy save the resistance to the demand for American intervention in Mexico. And against that non-intervention must be set his reduction of Haiti and Nicaragua to the position of vassal states. In fact, under President Wilson American economic imperialism in the Caribbean differed in degree rather than nature from that under his predecessors.

What is the explanation of this difference between promise and realization? Essentially, I think, that the America for which Mr. Wilson legislated was an ideal America which, when he became President, was historic legend rather than actuality. Law was largely powerless before the subtleties of the new finance. The new industrial technology had made obsolete any effort to recover that ardent and aspiring individualist with whom Mr. Wilson had become so well acquainted in the pages of Bagehot. A world market had rendered futile any effort to aid the farmer permanently in purely American terms.

And because the war altered the power of all the forces against which Mr. Wilson was protestant, it was impossible to read creative meaning into his policy after he laid down the reins of power. He had sought to be an enlightened individualist in an epoch of inevitable collectivism. He had failed to see that liberty has no meaning save in the context of equality. He had never been brought to see that politics is not the master, but the servant, of economic power.

The barriers which he erected against the onset of inherent tendencies were immeasurably too weak to control their steady progress.

Within five years of his retirement, American plutocracy was in fact more powerful than at any previous period of its history. It would have required legislation far more drastic than he could have justified either to himself or to public opinion to arrest the coming of the age of normalcy.

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OF HIS FOREIGN policy a different judgment must be made. From the outset of the Great War, Mr. Wilson was realistic about its nature. He understood that Europe was, when he assumed office in 1913, on the verge of conflagration. He seems never to have cherished the easy illusions of Mr. Roosevelt that the struggle was one between light and darkness. The documents have shown us how right was his general judgment that the causes of the war were many and obscure, and largely economic in their nature. Few will now doubt that his prolongation of American neutrality was the only way in which he could have brought a practically united America into the war.

Few, either, will now refuse to say that the terms of peace of which he conceived would, had they been applied, have prevented most of the post-war misery. And his adoption of the idea of a League of Nations as the essential core of an ultimate settlement was urged with an insight wholly masterly into the causes and consequences of a world which, otherwise, confronted the prospects of anarchic chaos. If he neither originated the idea, and was but one among its eventual architects, no one was more effective than he in making it decisive in the opinion of the world.

But it is by no means an easy thing to pass judgment upon Mr. Wilson's foreign policy, for the answers to certain questions can by no means be obviously made. What were his motives in entering the war? He was never a whole-hearted partisan of the Allies; his whole record shows little sympathy with any of their secret war aims; if he resented the German submarine campaign, he had protested vehemently against British interference with the freedom of the seas. Was it, as has been suggested, that, domestically bankrupt, he turned to foreign adventure as the means of escape? Did he deem it necessary to protect the immense financial interests dependent upon Allied success? Did he deem that, on the whole, the defeat of Germany was the lesser of two evils for America? Did he regard a part in the eventual peace conference as a decisive event in American history?

We do not know any sure answer to these questions. It is only clear that the clamant and dramatic liberalism of the President's speeches had little connection either with his method of waging the war itself, or the character of the peace he was content to conclude. In the war years, he permitted an undermining of democratic habits so profound that the period now reads like an essay in the habits of hysteria. In the raising of loans, the administration of the Espionage Act, and in his propaganda activities, he allowed a disregard of the standards of normal decency strangely at variance with the declared objectives of the war. Criticism of its aims, even doubt of their reality, was treated as though it were original sin. He allowed the American people to be driven into a solidarity of mind which waged passionate war on all that had been hitherto regarded as the traditional American ideals. The war for a liberal democracy abroad seemed to involve a battle for autocracy at home. What it all meant can best be expressed by saying that the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was the legacy of its temper to the post-war generation.

That is not all. The historian will find it difficult, especially in the light of traditional American foreign policy, to justify his intervention in Russia. He will be disturbed at the way in which Mr. Wilson conducted the Congressional elections of 1918; he seemed to make the victory a matter not for the nation but for the Democratic party. Psychological dislike of the Republicans may explain the character of the delegation he took to the Peace Conference; but, in the light of the elections, it was a policy obviously destined to involve conflict with the Senate over the treaty.

Equally difficult to understand was the way in which the author of the Fourteen Points agreed to transform Versailles into a secret conference from which emerged a Carthaginian peace utterly at variance with his own proclaimed ideals. It is true that he no longer had a united country behind him, and that, on the declarations of his opponents, Versailles was a generous treaty compared to what they would have made. It is true, also, that in writing the Covenant of the League into the fabric of the treaty, a means, at least contingently, had been provided for softening its worst features as the passions of war died down.

Yet it cannot be said that these explanations justify the defects of the Treaty. Mr.

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Wilson was defeated at Paris once he allowed his sense of present injustice to be outweighed by a gambler's hope of an ultimately perpetual peace. He accepted a principle of German responsibility utterly out of accord with his own view of the origins of the war. He consecrated a principle of nationalism in dangerous conflict with his own architectonic idea of the necessity of world organization. He acquiesced in the post-war blockade of Germany, and his attempt to restore Russia to the comity of nations was feeble and half-hearted. The man who, when he sailed for Europe, seemed to take with him the hopes of a new world, had done little or nothing to redress the balance of the old.

The last act of his career was unmitigated tragedy. He returned from Paris a broken man; and the only object of his opponents was to set the seal upon his humiliation. To the man who declared that it was "the hand of God" which had led America into the war, the Senate replied by a scrutiny of his handiwork so hostile that he had no chance of prevailing against its onset. His neglect of the Senate's susceptibilities had invited reproach; his assumption that the treaty was not susceptible of amendment provoked defeat. Nor did his tour of America convince the people that his handiwork possessed the merits he claimed for it. Physical breakdown left him without power to control affairs. His Cabinet became a fortuitous concourse of atoms. His dream of a world federation was shattered by the combination of partisan hostility and traditional isolationism. The presidential election of 1920 brought to office both the men and the methods against whom the whole of his active political life had been an ardent and inspiring protest.

IV

MR. WILSON'S domestic policy broke down because the economic order to which it was applied was already too advanced to give it the prospect of creative reality. His foreign policy was unsuccessful because, historically, great wars do not beget that era of tolerance in which peaceful and beneficent reconstruction becomes possible on a large scale. The interests, both of economic and of nationalist privilege, against which he was fighting had, in fact, already defeated him before he began his work. In domestic matters, he had never more than a minority support behind him in America; upon the world field, the Allies only allowed him to function as their mouthpiece until the victory had been won. Then they reverted to their normal imperialism.

To achieve, in short, what Mr. Wilson desired, a policy far more drastic than he was prepared to embrace would have been essential. He was an individualist, and he could not have secured the social protection of the average American without a great experiment in collectivism. In the international field he was a liberal; and nothing short of a Socialist upheaval in Europe could, once Allied success was assured, have secured the success of liberalism. He never had the weapons of victory in his hands; and, had he possessed them, it is at least doubtful whether he would have been willing to pay the price of their utilization.

This is not to say that he was not an arresting figure. No President since Lincoln has been able to voice great ideals in so vigorous or so eloquent a way. His domination of the Congress of 1913, his power over the Allied democracies after 1917, show clearly that he had, in high degree, the natural instinct for leadership. Never a profound thinker, even in his own chosen science, he was yet able to see certain big principles clearly, and to add to that insight the gift of institutional application. He had great courage, and he could battle fiercely for the things about which he cared. He was never mean or petty about big issues; and he strove, as best he could, to drive a direct highway to his goal.

But it is also obvious that he suffered from defects which are fatal to a stateman. He was a lonely figure, without that power to mingle with men which caused Abraham Lincoln in the end to make respect for himself a part of their self-respect. He cared for humanity in the abstract rather than for men in particular, with the result that he never really had a colleague upon whom he was prepared to place ultimate reliance. He had no large-heartedness, none of that warm immediacy which made men feel that, even for a lesser figure like Mr. Roosevelt, they were prepared to go out into the wilderness.

He had the natural authoritarianism of the teacher with whom men have never argued from the same eminence. He had the inherent arrogance, also, of the Calvinist who has the

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secret assurance that he is a chosen vessel of the Lord. If he could, as with Bryan, play the tactician in attaining power, after he had won it he could seek only to impose himself. But the politician's art is that of winning and using men, not of breaking them to his will. In the American system, particularly, the President who seeks to make the whole structure pivot upon himself, is bound, sooner or later, to fail. For, in the first place, it is too big for one man to manipulate; and, in the second, the system is so constructed as to destroy the effectiveness of personal power.

Mr. Wilson, moreover, came to politics too late to learn its necessary finesse. He thought that abstract principles carry, of themselves, their own conviction. He never understood how difficult an art is thinking government: how much more, especially in the American system, is the view of the average mind likely to be the measure of the possible. A wiser man would have cultivated Congress and not antagonized it; he would have learned to divide, and not to integrate, the ranks of his opponents.

A long training in politics teaches a man the danger of permanent resentments, the power to suffer fools gladly, the futility of regarding disagreement as a proof of original sin. When Mr. Wilson came to Washington in 1913, he had learned none of these things, and it was too late for him to learn them. He never had the training in living with men which membership in a legislative assembly affords. He had never so experienced events as to learn from them flexibility of mind and temper. There was in him something of the toughness and obstinacy of an Old Testament prophet who can only curse those who do not listen to his message.

V

His place in history will depend very largely on two things. It was an achievement of amazing magnitude to take so solidarist a United States into the war, especially in the light of the circumstances of his reëlection. There he showed a judgment, a resourcefulness, even a subtlety, which can only be deemed remarkable. It is doubtful if there was any previous moment when that could have been done so successfully, and it was, on any showing, the decisive turning point in the war.

His determined support of the League of Nations was, not less undoubtedly, the factor which most secured its appearance in the Treaty of Peace. To its appearance there, he sacrificed most of the principles of which he had showed himself during the war as the supreme protagonist; and his failure to win the adherence of America left the League a maimed and crippled thing. If it is too early to say that, on its record, Mr. Wilson was right in his choice, it is certainly too early to say that he was wrong. Certainly his perception that the world must either organize itself or perish was undeniably just. Certainly, also, his insistence that this was the major issue at Versailles is one that any impartial historian is driven to approve.

What makes the problem of judgment so difficult is the impossibility of measuring the power of the League to overcome the atmosphere of conflict to the creation of which he was a party. He misjudged the significance of the Russian Revolution; he accepted an impossible scale and system of reparations; he accepted such a refashioning of the map of Europe as to make political structure and economic necessity woefully at odds; he underestimated the power of American isolationism; and he did not understand the incompatability of the League idea with the traditional system of state sovereignty. To hope, amid these hazards, that the League would prove itself was an optimism as robust as any of which history affords evidence.

Yet, Lenin apart, he remains unquestionably the greatest figure among the statesmen of the war. No other was moved by ideals so high or so selfless; no other represented so wholly the inarticulate aspirations of the men and women who helplessly suffered the results of a conflict for which they had no responsibility. His ambitions were for great causes, and he spent himself relentlessly in their service. He did not grasp how different was the world, even the America, he sought to rule, from that of his youth; he never, accordingly, fully understood how to meet its needs and hopes. But anyone who compares his dreams and purposes with those of his immediate successors will have no difficulty in concluding that he belongs to those whose quality of effort has justified the American adventure.

Next month, "Morality, Mass Production, and War Debts," by James Truslow Adams

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Drawings by C. C. Beaver

Making War on the Gangs

A Plan to Take the Police out of Politics

by SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
Major General, United States Marine Corps

A REAL DANGER to our institutions lies in the fact that as criminals and racketeers become more powerful, through their close alliances with influential politicians and office-holders, law-abiding people eventually will lose confidence in our system of government and, in desperation, will seek other means of procuring for themselves the security and self-respect to which they have every right to feel entitled as citizens of a civilized country.

I do not say that all politicians, personally, are financially dishonest and that their connections with gangs of terrorizing racketeers, bootleggers, crooks, gamblers, and others of the underworld are primarily for the purpose of increasing their bank accounts. Nevertheless, political expediency always is considered paramount by the great majority of local politicians, and, except during those periods when the people are aroused, individual public safety is a matter of no concern to them. In normal times the whole question of municipal public safety is viewed from a political angle. There is but little difference, as far as the general welfare of the public is concerned, between political gangs and the racketeering gangs, except that the latter wear no disguises.

Racketeering, in all its forms, is a parasite on the political machinery and exists only through the cupidity of political leaders in the various communities. Our people are beginning to realize this condition, and in their helplessness — due to lack of cohesion and fear of personal consequences — are simply drifting and watching. The danger is that in order to throw off this yoke of political hypocrisy, they may feel it necessary to make changes in the established order of things — and not stop at persons. Certainly the average citizen will not go on forever helplessly standing by and watching farcical attempts at maintaining the safety of our people and the dignity of our institutions.

It is very unlikely that the voters will ever calmly and deliberately organize politically and permanently against these conditions and retain in office the number of straight-shooting men necessary to clean effectively a crime-ridden community — and keep it clean. They may elect a few such officials, but generally even this much of the effort will be engineered by the political gang itself to quiet the uproar. These men will of course be helpless, for the key positions still will be held by the gang.

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It is more likely that, in sorely troubled spots, as some of our largest cities now present, with public officials seemingly working hand in hand with the chieftains of the various rackets, vigilance committees will take the law into their own hands — with results disastrous to the community. It may be necessary to police certain cities and sections of this country with Federal troops — such things have been done — but it will not be a permanent cure. Except in extreme cases, this step is highly undesirable.

The only solution, it seems to me, is for the people to get genuinely aroused and stay aroused until their chosen representatives do their duty. Until then, there will be no real, lasting change for the better in the daily battle with the minions of the underworld.

Our Inefficient Police Systems

Where should the start be made, once a community is aroused? Ask a police official, anywhere, or a student of law enforcement, why ours is a crime-ridden nation. Their answers, I have invariably found, run something like this.

Laws are lax and inadequate. Court procedure is slow — painfully slow — antiquated, and riddled with too many legal loopholes through which criminals are permitted to slip to freedom with the aid of unscrupulous and politically active criminal lawyers. Judges and juries are too prone to believe criminals and to disbelieve the police. District attorneys will not give the time and effort to "work up" cases. Magistrates and justices of the peace are incompetent, generally politically controlled, and too often are grafters.

Well, let's grant that these statements are correct, at least to some extent. From my own knowledge during two years as Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, I know that only too frequently they *are* true. I could cite numerous examples to bear out my contention. but they would be beside the point. For the moment we will grant that these faults contribute considerably toward our growing crime bill, now generally estimated by those who should know at about ten billion dollars a year.

Let's admit all these things, but let us not forget that these agencies — magistrates, district attorneys, judges, and juries — have to do only with the punishment of criminals. They do not have to do with the prevention of crimes; they do not have to do with the apprehension of criminals or with the activities of racketeering gangs; they do not have to do with the gathering of evidence against those they apprehend. Who has to do with that? The police forces of the nation. And there, to my mind, lies the real reason for our nation's ever-mounting crime bill — now about four hundred dollars a family each year.

What's wrong with our police forces and the police systems? "Everything," seems to be the only answer — an answer based on personal experience, plus observation and study and frequent discussion with all manner of law enforcement officials at various times, in various places. The personnels are wrong, the systems are wrong.

Everything considered, the police of most of our metropolitan areas do well — but not well enough. In our smaller cities, our towns and villages, the police are all but worthless. They seem to know nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, and do nothing. Most of them even do not look like public defenders. They are fat and puffy, or aged and decrepit. They are untrained and undisciplined. They have no morale. They are just village constables. That is the least that can be said about them. Too many, alas, are politically controlled; too many are grafters, even though most of the graft is of a petty nature.

And, incompetent and useless as the personnel is, the system under which it is enrolled and under which it works is even worse. No police force can function properly unless its members feel officially safe — that is, feel that a proper performance of duty will insure them continuance of their work and income, and will not result in dismissal or punishment intended to force their resignation. Police, to be really efficient — and not just ornaments and human traffic signals — must be free from political and other subversive influences. It is doubtful if, under present municipal conditions, this can be brought about. The average policeman will stay straight if he knows that those of equal or higher rank in the political machine are on the level. But he is only human and must live; so he will generally drift with the crowd which follows the political bosses.

Then, too, there is a lack of proper coöperation and coördination among our various police

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forces in the same state, not to mention the almost criminal lack of national coöperation. Furthermore, with the exception of large cities, the police forces of the country are not properly equipped, with knowledge or tools, to fight the everyday battles with criminals who know only too well the use of modern methods and weapons. For police to work efficiently, effectively, and impartially, a new system is required.

The Solution — State Police

The system I have in mind, and about which I have thought ever since I became a cop in Philadelphia in 1924, would, I believe, reduce crime to a minimum — a considerable reduction. Crime cannot be abolished, probably not even in Utopia, but it can be reduced, and reduced tremendously, and kept down by efficient police, honestly and ably directed.

I believe that a single, state-controlled police force in every one of our forty-eight states, organized and trained somewhat along military lines, modernly equipped and ably commanded, would provide the answer to the pressing question of crime reduction. Such a system would involve elimination of the hundreds of municipally directed police forces in every state and the substitution of a single unit not radically different from the state police forces of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other commonwealths.

A single police force, composed of young and unmarried men enlisted for four-year terms, into which could be instilled a proper spirit and morale, and which would be free from political meddling by virtue of state-wide scope and single control by a Police Commissioner appointed from non-political ranks for ten years or longer, could cope easily with the present-day police problems that seem so difficult to the present-day police forces.

Such a unit, subject only to the orders of its superiors, and kept constantly shifting from one part of the state to another and from one city to another, would be augmented by two stationary divisions of the force — a detective division and a motorized, bandit-chasing division.

The detective division, with its trained thief-catchers and crime investigators, would have its headquarters at the state capital with stations in all parts of the state. The members of this division would continue on permanent assignments — not subject to regular shifting. The motorized division also would continue in the same localities for long periods, being shifted only when emergencies occurred in other sections of the state. All the station houses in the state, probably exceeding a thousand in large states like New York and Illinois, would be directly connected with the police headquarters by electric teletype machines, and as soon as a crime was committed in any section, a report would be teletyped to every station and immediately relayed to the members of the force.

I realize that the day of the single police unit will be delayed as long as possible by politicians whose power and prestige rest on their domination over police forces. I am convinced, nevertheless, that such a new system is required. In large cities, policemen are paid from $150 to more than $200 a month. For $100 a month we could get a fine type of young man. They would not be permitted to marry, although commissioned and non-commissioned officers would have that right. That would be an inducement to those who desired to settle down.

These men, recruited from every section of the state, after proper drilling, training, and schooling for police work, would be formed into companies and sent out for street work in the various communities. House sergeants and some other non-commissioned officers would be retained in the station houses for permanent duty, but not the men on actual street duty. Men never would be assigned to work in their home towns or districts — a rule which should

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make better policemen of them and remove the temptation to serve friends. In Philadelphia, when I was there, hundreds of policemen were aware of law violations on their beats, but the violators had been their friends for years, so how could they arrest them?

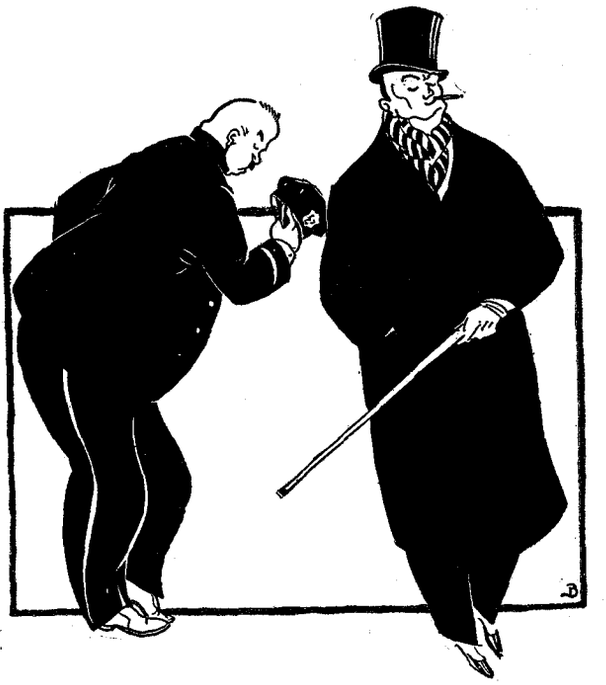
No politician could dominate such a body of men. First of all, the men would not be dependent upon any politician for their jobs. Secondly, what power does any one small town leader or ward politician have in state politics? And even if a politician did succeed in getting some power over a unit assigned to his city or district, that unit could immediately be shifted to a far corner of the state for duty.

A proper spirit could be developed in such a body, and no police force can be one hundred per cent efficient without morale. If one unit fell down on an assigned task, another unit would replace it, and we would then have some competition that would prove helpful. With four-year enlistments it would be possible to weed out each term those who had proved undesirable, and to get new and younger men. In this way, any time a policeman became inefficient he could be let out. If a crime outbreak swept one section of a state, men could quickly be concentrated at such a point to battle the criminals by a plan of "moving-up," similar to that used by fire departments in fighting a multiple-alarm blaze, when engine companies move into fire houses nearer the scene, relieving those called out.

Careful Training Required

Since I have just pointed out the problems of a police force and the reason present-day police forces do not solve them, it is evident why such a system as I have outlined above would be successful. All discipline should be in the hands of the police officials themselves, just as it is in the military services of the government. The success of such a plan, of course, is dependent in a large part upon an honest and capable police directing head, named by a group, say, composed of the governor and a board of the judges of the state.

In order to obtain proper knowledge of modern police methods, everyone enlisting in the state corps would be required to take courses in physical training, marksmanship, use of tear-gas bombs, and other essentials at a police school to be established at the capital.



There competent instructors would explain the essentials of law as it affects police work, the proper manner of making investigations of various crimes, of preparing reports, of giving testimony in court, and similar subjects. Those men who showed themselves adaptable to investigation work would, after they had proved their worth as "beat-pounders" for a number of years, be sent to a detective school for further instruction. Likewise, there should be a school for commanding officers.

I believe the time has come when most police should be motorized, either on motorcycles with side cars or small but fast motor cars. Every policeman should know how to handle such vehicles. Every police car should be equipped with a radio receiving and sending set — small, compact outfits such as Army, Navy, and Marine Corps planes now use. In this manner, no matter where or when a policeman came upon a crime — however desolate and deserted the section, however late the hour — in a moment he could spread the alarm by radioing (by voice) to his headquarters' receiving station which, in turn, would promptly flash the word over the air, to be picked up by the motorized police everywhere within the state limits and even beyond. In addition, headquarters would flash out, over the teletype with which each station would be equipped, a similar report which the house sergeants would relay to the patrolmen on their beats when they reported in by telephone.

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The shifting about of the personnel from section to section would be done in a systematic fashion, to be worked out by the responsible heads. It would serve the purpose of keeping the men interested by reason of constantly changing surroundings. It would not permit them to make close friends by remaining permanently in the same locality, on the same beat. It would not permit politicians to become friendly with them. It would not give evildoers an opportunity to get in their good graces.

Like soldiers, or the present state police, the men would live in barracks, to be fed there adequately and properly. They should have but few contacts with the outside world. Living in barracks, a large reserve would always be available for emergencies, such as sudden outbreaks of crime, riots, and other crises. The men would be required to keep in good physical condition at all times. We would not see fat, puffy policemen who are just about able to negotiate from one corner to another. They would be required to keep their uniforms clean and brushed, always presenting a neat appearance. Their training and regulations would be such that politeness to citizens would be the rule; surliness would be promptly punished.

There is no reason, incidentally, why traffic policemen, so essential on our city streets and so useful everywhere, could not be organized on a similar basis — that is, as a unit of the state police force — under the very same conditions, with constant shifts for the same purpose.

You say the cost of all this organization would be tremendous. I don't agree. It would cost no more than — if as much as — the various police forces now cost in any state. Take the State of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, with a population of not quite two million, has about five thousand policemen. At the same rate, the entire state, with a population of 9,631,000, would need about five times as many policeman — about twenty-five thousand. I do not know how many policemen there are in that state scattered through the hundreds of cities and thousands of townships and villages, but I am reliably informed that the number easily exceeds twenty-five thousand.

The cost would, of necessity, be shifted from municipalities to the state, but it could be prorated among cities and towns, or counties, or the tax burden shifted from municipalities to the state. That is something that could be worked out quite easily.

The great stumbling block to the adoption of this system by any state would be, of course, the politicians, who (if I know my politicians — and I think I do, as the result of my two years in Philadelphia and my study of conditions elsewhere) would move heaven and earth to prevent the police from getting away from their control.

One progressive state, however, can start the ball rolling. New York, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, let us say, establishes a single state police force. What then? The racketeers and crooks will leave that state in droves, like rats deserting a sinking ship. In droves they will descend upon near-by states where village constables and political puppets make a pretense of protecting life and property. Unprecedented crime waves will sweep these states; new rackets will be established; gang warfare will become an everyday affair as the old gangs battle the new ones for the spoils.

Public opinion will be aroused to a new level. The accomplishments of the progressive state will serve as an inspiration to the harassed ones. In self-defense these criminal-infested commonwealths will be forced to adopt measures calling for the establishment of state police forces within their own borders — and politicians, seeing the handwriting on the wall, will have to yield to popular demand. And so, in time, the various states will fall in line. But a bellwether is necessary. Which state will it be?

Then, to harmonize the efforts of the various

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state-controlled police forces, there should be an American Scotland Yard — a Federal crime bureau, concerned with keeping complete national criminal records, maintaining a criminal identification bureau, investigating crimes of an interstate and intrastate nature, carrying on research work in crime-fighting devices and methods. Such a bureau should work in coördination with the state bodies.

The Dragnet

Now, let's dream a bit and awake to find that one of our large states has scrapped its antiquated police forces and village constables and established a state police force, say, of twenty-five thousand men and officers. What now?

Well, the first job of a police force is to prevent crimes. Crooks of all sorts, knowing they have to cope with a youthful, vigorous, well-trained, and honest force, intelligently directed and properly equipped, will hesitate before staging a hold-up, robbery, assault, or other crime. They will know that at any moment a foot policeman or a pair in a motor vehicle may come upon them. They will be aware that these men know how to use their weapons, whether guns or tear-gas bombs; that the marksmanship of the "coppers" is excellent; that the men are fearless. They will realize that if they are apprehended there will be no chance to fix the case with the cop in order to bring about a minor charge or to secure perjured testimony in court.

Crooks will hesitate, think about it, then leave the jurisdiction for easier, more lucrative, and safer fields. I have talked to crooks and racketeers and have observed their actions whenever a police force tightens up its belt and goes out, under strict orders from an honest superior, to smash crime. The crooks leave and the crime line goes down.

However, all crooks will not run. Some will remain, for one reason or another, to take their chances. This new police force, spending its hours in actual duty on the streets, covering its beats instead of sleeping through many hours of the night in some warm warehouse or other establishment, is bound to come upon many thieves, trapping them during a hold-up or leaving the scene of a robbery with loot; it is bound to apprehend a much larger proportion than is now caught by our indifferent bluecoats. Once seized, the crook will have a tougher time. He will find that the cop cannot be frightened, by threats of political pressure, into dropping or modifying the charges; that these modern police know how to prepare a case so that when it is listed for trial their testimony will be strong, but fair.

Then there will be the new detective bureau, with headquarters at the capital and branches scattered throughout the state, each equipped with a full-sized rogues' gallery showing the records, Bertillon measurements, and pictures of known criminals. Its highly trained men will have instructions that any known criminal or racketeer be picked up on sight and brought to headquarters. If these criminals are not wanted at that time for some particular "job," they will be taken before a magistrate, or a higher court if necessary, and, if they are found to be without a visible means of livelihood, the police will ask their commitment to jail as vagrants. Most states have such laws.

If magistrates refuse to send them to jail, or if such laws are lacking, the detectives will, nevertheless, make life miserable for these thugs by arresting them every time they show their faces on the street or elsewhere, holding

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them for a day or two as suspicious characters, forcing them to "stand up" before victims of crooks for possible identification. Eventually the crooks will be glad to leave the jurisdiction rather than face arrest weekly, or oftener, with its many inconveniences and always with the possibility of being identified by someone as the perpetrator of a crime.

The detectives, having been properly schooled in such work — instead of having been "made" because of political favors to the powers that be — will be active and competent investigators of all crimes, with much more chance of ferreting out the thieves, recovering the loot, and securing convictions by means of well-prepared cases. A keen, competent command, aided by a legal battery of ability, will be constantly on the lookout for legal and extra-legal means of combating criminals.

All aliens seized in the dragnet that will be spread with annoying regularity through the underworld, when found to be known criminals or when convicted of a crime, will be sent to the Federal courts or to the immigration authorities with requests for deportation. A recent decision by a Federal District Judge in the Eastern Judicial District of Pennsylvania, made public by the Department of Justice, decreed that an alien, even though he had been brought to this country as an infant and never knew the language or customs of his native land, nevertheless could be deported upon conviction of any felony. This court also held that the conviction of any felony constituted moral turpitude and could result in deportation of an alien as an undesirable.

This is a most powerful weapon in the hands of law enforcement authorities who deal with criminals — particularly with racketeers and those employed in promoting vice or furthering the liquor traffic; a great many of this latter group are foreigners, with a tremendous sprinkling of aliens. As a matter of fact, Wade W. Ellis, a former Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, now a member of the Crime Commission of the American Bar Association, contends that a survey has revealed that two-thirds of all crimes committed in this country are perpetrated by persons born in Europe or by their immediate descendants. I do not know what proportion is unnaturalized, but I would say that it is a considerable one.

No doubt other similar weapons of greater or lesser importance are available in dealing with criminals, but they must be thought out, tested as to legality and practice, and, if proved useful, be employed in this never-ending war on the underworld.

Vice and Crime

THIS IS ONE phase of our effort, now that we have this model police force in theoretical operation. There are others.

It has been my contention, and I think I proved it beyond a doubt in my two years in Philadelphia (where we reduced hold-ups, robberies, and burglaries more than fifty per cent), that when you rid a city of vice, you immediately reduce crime almost in direct proportion. A clean city is also a safe city. Just as disease will not breed in the sunlight, crime will not multiply on the well-lighted public highway.

Crime is committed by criminals, and criminals must have their hang-outs — places in which to live, to play, and to plan their "jobs." They must also have "dumps" in which to seek amusement, since most crime is committed for money to be spent on vice. They must have places to drink, to dope, and to meet their women companions.

It must be borne in mind that all racketeers are not ill-looking, ill-favored bums. The most dangerous of them are well-dressed, suave men who frequent fashionable places of amusement. They won't go to such places, however, if they can't drink. After a "job" they want liquor, women, and gambling. One of the most popular cabaret-cafés in a most respectable section of Philadelphia was run by a man who had long had an unenviable reputation with the police. Several other cafés were conducted by notorious gunmen, gangsters, and thieves. Despite this, so-called decent people frequented, and permitted their children to frequent, these places. The most peaceful period of my two years in Philadelphia, from the standpoint of crime, was during the time when we had all the cabarets and cafés closed tight.

To be at all effective against crime, then, a vice crusade must be sincere and impartial. Thugs are far from being fools, and their measure of a police force is by its sincerity and impartiality in closing all "dumps" that break the law — not in the shutting up of those that refuse to pay protection money and allowing

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those that do pay it to remain wide open.

Vice has the same relation to murder as it has to all other crimes, if not more so. Most murders are the result of racketeers' feuds, bootleg and dope wars, so-called "triangles," and similar complications. They cannot be controlled in the ordinary way. If, however, a vice crusade is efficient, "dumps" eliminated, and thugs driven out of town, the number of murders will decrease. I do not know what percentage of our approximately twelve thousand homicides a year occur during gang wars. It must be fairly large. This form of ruthless killing — with its obvious dangers to all citizens — can be curtailed, if not entirely eliminated, by the methods described.

The problem I have discussed as briefly as possible; it is familiar to everyone. The solution I have sought to outline here is not, I am afraid, one that will meet with instant approval. It is not of a spectacular nature; not one to grip public imagination, fan the flames of discontent, and bring about an instant uprising — as might be the result of a plea for martial law or the organization of vigilance committees to enforce lynch law. I believe, nevertheless, that it is a safe, sane, and sure cure for our racketeer and gangster ills.

The Fallen Tree

Walking through the fields in the eye of day,
Blinded, I came upon a tree that lay

Across the accustomed path. Felled in the strife
With elemental winds, writhing for life,

The great tree bore the seals of agony.
And now, like marble or like ivory,

Immovable and still, without a breath
It lies, finding a serene peace in death.

And yet in the branches of the unfallen trees
There runs a gentle music of the breeze

Among the boughs, like a small stream's murmur,
An echo of the singing winds of summer.

The hedges are yellow where the sunlight lingers:
Touched to color by the season's fingers,

They stand in regiment of gold and red.
Now over the stripped body of the dead

Tree, there creeps a gleam of mirrored white
And blue of steel, the sheath and shadow of light.

The crumpled leaves fall with scrannel cry
Over the tree's marmoreal ecstasy.

Still in the high elms, there runs a whispered dirge
Of leaves in motion, the remembered surge

Of waves within a shell, hollow and smooth,
Some far, faint song from the netherland of youth.

— *A. L. Rowse*

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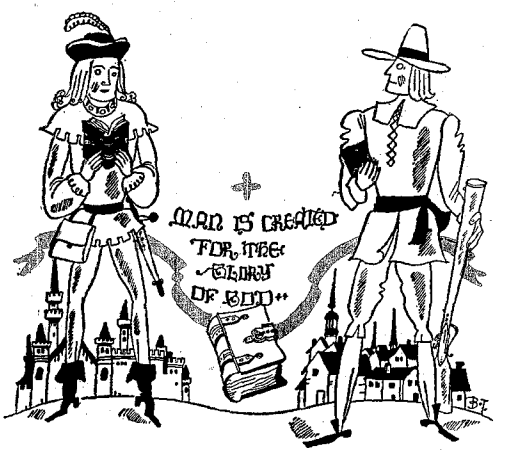
Those Misunderstood Puritans



Drawings by Barney Tobey

The right approach to the Puritan founders is by way of the Middle Ages.

by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

THERE IS no doubt that the Puritan is unpopular nowadays. The recent tercentennial of Massachusetts, the Puritans' pet colony, left the American public completely cold. Even in the old Bay State the celebration had a mildly apologetic tone, taking the line of praising the Puritans for a religious liberty which they never respected, and for a democracy which came in spite of them.

The average man was not convinced. He regards the fathers of New England as a set of somber kill-joys whose greatest pleasure was preventing simple folk from enjoying themselves, and whose principal object in life was to repress beauty and inhibit human nature. Many people of good New England stock have a strong "complex" about Puritanism, which upon analysis is found to be derived from a sour old grandfather who made the Sabbath hideous with stuffy devotions, or a tight-lipped maiden aunt who gave up for lost anyone who preferred the brush or the fiddle-bow to the pen or the hammer. It would be a mistake to judge Puritanism from its period of deliquescence, when the fruitful kernel had grown into a tree of strange aspect and only scraps of the hard shell remained.

Every age will conceive the past in its own terms; and for this reason the Puritans have suffered almost as much from well-meaning historians as from thoughtless critics. Around 1800 the general schoolbook idea of the New England Puritans was that they were rebels against England. Toward 1830 they became heralds of democracy as well. In another generation they became, for the North, prophets of humanity and union — for did they not try to uplift the poor and unite the colonies? — while for the South they were the people ultimately responsible for abolition hatred and radical cant. In the last generation the gospel according to St. Marx has been applied, with the amusing result that Puritan dogma becomes a sort of smoke-screen for agrarian discontent and yearnings toward big business. And a people who liked their liquor hard and straight have even been held responsible for prohibition!

The right approach to the Puritan founders of New England is historical, by way of the Middle Ages. They were, broadly speaking, the Englishmen who had accepted the Reformation without the Renaissance. This group was composed largely of yeomen farmers and artisans, led by clergymen educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and by country gentlemen and city merchants. There was no class-struggle complex in their minds; their common bond was religion and their point of view, in most matters, was distinctly medieval. Despairing of effecting their purposes in the mother country, finding the trend of events going against them and the situation becoming worse every year, they embarked on the audacious adventure of establishing in the New World a City of God —

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just such a Christian civilization as existed in the mind of St. Augustine and other medieval dreamers.

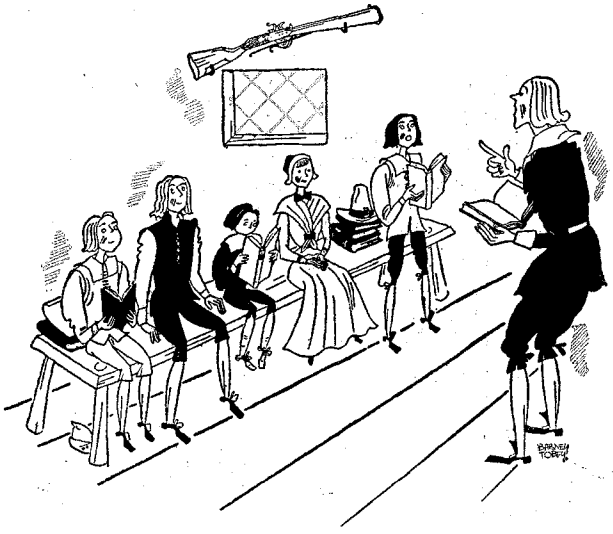
In spite of the anti-Catholic bias of the Puritan, he was much nearer to the medieval Catholic in his ideas than to the twentieth-century Protestant. Here is no paradox. Your Yankee Puritan railed at the "Papists," and set up a polity as unlike the Roman as any church could be. But these differences in opinion and practice were nothing in comparison with the fundamental unity of purpose. What was the central core of Catholic thought in the Middle Ages? That man was created for the glory of God, and that the unique duty and purpose of man was to serve God and do His will. This was just what the Puritan thought about life. Only he also believed that the Catholic Church had taken a wrong turn since the death of Augustine, that it had become corrupt in doctrine and perverted in emphasis; and that William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, was cherishing these corruptions instead of going through with the Reform.

The Puritan cast off all these accretions of the centuries, repudiated all the compromises that the church had made with circumstances and with human nature, and found his absolute, his supreme court of authority, in the Bible. He preached a "naked Christ" (as he called the Christ he found in the Gospels) with no trimmings; he erected the Congregational Church, which he fondly supposed to be a copy of the primitive, apostolic church. He yearned for a direct approach to God — to learn and to do God's will.

If he despised the ancient pageantry of worship, it was because he would have no false and sensuous symbols between himself and his Redeemer. If he rejected the intercession of the saints, it was because he would meet God face to face. If he preferred a barn to a Gothic cathedral as a place of worship, it was from no quarrel with beauty as such, but because beautiful architecture, stained-glass windows, and church music seemed to him screens between the Christian and Christ.

This program was impossible to carry out in the England of Charles I and Archbishop Laud. It was not so much that the Puritans were persecuted, but that like all fanatics they were not content to take their chance in competition with other ways of life. Just as the Communist complains that Russia cannot stand unless she convert the world, so the Puritan felt that the Christian way of life could not be followed in a frivolous and corrupt England. He emigrated in order to lead this way of life. In the same spirit, the Mormons left Illinois for Utah over two centuries later; and, like the Mormons, the Puritans resented and persecuted all disturbers of their new Canaan.

The Puritan theology, which they intended to be their chief contribution to the New World, has after three centuries proved the least of their achievements. The same Calvinistic theology survives to-day, somewhat emasculated, among the fundamentalists of the Presbyterian, Baptist, and other churches; but these get it largely through later importations from Scotland, rather than from New England. Fifty years ago there still existed a "New England Theology," of which the chief exponent was the Reverend Edwards A. Park, and which came down in direct line from the Puritan fathers by way of Jonathan Edwards; but by 1900 this "New England Theology" was no longer taught in any religious seminary. In the nineteenth century, the New England stock proved more hospitable to new schools of theology than any other racial group in America. Curiously enough the South, which in Jefferson's day had been the seat of religious liberalism in America, went fundamentalist just when New England went evolutionist; and if Boston still bans naughty books, she has at least learned not to fight science with theology.



Education proved the most valuable legacy of the Puritans to America.

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It must not be supposed, however, that this intellectual liberalism of the New England stock was what the Puritan fathers intended. On the contrary, they supposed that all the essential truth of divine revelation had been discovered by 1630 and that, except for details, their theology would be immutable and perpetual. As a bulwark they planned a system of education, which proved instead to be the gangway over which liberalism stormed the ship.

Education, a by-product of Puritanism, proved the most valuable legacy of the Puritans to America. Children must be taught to read, that they might read the Bible; parsons must be trained in the three learned tongues, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, that they might read the Scriptures and the early church fathers in the original. An ignorant ministry was dreaded by the Puritans even more than an illiterate population; and they took good measures to guard against both, within a few years of the founding of New England, by a remarkable system of primary schools, Latin grammar schools, and a college. It is out of place to sneer at these humble beginnings of popular and collegiate education in the Bay Colony and Connecticut. The system, with its emphasis on the Bible, public speaking, mathematics, and Latin and Greek literature, equipped boys admirably for the purposes of that day. If Dr. Flexner is right about our contemporary colleges, they are far less efficient for our modern purposes.

The New England Puritan, then, established a tradition of free, popular education, which became the American tradition in the nineteenth century. Harvard and Yale kept alive a respect for learning amid the leveling influences of the frontier. And the newer generations were equipped with tools to penetrate further than their elders thought proper in the search for truth. There are three main streams of educational endeavor in the United States: the New England Puritan, the Jeffersonian, and the Roman Catholic. One may argue forever over their relative value; but there can be no doubt that the Puritan influence on popular and higher education, on scholarship and letters, has hitherto been the strongest and most pervasive in these states.

The Puritan was not insensible to beauty.

That remarkable group of scholars, scientists, and men of letters which appeared in New England a century ago was no accidental or spontaneous eruption. Men such as Longfellow and Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, Silliman and Hitchcock, inherited a humane tradition that the Puritan fathers brought over from Oxford and Cambridge and nurtured through Indian wars and frontier poverty. Humane tradition, I repeat; not barren theology. Around 1650 Harvard students were delivering Latin orations full of classical quips, composing verses on Leda and Flora, as well as upon the wonder-working providences of Zion's Savior in New England.

Elnathan Chauncy, a Harvard President's son, copied Herrick's *Hesperides* and Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* into his college notebook. Anne Bradstreet, in a frontier village by the Merrimac, wrote lines such as these, reminiscent of Shelley:

> If winter come, and greenness then do fade
> A spring returns, and they more youthful made.
> But man grows old, lies down, remains where once
> he's laid.

And if William Byrd of Virginia was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, so were Cotton Mather, William Brattle, and three successive John Winthrops of New England. Theology was, to be sure, the chief interest of the Puritan intellectual class; but theological speculation is no intellectual blind alley. Hooker, Wise, Mayhew, and Channing were on the road which led to Emerson.

It was Jonathan Edwards who said "virtue is a kind of beauty." The New England villages which survived the colonial period are the most perfect architectural groups north of Mexico; and the clipper ships which later kissed the waters of Puritan seaports were the most

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beautiful objects that the hand of man has produced in these states. Notwithstanding, we have often been told that the Puritan hated beauty, looked on creative art as sinful, and made a virtue of ugliness.

The Puritan was not insensible to beauty, although he could not regard it as an independent quality, separate from use or morals. His attitude toward art was one of indifference rather than active dislike — which is not far from the average American attitude to-day. Even in a non-ritualistic religion he found a place for beauty on the communion table, his apostolic substitute for the "pagan" altar. The cups and patens which Puritan silversmiths like John Hull and Jeremy Dummer made for the communion service, as well as the bowls and tankards that they fashioned for domestic silver, were equal to all but the best work in England at that time — as anyone may see for himself in the collections of the Metropolitan and the Boston Museums.

So, too, in other domestic arts, and in architecture. Compare the New England rooms in the American Wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum with those from other colonies. You will not find much richness of detail in the specimens from Connecticut and Massachusetts, for the Puritan tradition was against elaborateness; but you will find the beauty that comes from fitness, a sense of proportion, and a medieval instinct for craftsmanship. The Puritans cared nothing for "objects of art," as such. Unlike the English gentry of their day or American millionaires of ours, they did not import old masters from Italy and Boulle furniture from France; they did something much better for a nation's artistic tradition by producing beautiful objects of daily use.

These objects had to be useful, otherwise they were "vanities." A silver tankard was the better for being beautiful, but it must deliver ale smoothly to the drinker's lips; the only desirable form of pictorial art was a family portrait; the only music wanted was psalm tunes. All else would have been a "waste of precious time." Here was a Puritan concept essentially modern, not medieval, and one that has gone into the very marrow of American life. What a recent writer has called the "time malady" of modern life, was endemic with the Puritan.

A medieval churchman cared not how his

To the Puritan, idleness was a cardinal sin.

flock spent their time, so long as they performed their duties; man's leisure was his own. But to the Puritan, idleness was a cardinal sin, for every second of time was God's gift to men, to be improved in His service. Not, however, in religious devotions; man could best serve God in his daily occupation. Intellectual or manual labor, honestly performed, was more pleasing to God than the unprofitable meditations of a recluse, or the self-scourging of an ascetic. But one must keep occupied. "We resolve to approve ourselves to the Lord in our particular callings," reads the Salem church covenant, "shunning idleness as the bane of every state."

The Puritans deduced this code of keeping busy from the epistles of that energetic Jew, St. Paul. Hence much legislation by the Puritan colonies against gamblers, "tobacco-takers," and "stage-players." Cards and the theater were under all circumstances a waste of precious time, and therefore wholly banned. Smoking, though not evil in itself, was prohibited near haystacks or thatched roofs on account of the fire hazard, and in taverns, because smoking tempted men to lounge about instead of downing their liquor and departing about their business.

For the same reason William Clark, the Salem publican, was advised by the Quarter Court "to forbear being offensive in suffering a shuffling board in his house, occasioning misspending of time." An "unprofitable fowler," a person who sauntered about with a gun, missing most of his shots, was subject to fine for idleness; but a man might shoot game pro-

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fessionally, in order to supply his neighbors. Fishing, apparently, was a virtue on all occasions — for you *might* catch something! Even Cotton Mather "rode abroad with some gentlemen and gentlewomen to divert ourselves at a famous fish pond," and took a ducking without the reflection that he had sinned.

This was an excellent code for pioneer communities in New England, where summer-time idlers were apt to become winter charges, and where children must be bred up to habits of industry. But it became less useful as time elapsed. Long after the religious sanction for keeping busy disappeared, the social sanction remained. What Yankee over forty has not heard that phrase "waste of precious time" from the lips of his elders, as a ban on innocent recreation? And to what pains your old-fashioned New Englander will go to justify his vacations, to find a "good" reason for doing something of which the "real" reason is pure pleasure! Modern America may blame it somewhat on climate, but mostly on this Puritan time malady, that she is still so unskilled in the use of leisure and in relaxation. We have to resort to Florida or the Riviera in order to bask in the sun and drink, without an uneasy feeling that we are "wasting precious time."

Apart from this doctrine of profitable activity, the Puritan as such contributed nothing to American economic thought, although the New Englander as such organized American industry, commerce, and shipping in order to escape from his hardscrabble farm. Here we are depriving the Puritan of one of his few contemporary laurels. Puritanism has been called a protest against medieval economics, and the beginning of *laissez faire;* American success-worship has been connected with Puritan theology. This is all moonshine. The founders of New England got their economic ideas from St. Thomas Aquinas. They strictly forbade usury and profiteering; they pursued that medieval will-o'-the-wisp — the "just price"; they regulated production, prices, and wages, and even attempted to naturalize the trade guild. Communism and Socialism could find many precedents and examples in early New England; but Communism is too much enraptured with the Five-Year Plan to bother with experiments that failed.

Democracy, whether a blessing or a curse, is the child of natural conditions on the frontier, not of Puritanism. It owes more to Pennsylvania than to New England. Here we must contradict historians like Bancroft, Borgeaud, and Fiske, overeager to read their own conception of political science into the past. The New England Puritan, to be sure, founded Congregationalism, which gave the ordinary man much greater power in his own church than any other polity. But it was the Reverend Samuel Stone of Hartford who characterized the New England church as a "speaking aristocracy in the face of silent democracy."

He might have said the same of the early New England governments — probably he did! Heavy precautions were taken by the New England leaders against the popular will's having a chance to express itself, for the Puritan upper class had no faith in the average man's capacity or virtue; human nature was vile, and wanted control and authority. And although the common people acquired more power every generation, it was not until the nineteenth century that they began to distrust educated leaders and experts, to insist on rotation in office, weak executives, and other devices of democracy. Even the vaunted town meeting was almost always controlled by the squire, the shipowner, or the money-lender.

It is true that certain American political institutions, such as the ballot and elections at fixed dates, may be traced to early Massachusetts; but that is because the Bay Colony had a trading-company charter, not because she was Puritan. Her leaders would have had life terms for officials if they could; and the founders of Connecticut established a marvelous system of nomination which kept the governor and council in power as long as they cared to serve.

For all that, the Puritan gave something to American political institutions. His legacy was public spirit, and a respect for law and order. If there was little office-seeking among the early Puritans, there was no dodging of responsibility; and the standard of official integrity was high. I have found no record of malfeasance in public office in any New England colony or state, before the nineteenth century — there have been plenty since the religious sanction evaporated. Law and order — "loren owdah" as the Yankee pronounces it — became his shibboleth.

There was a debate on this in the early days

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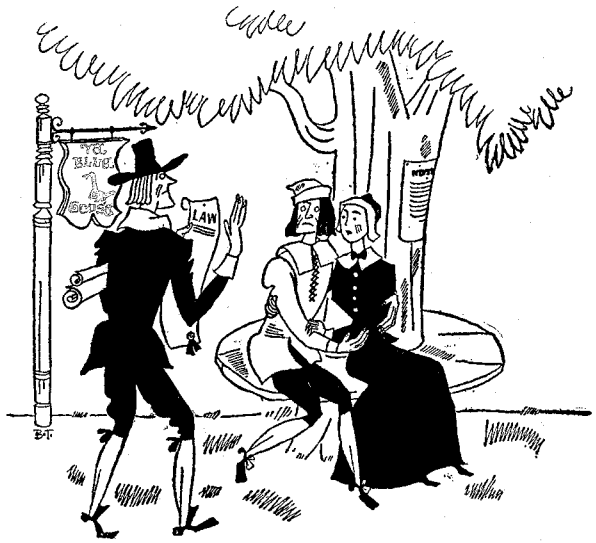
of the Massachusetts Colony. Governor Winthrop argued "that in the infancy of a plantation, justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state, because people were then more apt to transgress." But Haynes and Dudley, Hooker and Cotton, maintained "that strict discipline, both in criminal offences and in martial affairs, was more needful in plantations than in a settled state, as tending to the honor and safety of the gospel. Whereupon Mr. Winthrop acknowledged that he was convinced."

From that day on, strict laws and strict enforcement thereof were the code of the Puritan colonies; and to a remarkable degree they succeeded in checking the social dissolution that comes from frontier life and the loss of old-world sanctions. This stern discipline fell heavily on frontier individualists; but it gave to the Yankee race a law-abiding tradition. New England never passed through the gun-toting, frontier-bully stage of society, so picturesque to read about, but leaving a tradition of lawlessness to the communities so unfortunate as to have been through it.

Yet there is another face to this law-and-order tradition. It is responsible for some of the great injustices that have been committed in New England in the name of the law. The historian Palfrey found this the fundamental cause of the famous witchcraft frenzy at Salem. "A vital, constitutional, ingrained reverence for law as such . . . has been in all times a characteristic of the people of New England," he wrote in 1875. "Witchcraft stood on the books as a capital offense; and when the authorized expounders of the law were seen to take part against the accused, the mighty conservative element in the community was summoned to the oppressor's side. . . . To interpose for the sufferers was to speak evil of dignities and associate one's self with those who sought to unsettle the foundations of society." He might have been writing of the Sacco-Vanzetti case! True, the Mooney case in California is no different in principle; but Mooney still lives.

The Puritan experiment failed, in the eyes of its own leaders. New England in the long run proved to be no more a City of God than Old England. Moral intensity and spiritual virility evaporated. The creed of the Puritan was too strong for human nature; too weak to withstand the historical school of theology. Yet, for our purposes to-day, and for the America of the future, this courageous adventure of seeking to live the New Testament life in the wilds of the New World cannot be deemed a failure.

It does not matter so much that these stern founders had a faith that is not ours; the important thing is that they had faith, that they were stout-hearted for an ideal and sought the light of a higher power than their own wants and wills. Pulsating life in the New World, employing the education that the fathers established, upset many a neat plan of the elders; yet this faith gave quality to what supplanted them. Turned into new channels, supported by new sanctions and impelled by new purposes, the spirit of New England Puritanism still survives; and it will be a sad day for the Republic when it dies.



Strict laws and strict enforcement thereof were the code of the Puritan colonies.

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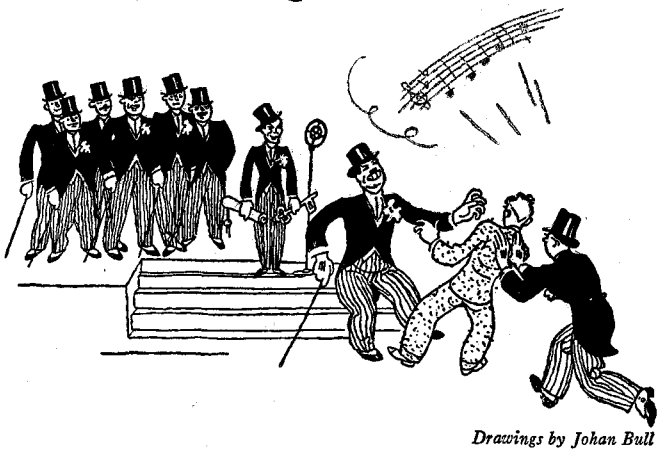
Cordiality by the Carload



Drawings by Johan Bull

by **MARGARET DE F. DOTY**

New York City, as befits so great a metropolis, has developed the world's largest Glad Hand, which thwacks its distinguished guests on the back with a force and efficiency perhaps unequaled in history. It is systematic, effective, and generous in the grand manner. In two years and a half the city spent two hundred thousand dollars on welcomes.

Let any conquering hero, such as the eminent Admiral Byrd, the channel-swimming Miss Ederle, or the epoch-making Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, approach these shores and New York's Glad Hand engineers set in motion superb hospitality machinery. The wheels whir, the wires buzz, and out comes a shiny, resplendent Official Reception, complete with white-gloved hand-shakes, heart-tearing speeches, and miles of ticker-tape. The welcome notable emerges from this orgiastic greeting with a realization that America Appreciates, in token of which he finds himself possessed of a glittering gold badge, a semi-literate scroll pæanizing his accomplishment, and a case of indigestion. Again New York has done itself proud.

Only a dolt could think for a moment that this finest blossom of metropolitan *kultur* is an accidental development. To suggest that any spontaneity creeps into the spiritual masterpieces known as New York City Welcomes would be to give unpardonable slight to the hospitality experts, from the Honorable Grover Aloysius Whalen on down through the pink-shirted Department of Sanitation Band, which furnishes the music and then rejoins its twelve hundred fellow whitewings to clean up the mess on Broadway. The painstaking planning of keen minds has made possible in its present perfected state the mobilization of the Glad Hand army which advances so relentlessly to meet a hero and holds him so inexorably in its grasp until the last flawless item of the greeting has been administered. Behind the scenes is the hospitality factory where receptions are ground out, expense no object.

There is even a department of philosophy which formulates the ethical aura surrounding the whole question of municipal cordiality. Mr. Whalen, who is so admirably versed in the minutiæ of hospitality, is in charge of this department. On several occasions he has undertaken to outline its theories with suavity.

"The welcomes have served a double purpose," he said. "They have enabled us to extend a welcome of a magnitude worthy of New York, and they have succeeded in convincing the rest of the world as a whole that this city is not too engrossed in night life, finance, and other material activities to take 'time out' to acclaim those whose achievements are of signal distinction. We wanted the world to understand that New York is not a cold-hearted, indifferent city but has a warm heart and a sympathetic hand to offer those who come within our gates. We have attempted to sell to the world the finer things of New York, to portray in their true light the arts, sciences and educational institutions that dwell within our midst. At no time has the Mayor's Committee

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tried to make its greetings ostentatious. It has simply endeavored to discharge its difficult function of saying, with adequate emphasis for six million persons, 'Glad to see you.'"

However, it seems that the sugar coating was a bit too thick. Mr. Berry, who was then City Comptroller, apparently did not appreciate the pith of these remarks. He sent back a batch of entertainment bills which he refused to pay, saying, with the blunt intimacy of a father rebuking his extravagant children, that while he appreciated the cash value of heroes, he felt that $698 for the hire of automobiles which were never used and $1363.57 to M. B. Brown and Company, the city printers, for a scroll, bronze and gold badges, and dinner invitations were "ridiculously excessive." Whereupon Mr. Whalen, with a patient reasonableness, admitted that hospitality *did* cost. But what if the city did spend $71,850.87 for Lindbergh's reception? The Japanese Ambassador's cost only $125. The rest fell between these two extremes. And he intimated that frankly he didn't understand how anyone could fail to look upon them as cheap at half the price to advertise New York.

Hailing the Conquering Heroes

Contrary to popular belief, the Mayor's Committee on the Reception of Distinguished Guests is not the brain child of the witty Mayor Walker and the urbane Mr. Whalen. It is a legacy from the Hylan administration and grew out of two older committees, the Home Defense and the Welcome to Homecoming Troops, the latter of which probably officiated at the welcome to Admiral Dewey when ticker-tape was first thrown out of windows as joyful serpentine. Possibly it was the Home Defense which greeted Theodore Roosevelt when he returned from big-game hunting, and the ticker-tape throwing was definitely accepted as a tradition.

About one hundred and fifty persons have been officially folded to New York City's capacious bosom in the last four years. They have included Charles Levine, Leo — the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion — in a gold cage, the lady Mayor of Southampton, England, in her crimson robes of office, the Elks' Convention, a rabbi who was given the freedom of the city on the eve of his departure to spend the rest of his life in Palestine, Lord Allenby, Lionel Licorish, Negro quartermaster of the luckless *Vestris*, and Prince Spada Potenziani, Governor of Rome, who had been so gracious when Mayor Walker dropped in on him there that the New York Board of Aldermen voted $15,000 for his entertainment here.

Not all of these have been recipients of the same feverish demonstrations and gilt honors. The welcoming experts — who, by their tireless ingenuity and determination, have transformed the fumbling efforts toward hospitality of a decade ago into a local industry — are now putting out four distinct products so that the celebration may fit the deed.

First, the big, glossy, luxuriant welcomes whose heavy perfume is wafted round the world, with greeting tug, with salutes, with débris, with bands,with medals, with scrolls, with Committee, with banquet, with flowers, with hysteria; for thoroughly important people. Example: the Bremen flyers.

Second, the ones when the city's welcoming tug, the *Macom*, fetches its man from his steamer to the Battery whence he is quietly taken to City Hall and given a medal; for people who undoubtedly deserve credit. Example: the Earl of Derby.

Third, the ones when the welcomee is picked up at the most convenient spot, not the Battery, and taken to the fount of municipal kindliness to get his present from the Mayor; for worthy persons. Example: Gene Tunney. (Speaking of this occasion, Mr. Timothy Mara, who futilely sued Mr. Tunney, was recently quoted in the *New York Evening Post* as saying that he arranged the meeting with the Mayor when Tunney returned as champion, and that it was "strictly a promotion idea.")

Fourth, the welcomes where a hero has to content himself with the prose of the Mayor's *alter ego*, Mr. Joseph V. McKee; for people who can't be altogether neglected. Example: American delegates to the Navy Pact Conference in London.

Last summer there were two gorgeous first-class receptions — Admiral Byrd's and the one offered Coste and Bellonte. Of the two, Admiral Byrd's was the more satisfactory, perhaps because he had been through it all before. Experience has given him a grace and technique in receiving homage almost equal to Mr. Whalen's skill in anointing with it.

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No sooner had the good ship *Eleanor Bolling* anchored in the lower bay than Byrd and his officers were borne off to glory on the *Macom* by Mr. Whalen, the Mayor's Committee, and the Police Department Band. A supplementary tug, the *Riverside*, and the Fire Department Band were pressed into service to bring the crew.

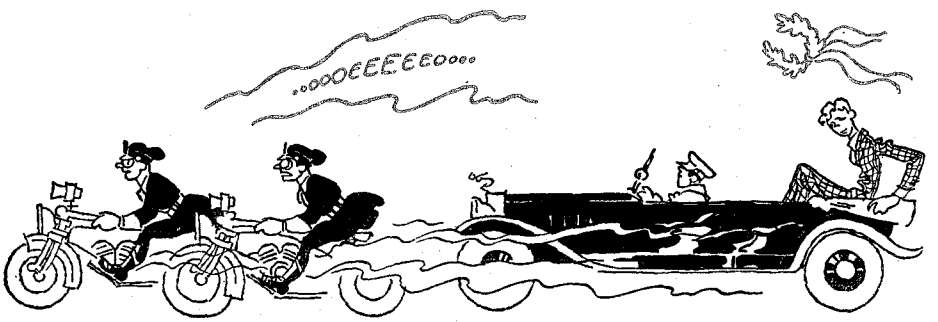
While they were still three or four miles from New York the Admiral was led to a brand-new radio so that he might hear Mayor Walker's voice cheerfully telling him to hurry — they were all waiting at City Hall and would certainly be mighty glad to see him. There was a resounding salute from all the fire boats, drawn up smartly in the harbor to honor the auspicious occasion. A thousand assorted vessels whistled and bellowed. When the comrades alighted at the Battery they were met by a clamoring throng and by the paraders who were to escort them to the City Hall — companies of soldiers, sailors, Marines, Boy Scouts, the National Guard, the naval militia, mounted policemen, and a color guard of the Sons of the American Revolution.

About fifty thousand rolls of ticker-tape were unwound and came twisting down upon the explorers' heads, along with shredded telephone books and the contents of uncounted waste baskets. Crowds shoved and shouted. Admiral Byrd, poised and smiling in his clean white suit, bowed to right and left. At City Hall he found the Mayor, who, with warm, old-fashioned courtesy, was waiting on the steps to greet him in full view of the six thousand fortunate people who had been invited to sit in especially constructed grandstands.

It was a happy reunion. The Mayor welcomed the Admiral, as he has done a couple of times before, and by way of varying the proceedings gave him a large painting as well as the customary gold medal and hand-illumined, carefully lettered gold scroll. Each officer and member of the crew filed past and they too received the city's coveted medal of valor.

Behind the Scenes

None of this delightful hullabaloo arose from the excitement of the moment. Nothing was left to chance. The crowds didn't rush out on the streets only because of a great and sudden desire to see Byrd's triumphal entrance or even to see why the bands were playing. With its usual penetrating foresight, the Committee had timed things so that the parade would march just at the noon hour.



About a week before an anticipated arrival there is a meeting of public-spirited men at the Municipal Building. The Police Commissioner, the Tenement House Commissioner, representatives of the Reception Committee proper, a member of the reception committee of the Maritime Exchange, representatives of local booster clubs, the Commissioner of Correction, the Commissioner of Sanitation, and others go into conference on the preparations. Several dozen sub-committees are appointed. At the time of the record-breaking Lindbergh stampede there were eighty-five sub-committees, but now that the routine has been better established not more than fifty are necessary.

One committee, headed by the Commissioner of Plant and Structures, is charged with erecting grandstands accommodating six thousand persons, to cost about five thousand dollars. Another is to procure bunting and drape it tastefully. A third promises to see that M. B. Brown and Company provide a handsome scroll, to cost not more (though very little less) than one thousand dollars. Hector Fuller, New York City's official grammarian — who usually fashions words into sentiments for the gilt sheepskins, writes them, and then of necessity reads them — marshals this group. A

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subsidiary committee orders appropriately embellished menus and invitations. A precedent has been set whereby seventeen thousand dollars may be spent for these. For the Byrd ovation gold medals for commander, officers, and crew, together with seventy-five gold-plated badges for the Committee, had to be supplied.

Arrangements have to be made for the purchase of orchids and other flowers for wives and mothers of the homecomers. Someone has to see that the paraders are notified, know their places in the line of march, are punctual. Automobiles have to be rented. The banquet committee is sent off to consult on food fit for heroes. A music committee is appointed and given the delicate task of deciding which municipal band should play where.

And finally there is the very important committee in charge of tidying the city when the party is over. At the time of the false Armistice, when ticker-tape and other litter were knee deep on the streets — an occasion which is to other paper snowstorms as the blizzard of 1888 is to modern flurries — the Association of Fire Underwriters pointed out the danger of a carelessly discarded cigarette's transforming lower Broadway into an inferno of blazing paper, with serious consequences. Heeding this, the city sees to it that no sooner have the public guests been safely escorted to another part of town than a clean-up squad of twelve hundred men and one hundred and seventy-five flushers of the Street Cleaning Department, in rubber boots, swarm the section and make doughty efforts to get rid of the mess. Armed with fire hoses, they wet it down and reduce it to a pulp, which is shoveled into cans, which are loaded into sixty trucks, which are emptied onto scows, which are dumped at sea. It costs about sixteen thousand dollars each time they do it. But it should help the unemployment situation.

In spite of their pouring out all this time and thought and energy for the glorification of New York — and, incidentally, the heroes — the men at the helm find themselves heckled with carping criticism from the most unexpected sources.

The Carping Critics

Not only did Comptroller Berry delay payment on some bills so long that they had to be met with a fund of forty thousand dollars which had been accumulated from baseball between the New York and Philadelphia Police Departments and designated for an unnamed charitable purpose. He made pointed remarks deploring the "wear and tear on the municipal bands" and the consumption of valuable time of public officials occasioned by the receptions. On a sandwich-and-coffee bill he made an acid note: "Any person who was honored by having his name appear on the Mayor's Reception Committee ought to buy his own breakfast." He commented that the scrolls were "in very bad English" and went so far as to inquire, "Why heavy gold-plated badges for one day's use, and why badges from a printer?" when confronted with the statement from M. B. Brown and Company.

The New York newspapers have carried several disgruntled editorials. On the subject of grandstands in the Lindbergh epoch, the *World* said, "The politicians who rule our fair city, together with their relatives, heelers, and in-laws, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts . . . sat in the stands, not the citizenry. The citizenry, in fact, suffered because of the stands, since these ugly structures shut out sight of the big doings from all except those who sat in them . . . . What the citizenry, which pays the bill, got out of it was a glimpse of Lindbergh's head; and what Lindbergh got out of it was nothing."

After the latest Byrd reception, the *Herald Tribune* quibbled, "One cannot help but contrast the manner and size of his welcome with that extended three days before to S. Parker Gilbert. Not that Mr. Gilbert would have expected or enjoyed the demonstration that was

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Admiral Byrd's lot. . . . When one weighs his (Mr. Gilbert's) accomplishment during his five years and a half as Agent-General for Reparations Payments, one finds it difficult . . . to point to any other member of his generation who more richly deserves the admiration of his countrymen."

Even the honored guests sometimes fail in gratitude. General Gouraud didn't get on the *Macom*, though it went out especially to meet him. Major Kingsford-Smith so objected to the thought of being pelted with impromptu confetti that he insisted upon whirling down streets that were totally unprepared for him while people along the proposed line of march gaped in vain.

Coste and Bellonte were perhaps the most disappointing of all. They came so quickly and with so little advance publicity that the engineers of the customarily efficient machinery of official city welcomes were taken completely unawares. However, the hospitable souls rallied to the emergency and stayed up all night so that when the Frenchmen arose, tri-colored and star-spangled bunting had broken out like a rash, and a program of activity to permit of the fullest expression of the city's interest in their achievement had been meticulously planned. Since all really splendid receptions must start at the Battery if things are to go smoothly, and since the flyers were, contrarily, at the Roosevelt Hotel, uptown, arrangements had been made to have them rushed over to the East River and hustled onto a yacht which would take them around to the official starting point. This was done.

There was a spectacular parade, the greatest enthusiasm on the streets, the most formal ceremony on City Hall steps, all of which apparently left the flyers utterly cold. They had forgotten to pack their painted grins and moved with taciturnity through the prescribed rigmarole. While brassy music and speeches and cordial yelling assailed their ears, they looked from their watches to the sky, concerned only with flying conditions and worry as to whether or not they could break away in time to inspect their ship before dark. They were intent on leaving for Texas the next morning. Whenever a new honor was to be conferred, a new hymn of praise to be sung, there was a fresh hunt for Bellonte, who had always slipped out of sight behind somebody's back. He was found licking his finger and holding it up in the air to gauge the humidity and determine the direction of the breeze.

There is one case on record of men who refused to be welcomed at all. On June 14, 1929, Owen D. Young, Thomas W. Lamont, and Thomas N. Perkins, American delegates to the Paris conference on German war debts, arrived in a dead calm at their own request. In reply to a cable that had been sent them several days before, announcing the city's brave intentions on their behalf, they had politely but firmly declined to assist. So far, they are alone in this distinction.

Weighty Problems

Another annoyance to the Committee is the rivalry of other cities. Chicago once reached out and grabbed (at the reception for Amelia Earhart), but that has never happened again. Washington has long sulked, and twice (on Lindbergh's arrival and also on Queen Marie's) flamed into open rebellion. It tried to assert itself as the capital of the nation, and insisted on having the first crack at the notables. But New York, serene in its seaport position, has never been seriously troubled.

Problems of dress have confronted the Committee. The most approved costume for formal welcomes is the dark coat and striped trouser combination. However, when Queen Marie of Roumania came, they made rigid rules and adhered to them. Each gentleman found a frock coat, striped trousers, gray cravat, gray spats, black shoes, and a silk hat, and wore them. Each carried a dark lacquer cane, by command. It must have been an imposing sight when they grouped themselves behind the Mayor at the side of the throne chair on the dais which had been provided so that the Queen would feel at home in the Aldermanic Chamber.

On the other hand, being welcomed presents its problems, too. The greatest one for Coste and Bellonte and others who had just completed an arduous, sleepless journey was how to get a little rest for their jangled nerves.

For a modest man, listening to speeches eulogizing him is quite an ordeal and the problem of what attitude to take, perplexing. The rounded phrases of praise sound so much like obituaries that there is a terrible temptation to lie down and play dead. Of course some people smile with automatic ease. But for a

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man who doesn't, it is appalling to have to grin and grin for miles and miles at a mob of open faces, no matter how friendly. In time he feels as fatuous-looking as a member of some musical comedy chorus.

There are the people he doesn't want to meet, the food he doesn't want to eat, the questions he doesn't want to answer, all of which are part of the official program that must be carried out. He has no privacy. Major Kingsford-Smith had to endure having his long-distance conversation with his fiancée in Australia taken down verbatim by stenographers. The problem is how to avoid this with grace.

And the scroll, the medal, the souvenir menus, the various tokens and trinkets that have been showered upon him — what shall he do with them once he has them? Has the Medal of Valor of the City of New York been accepted as a decoration one may wear at diplomatic functions? Or must it forever lie in a satin-lined box? Has it any pawn value? And the scroll, might one pardonably have it framed and hang it on the wall as a doctor does his diploma? Or must one forever carry it in the bottom of his trunk, a rolled, unwieldy parcel getting more and more battered with the years?

Toward Peace or War?

A Plea for Economic Disarmament

Drawings by Johan Bull

by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

I

THE WORLD to-day is passing through one of the great peace-time crises of modern history. Peoples everywhere are groping their way through a valley of despair. For ten years governments have paid lip-service to the cause of peace; they have established the League of Nations and the World Court; they have signed the anti-war pact. But so far no government has proved willing to make vital changes in its policies for the sake of international good will. This era of platitudes and hypocrisies must soon come to an end. Governments must prepare to make good their preachments for peace or they must prepare for war.

The present world crisis is marked by three features: political instability, economic depression, and international insecurity. The evidences of political instability are at every hand. The last year has witnessed a continuance of turmoil in China and the growth of revolutionary agitation in India and Indo-China. In Latin America revolution has overturned governments in Santo Domingo, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, and Brazil. These revolts have not been due to economic depression alone; they have been caused also by popular revulsion against unrepresentative dictatorships, often supported by our diplomats and business men.

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Europe has not been immune from political unrest. There are few if any governments on the Continent that remain upon the old two-party basis. The countries of Europe are ruled either by iron-handed dictators or putty-fingered coalitions. With a few exceptions, capitalist Europe during the last year has moved from Left to Right. The most astonishing illustration of this trend from moderation to extremism was given in the September elections in Germany. In a campaign marked by bitter denunciation of the peace treaties, Socialists, and Jews, the Hitlerites (or Nazis) polled an astonishing vote of 6,400,000.

There has been talk of dictatorship in Germany. Citizens in other countries, disgusted with the pettiness of parliamentary government, also seek salvation in strong-man rule. But the way of dictatorship is not strewn with roses. Reports are frequent that Mussolini's hold on Italy is weakening. In January, 1930, the dictator of Spain, Primo de Rivera, was overthrown. For a year the political life of Spain has been in turmoil. The fundamental weakness of dictatorship is that while for a time it may severely maintain order, it does not develop institutions that can carry on the government after the dictator departs.

II

THE POLITICAL instability of the world has been accompanied, if not partly caused, by economic depression. In the fall of 1929 the era of speculation which sucked into the vortex of Wall Street the fluid capital of the world came to a sudden and disastrous end. It has been hard for men to turn from the feverish life of gambling to the monotonous life of toil. What business men call "confidence" has disappeared; stocks have sunk to bottomless depths; trade and government revenue have declined; about twelve million men throughout the world are unemployed. Despite unemployment insurance in Europe and unorganized doles in the United States, the outlook is cheerless. Our workless hordes may determine whether other revolutions will occur.

It is a sad commentary upon our economic system that in a world of hungry men there should be a vast "overproduction" of raw materials and food. Ten years ago the politicians attempted to frighten us by the cry of foreign oil and rubber monopolies, and the birth-control propagandists solemnly declared that unless population were drastically limited, we should all soon run out of food. How limited such prophecies were! To-day the world has in stock much more food and raiment than people can consume — or at least can pay for. The prices of rubber, oil, copper, sugar, and wheat are at the lowest ebb in years.

III

THE THIRD characteristic of the present situation is international insecurity. Twelve years ago we hailed the termination of the war to end war. Yet despite the progress made in the organization of international machinery, despite the changed attitude of the world toward Germany, men talk less hopefully of peace than they did a few years ago. Except for Great Britain, all of the great powers are now spending more upon armaments than they did in 1925. During the last five years France has actually doubled her military expenditures. There is no better barometer of the international temperature than the level of armaments. The failure of the Allies to disarm and the threats of Germany to rearm are indicative of the world feeling of insecurity.

Of the major tensions underlying this insecurity the relations between France and Germany are the most serious. To-day these relations are more strained than at any time since the 1923 occupation of the Ruhr. Since that time France has greatly reduced her reparation claims upon Germany, and in June, 1930, the last French troops evacuated the Rhineland — five years in advance of the limits fixed by the treaty of Versailles. But in September Germany gave an amazing answer to the Briand policy of conciliation in its 6,400,000 vote for Hitlerism. The French Nationalists contend more bitterly than ever that the more concessions France makes, the more Germany will demand.

The Nationalists stand for a policy of force; they believe in building forts and in keeping the army strong. Yet machine guns cannot force the German economic machine to disgorge reparations — and it is this problem, rather than the question of frontiers or even of disarmament, which is the fundamental cause of the tension between Germany and the Allied governments to-day. A step in the liquidation of the reparation question was taken in the

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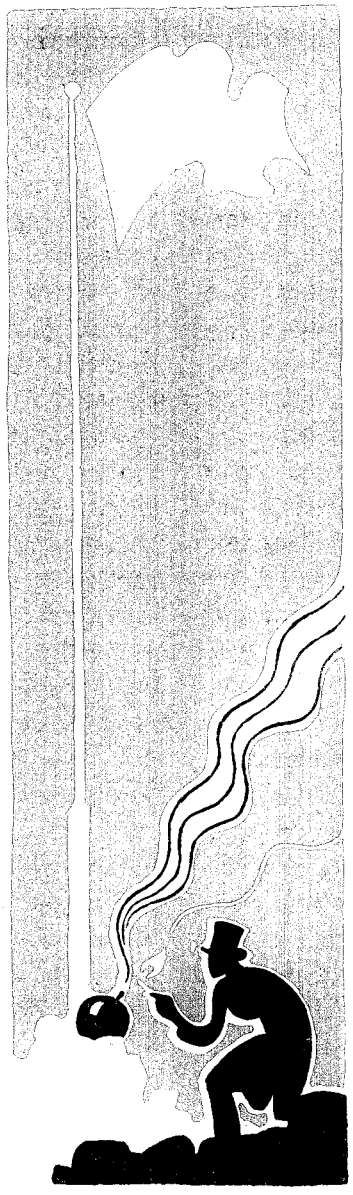
Young Plan. But with the advent of the world-wide depression and the increase in the value of gold, the theoretical reduction in the reparation annuities made by that plan has already been largely wiped out.

No steps have been taken to remove the fundamental difficulty confronting German payments — namely the apparent impossibility of building up a favorable balance of payments large enough to pay the service on reparations and private foreign loans. If the Allied governments would reduce their tariffs, the likelihood of payment would be improved. But even with a reduction in tariffs, it seems that in the long run the present annuities cannot be paid without still further decreasing the standard of living of the average German.



According to the Young Plan, the Allied governments may exact payments until 1988. It is hardly conceivable that future generations in Germany will voluntarily accept impoverishment to meet a debt arising out of a war for which the older generations of half a dozen countries were responsible. Meanwhile, weighed down with unemployment and a chronic budget deficit, the German people are settling into despair. In olden times wars were caused by dynastic feuds. In the future wars may be caused by the haunting fear of a democracy that it is being gradually strangled to death by outside politico-economic forces.

The Locarno agreements of 1925, which guaranteed the Rhineland frontiers, should have eased the tension between France and Germany. No such result has occurred, not only because of the reparation problem, but also because of fear on the part of France that Germany wishes to upset the boundary lines of Europe drawn in the treaties of 1919–20. France has assumed the guardianship of the frontiers of the new states of Central Europe; and as a result of this guardianship and of the alliances upon which it rests, the controversy between France and Germany has passed beyond the Rhine and become Continental.

Meanwhile France has contracted a new enemy in the shape of Italy. The tension between these two powers is caused fundamentally by questions of prestige. Before the advent of Fascism, Italy occupied a position of admitted inferiority to France and Germany. To-day, however, the great Mussolini loudly demands that this position be changed and that the world grant Italy a position of full equality. This demand conflicts with the hegemony of France in Europe. And at present these two powers are engaged in a struggle for diplomatic mastery. France heads a group of states interested in maintaining the *status quo* of 1919. Italy has openly joined another group, which counts Germany and Hungary among its members, and demands that the *status quo* be changed. As in the Franco-German quarrel, the difficulties between France and Italy — far from being localized — have been extended to cover the Continent.

IV

The third major tension is between Russia and the outside world. Soviet Russia is the scene of one of the most drastic experiments mankind has ever witnessed. In that incomprehensible country, the governing authorities have ruthlessly suppressed private capital, with its emphasis upon private gain and the survival of the strong, in favor of a system of state production and distribution of virtually all economic goods. Under its Five-Year Plan the Soviet Government is attempting to raise the standard of living of Russia's millions by gradually converting the country from an agricultural to an industrial basis. In this plan it is attempting to substitute for the reckless methods of private

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capitalism, with its evils of cutthroat competition, unemployment, and overproduction, an orderly method of production based upon social needs. On paper, the contrast between the Soviet system of planned economy and the present anarchy of the capitalist world is striking.

At the Geneva economic conference of 1927 the opinion was expressed that a *modus vivendi* between Communism and capitalism could be established. Since then, however, this opinion has visibly weakened. The Russian Communists talk more loudly than ever of a world-wide war upon private capital. And the dumping last summer of Soviet wheat and other raw materials upon American and European markets has been interpreted by many foreign business men and governments as the first shot in the campaign. France and other countries have replied by legislation directed against Russian trade, and there is again talk of foreign intervention in Russia so as to crush the Soviet experiment by force. Is the future to see a war to the death between the two systems? If the capitalist world does not soon mend its ways, will not Communism win new victories? Such are the questions which many Europeans and Americans are uneasily asking themselves to-day.

To these three major tensions dozens of smaller ones might be added. There are acute difficulties between Germany and Poland, Poland and Lithuania, Italy and Jugoslavia, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. There are the demands for independence made by the Ukraine and Macedonia, now periodically the scene of terrorism; there are cries from oppressed minorities in a dozen countries. Because of these tensions, which have been woefully accentuated by political obstructions to trade, the pre-war psychology of fear has reappeared. Germany again talks of "encirclement," as her construction of huge fortifications shows. France fears attack on two fronts; men everywhere are beginning to say that sooner or later a new war must come.

Within recent months a few rifts in the clouds have appeared, such as the effort of Venizelos to bring about a Balkan rapprochement, and the holding of a number of important conferences of the European agrarian states. Nevertheless, after one surveys the present international situation it is not difficult to conclude that there are as many potential causes for war to-day as there were in 1914.

This does not mean that war is necessarily imminent. Our present economic exhaustion, the will-to-peace that dominates many individuals who saw the horrors of the World War, the new international machinery that has recently come into existence — all work against the outbreak of a new world war during the next few years. But these forces will not prevent the immediate growth of widespread social disorder, whether in the form of Communism or otherwise, the results of which may be more disastrous to human happiness than war itself.

Moreover, unless the leading governments soon do something to remove the fundamental causes of war, the so-called "peace" in which we now feverishly live cannot endure indefinitely. Sooner or later the present economic depression will lift; the new generation in one country (it is significant that the strongest followers of Hitlerism in Germany are adolescent voters), knowing nothing first-hand of the hideous destruction wrought in the years 1914–18, may easily pick a quarrel with the new generation in another; international machinery is bound to break down unless governments prove that they intend to use such machinery for other purposes than the rigorous maintenance of the *status quo*.

V

THERE IS no magic formula the application of which will dissipate our present fears and hates and inaugurate the millennium. Nevertheless the goal of those who wish for peace continues to be clear. They must steadfastly work toward the realization of the ideal that the welfare of men in all nations is superior to the interest of any single national group. It was the great Italian Nationalist, Mazzini, who said, "Ask yourselves, whenever you do an action in the sphere of your country, or your family: 'If what I am doing were done by all and for all, would it advance or injure humanity?' and if your conscience answers, 'It would injure humanity,' desist." A platitude? Yes, in the sense that the statement of any principle of conduct is a platitude. Yet if the nations of the world applied this principle, armies and navies would be abolished in favor of police forces; tariff walls, reparations, and monopolies would come falling to

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the ground; while unjust boundaries would be speedily modified.

It is axiomatic that world peace will be achieved only when present national distrust gives way to international confidence. To a certain extent this confidence can be built up by political machinery. But political machinery will prove of little value as long as nations continue to follow policies of economic aggression. International confidence will really come into existence only when nations become united by the ties of economic coöperation. Until political barriers to trade are removed, nations will live in fear of poverty if not of starvation. It is futile to talk of peace as long as these fears persist. But nations will not abolish political barriers to trade, and thus become economically dependent on other nations, until the fear of war is banned.

It is a vicious circle from which the nations have not yet been able to extricate themselves. The tragedy of the present world crisis is that as conditions grow worse, the reactionary, nationalist groups in each country seem to grow stronger. The result is that instead of uprooting the policies which have been largely responsible for the world's undoing, we are giving them a new lease on life.

Confronted by mounting waves of despair, the natural tendency of many Americans is to take refuge in provincialism — to assert that the United States can save itself while the remainder of mankind goes to its doom. The tradition of "isolation," like other traditions, retains a popular hold long after the reason for its existence has disappeared. Nevertheless the most casual study of our present industrial position will demonstrate that, from the standpoint of self-interest alone, the United States cannot afford to be indifferent to the fate of the outside world. If the purchasing power of the European consumer is lowered, if European and Latin-American governments default, if another world war breaks out, if Communism or other grave social disorders spread from Russia to Germany and elsewhere, the welfare of millions of Americans will be affected; the very future of the American industrial system may be at stake. Our economic interests demand that the United States work for peace.

The United States is, moreover, the one nation that can break the vicious circle which the world now treads. Our detached geographic position, which has freed us from the fear of attack, our vast financial power, the not yet extinguished idealism of the American people impose upon the American Government a special and unique opportunity to lead the world out of its present wilderness. Enjoying a four-year term, the President of the United States is, constitutionally, in a much better position to initiate constructive action than the prime ministers of the other leading countries, whose tenure often depends upon appeasing an extremist group holding the balance of power.

In the past we have approached the problem of world peace from the political angle; we have talked of military disarmament, anti-war pacts, and world courts. All of these things are important, and we must continue to talk of them in the future. Nevertheless the political problems of the world cannot be solved until its economic problems are solved. The present world depression is due in large part to the vice of economic nationalism — to high tariffs, ship subsidies, monopolistic control over raw materials, export taxes, reparations, inter-allied debts, the World War — policies all caused by governments. It is absurd to state that governments can and should do nothing to remedy the present economic depression when it is government policy that is in large part responsible for this depression. What governments have done they must attempt to undo.

VI

APPARENTLY the great powers have decided to call a military disarmament conference for the year 1932. It may sound pessimistic to say so, but there is little likelihood that that conference will succeed unless a degree of economic disarmament is first achieved. If the military disarmament conference fails, the international result is bound to be disastrous. The one fundamental way to protect our own interests, and at the same time advance the cause of disarmament and peace, is for the United States boldly to summon a world economic conference at Washington sometime before the world disarmament conference is held.

There are at least four main subjects which an economic conference should discuss.

1. Tariffs. The enactment last June of the Smoot-Hawley tariff not only intensified domestic depression within the United States, but dealt a body blow at the efforts of European

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nations to achieve general tariff reduction. More than any other single act, the repeal of the Smoot-Hawley tariff would restore international confidence and set in motion the disorganized machinery of world trade.

It is true that President Hoover cannot reduce the American tariff by treaty. But he can ask Congress to make such reduction; and with the result of the November election placing the control of both houses in Democratic and Progressive hands, the repeal of the Smoot-Hawley tariff is not unlikely, regardless of whether an economic conference is held. The probability of favorable Congressional action would be increased if it were known that the repeal of the Smoot-Hawley Bill would be accompanied by simultaneous reductions in foreign tariffs on American exports.

2. Reparations and Inter-Allied Debts. So long as the burden of war debts hangs over the world, the gulf between the defeated and the victorious powers in the last war will continue to exist, while international balances of payments will remain out of kilter. Within recent months the burden of war debts has become more and more onerous; neither in the reparation plan nor in the American war-debt agreements is there any provision for modifying charges to correspond with the fall of prices. Until the burden of this war indebtedness is lessened, there is little prospect of a return to real political peace or world prosperity.

The reparation charges upon Germany cannot, however, be materially reduced until the inter-allied debts are reduced. Under the Young Plan the Allies pay over to the United States the "conditional" reparation payments made by Germany, amounting to about two-thirds of the whole. It is not improbable that, during the next few years, Germany will feel obliged to exercise its right under the Young Plan and declare a moratorium upon these conditional payments. In such an event it will still be legally possible for the United States to continue to demand the payment of the inter-allied debts. But in view of the default of the German Government, the Allies would have to increase taxation to meet the American demands; and it is morally certain that the peoples of England, France, and Italy, already burdened by excessive taxes, will not consent to further increases merely to pay sums which, rightly or wrongly, they believe the United States should have contributed to a common cause.

The United States has not varied in one iota the debt agreements concluded with the Allies beginning in 1923. In contrast, the Allied demands upon Germany have been reduced about two-thirds since 1921. It is probable that once Germany and the Allied governments go into default on account of the war debt, the United States will agree to a reduction in the inter-allied debt. But there is a grave danger that we will not consent to such a reduction until another severe financial and economic crisis — the inevitable result of wholesale defaults — has occurred. We can forestall this danger, and at the same time revive world confidence and world trade, by agreeing at an international economic conference to a mutual reduction in reparation and debt payments.

3. The Question of Gold. Some economists contend that the present depression, marked as it is by a fall in prices, is due to the concentration of nearly half of the world's gold in the vaults of American banks. Not being able to export sufficient quantities of goods, many countries have paid their debts to the United States in shipments of gold. It is contended that the concentration of gold in the United States (and in France) has increased the value of money and decreased prices in other countries. But the United States does not use all of the gold now within its vaults. Our economic and financial interests in foreign countries would be served by a redistribution of the gold supply. The third task of the Washington economic conference should therefore be to work out

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a plan whereby countries having an abundance of gold will lend it to countries in need.

4. Economic Reconstruction of Undeveloped Areas. At present there is a vast amount of idle capital in the United States the possessors of which are too timid to seek investment through ordinary channels of finance. But under proper guarantees, this capital could be utilized to recharge the world's industrial machine. President Hoover has attempted to alleviate unemployment at home by inducing business men and governments to embark upon a vast program of public works. If this method could be applied upon a world-wide scale, its results would be much more far-reaching than when attempted by any one country alone.

Under the auspices of the League of Nations' finance committee, an international plan for the financial reconstruction of Austria and Hungary has been successfully carried out. At the present time, there are many parts of the world, such as China and Central Europe, which are crying for economic reconstruction. One of the greatest tasks of the Washington economic conference would be to establish some international machinery whereby private funds could be attracted to areas now demanding capital but unable under the present system to give the necessary guarantees. A system of internationally guaranteed loans would increase the exports of the industrialized countries, and the purchasing power and standard of living of the borrowers.

Such, then, are some of the topics which a world economic conference at Washington might profitably discuss. Even if agreement on only one of these topics were concluded, the meeting would be worth the effort. It must be reiterated that there is a grave possibility that unless an economic conference is first convened, the 1932 disarmament conference at Geneva will fail. The two subjects should be linked together by a proviso that the economic agreements concluded at Washington should enter into force at the same time as a disarmament treaty. Economic and military disarmament must go hand in hand.

Skeptics assert that it is foolish to urge the United States to call an economic conference, because of the attitude of the American Congress. It is contended that this body will not agree to the modification of the Smoot-Hawley tariff or of the inter-allied debt agreements. As we have seen, however, the temper of the new Congress under proper leadership should be distinctly favorable to tariff revision. While it is unlikely that Congress would agree to the cancellation of the inter-allied debt, it is not at all unlikely that it would agree to a revision of the debt settlements if accompanied by a reduction in reparations and by disarmament. Any change in the tariff and in the debt agreements can be made merely by a majority of both houses of Congress.

Admittedly the summoning of an economic conference will require great imagination and courage on the part of President Hoover. But the demonstration of such qualities will strengthen his position in this country and throughout the world, whereas a policy of do-nothing may increase the impression that he is timid and irresolute. Mr. Hoover's critics contend that, while he is interested in international coöperation, he is unwilling to make a fight of any issue where there is the slightest chance that he will lose. The next few years will determine whether or not this criticism is correct. It may well be that President Hoover's place in history will be fixed by his willingness to grasp this world opportunity.

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Japan the Beautiful

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Christianity and Liberty

A Challenge to the "Modern Mind"

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

***by* J. GRESHAM MACHEN**

When I was honored by an invitation to contribute an article to The Forum, it could only be because the Editor is broad-minded enough to accord a hearing to a humble representative of a very unpopular cause. To be an adherent to-day of that religion of supernatural redemption which has always hitherto been known as Christianity, and to be at all in earnest about the logical consequences of that conviction, is to stand sharply at variance not only with the world at large but also with the forces which dominate most of the larger Protestant churches.

Whatever may be thought of such an unpopular position as that, it can hardly be any unworthy motives of self-interest that lead a man to take it. It is not easy to stand against the whole current of an age, and the sacrifice which is involved in doing so is far from light. Why, then, do we adherents of the religion of the Bible insist on being so peculiar? Why do we resist in such perverse fashion the pronouncements of the "modern mind"?

Perhaps, for one thing, it is because we do not think so highly as some persons do of the modern mind — of the modern mind and of the modern world which it has produced.

It is not the incidental defects of the modern world of which I am thinking just now. Those incidental defects are surely plain enough even to the most enthusiastic disciple of modernity.

I suppose my experience is similar to the experience of a good many men. When I was a student in Germany in 1905–1906, the argument from modern authority seemed to me to be a very powerful argument against the supernaturalistic Christianity in which I had been brought up. I was living in an environment where that Christianity had long been abandoned, where it was scarcely regarded even as being worthy of debate. It was a very stimulating environment indeed, dominated by men whom I admired then, and whom I still admire. And the world in general might have seemed to a superficial observer to be getting along very well without Christ. It was a fine, comfortable world — that godless European world prior to 1914. And as for anything like another European war, that seemed to be about as well within the bounds of possibility as that the knights should don their armor and set their lances again in rest. The international bankers obviously would prevent anything so absurd. But we discovered our mistake. Our comfortable utilitarian world proved to be not so comfortable after all.

In some directions, indeed, there was advance, even in warfare, over conditions that had prevailed before. Antiseptic surgery no doubt had accomplished much. But in other directions there was a marked decline. The notion of the nation in arms — that redoubtable product of the French Revolution — was carried out to something approaching its logical result. Even more logical and even more damnable, no doubt, will be its results in the next war.

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Modern scientific utilitarianism, in other words, did not produce the millennium prior to 1914; and there is not the slightest evidence that it has produced the millennium since that time, or that it ever will produce the millennium in the ages to come.

In further incidental indictment of the age in which we are living, I might point to the brutal injustices and enormities of the peace that followed upon a war which was supposed to be waged for justice and liberty. And I might point also to the appalling spiritual decline which has come over the world within the last fifty years. High poetry, for the most part, is silent; art is either imitative or bizarre. There is advance in material things; but in the higher ranges of the human mind an amazing sterility has fallen on the world.

The Loss of Liberty

But serious as are such incidental defects of the age in which we are living, it is not of them that I am thinking just now. After all, there has been advance in some directions to balance the retrogression in others. Humanitarian effort has no doubt accomplished much; war has been declared against the mosquito and the germ, and some day we may be living in a world without disease. I doubt it, for my part; but at any rate the possibility cannot altogether be denied.

What, then, if it is not found in incidentals, even so stupendous an incidental as the World War, is the really obvious indictment against the modern world — an indictment that will appeal even to those who do not share our Christian point of view? The answer seems to be plain enough. The really obvious indictment against the modern world is that by the modern world human liberty is being destroyed.

At that point, no doubt, many readers will only with difficulty repress a smile. The word "liberty" to-day has a decidedly archaic sound. Modern historians are writing it in quotation marks, when they are obliged to use the ridiculous word at all. No principle, they are telling us, was involved in the American Revolution; economic causes alone produced that struggle; and Patrick Henry was indulging in cheap melodrama when he said: "Give me liberty or give me death." Certainly liberty is out of date in modern life. Standardization and efficiency have very largely taken its place.

Even nature is being made to conform to standard. In the region that I have visited in Maine off and on for the past thirty years, I have seen the wild exuberance of woods and streams gradually giving place to the dreary regularities of a National Park. It seems almost as if some sweet, delicate, living creature were being destroyed. But that is only a symbol of what is going on beneath. The same ruthless standardization is also being applied to human souls.

That is particularly true in the all-important field of education. If, it is said, we allow all sorts of queer private schools and church schools to confuse the mind of youth, what will become of the welfare of the state? How can we have a unified nation without a standardized school?

I know that this process of standardization has recently been checked in America here and there. The Supreme Court of the United States declared unconstitutional the Oregon School Law which simply sought to wipe all private schools and church schools out of existence in that state, and it also declared unconstitutional the Nebraska Language Law (similar to laws in other states) which made literary education even in private schools a crime. The preposterous Lusk Laws in the State of New York, one of which placed private teachers under state supervision and control, were repealed. The bill establishing a Federal department of education, despite the powerful interests working in behalf of it, has not yet become a law. The misnamed "Child Labor Amendment" to the Constitution of the United States, which would have placed the youth of the country under centralized bureaucratic control, has not received the requisite ratification from the states. But I fear that these setbacks to the attack on liberty, unless the underlying temper of the people changes, are but temporary, and that the process of standardization and centralization will go ruthlessly on.

Freedom through Redemption

In some spheres, no doubt, standardization is a good thing. It is a good thing, for example, in the making of a Ford car. But it does not follow that it should be applied to human beings; for a human being is a person, and a Ford car is a machine.

The typical modern experts deny the distinction, and that is our fundamental quarrel

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with the "modern mind." What sort of world is it to which we are tending to-day? What is really the modern ideal? I suppose it is a world in which the human machine shall have arrived at the highest stage of efficiency. Disease, I suppose, may be abolished; and as for death, although we shall not have abolished it, we shall at least have abolished its terrors. Vague childish longings, pre-scientific speculations as to a hereafter, will all be gone; and we shall have learned, as reasonable and scientific men, to stand without a pang at the grave of those whom in a less scientific age we should have been childish enough to love.

What is to be thought of such a mechanistic world? I will tell you what we Christians think of it: we think it is a world in which all zest, all glory, all that makes life worth living will have been destroyed. It will no doubt have its advantages. In it, no doubt, the span of our life may be extended far beyond the previously allotted period of threescore years and ten. Experts appointed by the state will always be by our side to examine our physical and mental condition and keep us alive upon the earth. Perhaps they may be successful in keeping us alive upon the earth. But what will be the use? Who would want to live longer in a world where life is so little worth living?

From such a slavery, which is already stalking through the earth in the materialistic paternalism of the modern state, from such a world of unrelieved drabness, we seek escape in the high adventure of the Christian religion. Men call us devotees of a Book. They are right. We *are* devotees of a Book. But the Book to which we are devoted is the Magna Charta of human liberty — the Book which alone can make men free.

At this point I am particularly desirous of not being misunderstood. I do not mean for one moment that a man ever became a real Christian merely through the desire to attain civil or political freedom or even the very highest of worldly ends. But what I do mean is that the defects of the modern world, though a realization of them will never in itself make a man a Christian, may yet lead him to a consideration of far profounder needs. He may begin by seeking escape from mechanism and go on to seek escape from sin. In the Bible we find a liberty that is far deeper than the civil and religious liberty of which I have just spoken. It is a liberty that enters into the depths of the soul.

In the Bible we find, in the first place, God. Back of the stupendous mechanism of the world there stands, as the Master of it and not as its slave, no machine but a living Person. He is enveloped, indeed, in awful mystery; a dreadful curtain veils His being from the gaze of men. But, unlike the world, He is free; and He has chosen, in His freedom, to lift the veil and grant us just a look beyond. In that look we have freedom from the mechanism of the world. God is free; and where He is, there is liberty and life.

In the Bible we find, in the second place, man; we regain that birthright of freedom which has been taken from us by the "modern mind." It is a dreadful birthright indeed. For with freedom comes responsibility, and with responsibility, for us, there comes the awful guilt of sin. Gone for us Christians is the complacency of the "modern mind"; gone is the lax, comforting notion that crime is only a disease; gone is the notion that strips the ermine from the judge and makes him but the agent of a utilitarian society; gone is the blindness that refuses to face the moral facts. Our attitude at this point will receive little sympathy from the experts of the present day; they will doubtless apply to it their usual method of dealing with a thing that they do not understand — they will give it a long name and let it go. But is their judgment really to be trusted? There are some of us who think not. There are some of us who think that the moral judgments of sinful men, even when they are the judgments of experts, are not always to be trusted, and that the real pathway of advance for humanity lies through a rediscovery of the law of God.

In the third place, in the Bible we find redemption. Into this world of sin there came, in God's good time, a divine Redeemer. No mere teacher is he to us, no mere example, no mere leader into a larger life, no mere symbol or embodiment of an all-pervading divinity. No; we stand to Him, if we be really His, in a relationship far closer than all that. For us He gave His life upon the cross to make all well between us sinners and the righteous God, by whose love He came. Thus does the ancient burden fall from our backs; thus do we become true moderns at last. "Old things are passed

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away; behold, they are become new." Thus, and thus only, do we have true freedom. It is a freedom from mechanism, but the freedom from mechanism is rooted in a freedom from sin.

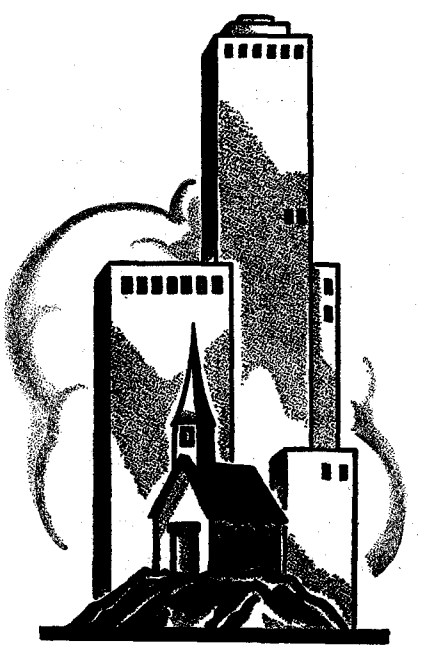
The Alternative

At this point I think I know what some of my readers may say. "Do we not agree," they may ask, "with much that has just been said? Do we not reject behaviorist psychology; do we not believe in the freedom of the soul; do we not believe in God? But need such beliefs be connected with such very doubtful conclusions in the sphere of external history; may we not believe in the eternal worth of the human soul, and enter into communion with God, without insisting upon the external miracles of the Bible? May we not have a true Christian experience without believing in the Empty Tomb?"

This attitude lies at the basis of what may be called, by a very unsatisfactory and question-begging term, "Liberalism" in the church. It is a very imposing phenomenon. I hope I do not approach it without sympathy. I have listened with high admiration to many of its representatives during the last twenty-five years — ever since I sat in Herrmann's classroom at Marburg and obtained some impression of the fervor and glow of that remarkable man. I can quite understand how men desire to escape, if they can, the debate in the field of science. I quite understand how they seek to avoid disputing about what happens or has happened in the external world and fall back upon an internal world of the soul into which scientific debate cannot enter. It seems to be such a promising solution of our apologetic difficulties just to say that science and religion belong in two entirely different spheres and can never by any chance come into conflict. It seems to be so easy for religion to purchase peace by abandoning to science the whole sphere of facts in order to retain for itself merely a sphere of feelings and ideals.

But in reality these tactics are quite disastrous. You effect thus a strategic retreat; you retreat into a Hindenburg line, an inner line of defense whence you think that science can never dislodge you. You get down into your pragmatist dugout and listen comfortably to the muffled sound of the warfare being carried on above by those who are old-fashioned enough to be interested in truth. You think that whatever creedal changes, whatever intellectual battles there may be, you at least are safe. You have your Christian experience; and let science and Biblical criticism do what they will!

But do not comfort yourselves. The enemy in this warfare is good at mopping up captured trenches; he has in his mechanistic psychologists a very efficient mopping-up squad. He will soon drive you out of your refuge; he will destroy whatever decency and liberty you thought you had retained; and you will discover, too late, that the battle is now lost, and that your only real hope lay, not in retreating



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into some anti-intellectualistic dugout, but in fighting bravely to prevent the initial capture of the trench.

No, the battle between naturalism and supernaturalism, and also between mechanism and liberty, has to be fought out sooner or later; and I do not believe that there is any advantage in letting the enemy choose the ground upon which it shall be fought. The strongest defense of the Christian religion, the truly scientific defense, is the outer defense. A reduced and inconsistent Christianity is weak; our real safety lies in the exultant supernaturalism of God's World.

At the center of that supernaturalism there stands the supernatural figure of Jesus Christ. It is a figure that bears the mark of truth; against it criticism ultimately will fail. But it must be taken essentially as it stands. Gone is the day when men thought that a few miracles could be removed from the Gospels to leave a "Liberal Jesus," a mere preacher of the "fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of man."

Recent New Testament criticism has tended strongly against any such easy solution of the problem as that. Increasingly the real question is becoming clear: give Jesus up, confess that His portrait is forever hidden in the mists of legend; or else accept Him as a supernatural Person, as He is presented by all the four Gospels and by Paul.

We have chosen the latter alternative for ourselves; and we believe that only in that alternative are true progress and true liberty to be attained for mankind.

White Man's Town

Drawings by Esther Bruton

by LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

I

You don't like a small town? Well, now that's odd. You can give me one every time. In a big place you can be born and grow up and marry a fortune and then die maybe and leave it all, and nobody is any the wiser or gives a damn. But in a little burg you've got everybody spotted and they've got you spotted. If there's a low-down buzzard in town, you know it. Or if there's a good man or a saint, you know that, too. You can bank on just how each person will act at a revival or a dog fight or an election. There was Deb Gurney. You always knew he'd vote Democrat and go clear off his base at a fire but show the levelest head on earth at a funeral, especially if he was related to the corpse.

Deb's grandmother on his father's side, and as nice an old lady as you'd want to see, was hit by a car and passed away the next morning without coming to. She was buried on Sunday. The church was jammed at the funeral, particularly with old-timers, and everybody bawled and bellowed and blew their noses until you couldn't help joining in. And you couldn't catch a cussed word of the sermon, for all the preacher was laying into it in a way that was enough to make the old lady rise up out of her coffin. But Deb, who was her nearest of kin and not five feet from the corpse, just sat there calmer even than the undertaker himself and didn't bat an eye. There was a stranger in town at the time, and Mell Rascom got up a bet with him on how Deb would act at the funeral. It was an ornery thing to pull on

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anybody, for of course the stranger lost.

That only goes to show how well you have things sized up in a small place. But now and then something comes along and stumps you no matter how much you sit around trying to figure it out. It was Lum Zither that got me guessing — and still has, for that matter.

You say you've been over in my town lately and was wanting to ask me about Lum? Now, that *is* odd, ain't it, when you think I was just going to tell you about him? No, I reckon there's nothing much you can do for me, mister. Thanks, anyway. It ain't so bad here. The warden's been good enough. Anyhow, I'm satisfied. That is, except for trying to get this thing straightened out.

Sometimes it looks as clear as day, and then again it's all foggy and jumbled up. And I lay awake nights until people from over at my town appear to be sitting around in my head, so to speak, shoving their chairs about and trying to jabber their way through the fog. I reckon I jabber, too, mister, and it may be I'd go crazy if there wasn't one idea that I get clear enough. It's an idea I always wind up with and that I try to keep hanging on to. What is the idea? It's this. I couldn't take any chances. I had to do what I did. You would have done the same even if you knew you'd swing for it, just as I've got to. As I say, I couldn't take any chances any more than any other white man could have.

LUM WAS my best friend, the only real one, I reckon, that I ever had. He grew up in my town from a kid, but he was adopted from way off South somewhere. The Zithers claimed they had all the papers on him, and I expect they did have. Anyway, when he was around twenty they died and he got everything they owned, which wasn't much — a patch of ground and a shack down by the river. It wasn't long, though, before the river ate the land away and left only the shack. But the shack was enough. You couldn't have hired Lum to work the ground.

Now, that's just what I thought. When you was over there you heard considerable rot about him. And all that talk about his hair is part of the rot. The truth is, mister, that his hair was only full of little curls, of a shiny black, that played around over his head, as you might say, and halfway down to his shoulders. Nobody but a fool would call it kinky. And he was good-looking, Lum was. His rags and tatters couldn't hide the fact. You took to him the minute you saw him. "He's got good eyes," you'd say. Or maybe it was his loafish ways that drew you, or his banjo and his singing. Many a night you could hear his voice come rolling up off the river, strong and velvety. He was the most good-natured and no-account cuss you ever saw, the finest person in the world to be around with.

Dark? Sure he was, but not a damn bit darker than I am, or you, mister, begging your pardon. Say, do you suppose I'd have fished and drank with him, ate and even slept with him, lived with him, you might say, down there in his shack, if I'd thought for a minute he wasn't as white as you or me?

You're like the rest of them. You've got this thing all fogged up. Her? My sister? There you go again. Would I have stood for her being around with him if I'd thought that? And then getting married to him? There was the Colonel, too. Maybe you might have met him. One of the biggest men in the state. Colonel Dolliver Toombs. That's him. Just about owns the town. The Colonel didn't think but what Lum was white enough. And if anybody could scent out colored blood, the Colonel could.

You heard that the Colonel shot a nigger once at the polls? Well, that's right, though it was a little before my day. It was then, they claim, that the niggers all pulled out across the river. The Colonel's a little oldish now and walks with a cane, a gold-headed cane. He's dressy and noble-looking and tries to keep the town the same way. And, as I say, he's death on niggers. Yes sir, we've got a white man's town.

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Every since I was a kid I've watched the Colonel send strange niggers down the road or have the marshal send them — niggers good and bad alike, some you wouldn't mind having around if they'd keep their place. But he'd laugh in your face if you'd tell him Lum wasn't as white as the whitest man in Missouri. And he said I was a damn fool and ought to hang for doing what I did. But I couldn't take any chances, Colonel or no Colonel. I'll stick to that to the last, which won't be long now. Say, what's your notion of preachers, mister? There's one been coming in here lately reading the Bible and claiming I ought to own up to being in the wrong and so get ready to. . . . My nerve? Oh, it's good enough.

That's right. I knew you'd bring those songs of Lum's up. Everybody does. But what've his songs got to do with it; that is, except when you get to looking back over it all? Of course, you can't get around the fact but that there was something about his singing that kind of carried you in over your head. Especially along towards the end, after he'd been down South. Two or three claim he was down there looking up his real folks. But I don't know anything about that. And I could maybe forget his nigger songs if it wasn't for a couple of things. One of them was a dream, and I reckon the dream had something to do with the other. Dreams are damn foolishness in a way. The trouble is, I've had this one more than once.

It must have been a week after he came home

that I was down to his place mending a net. He was fixing some other tackle. A hook jabbed his finger, and a little blood came. It was a rusty hook, and I told him he'd better tend to his finger. But he just sat there looking at the blood like he saw something out of the way about it, and saying, "My God! Oh, my God!" After a little he wiped the blood off and went over and leaned up against the house.

Did he think at the time that he had mixed blood in him? That's a thing I ain't sure about, mister. Maybe he only felt it or suspicioned it, you might say. I went over by him, but he wouldn't talk. He just stood there looking off across the river.

He was deadish white, but after a while he appeared to get better. He went in and brought out his banjo and sitting on a stump he started plunking around after a tune. Of course there was nothing in particular to that. We'd sat just that way hundreds of times, with him playing and usually singing, and both of us rubbering across towards the other shore, so far away the trees were purplish and made you want to be over where they were. Then maybe on our side a tree would topple towards the water and we'd jump up in time to see the bank cave off, carrying the tree with it, and go melting away downstream. So, as I say, there was nothing in particular about his playing; that is, not at first.

But after a while, right in the middle of a song, he slid off onto a nigger tune and stuck to it over and over until the thing got to moaning around in my own head. The worst of it was that every now and then his old dog would sit there and howl the way a dog will when you hit the right note. It made you want to join in, too, dog or no dog, and you might have, but there was something about it all that went deeper than the singing. It was something you didn't want to get mixed up in.

You can think I'm clear off, mister, but that darky tune seemed to be a sort of wavy, mourning blackness stretching out clear over the river. And while Lum was singing I got the feeling that he was a thousand miles from me. Yes sir, I could have reached over and touched him, but, as I say, he seemed on the other side of the world. Sis came to the door and laughed at us sitting there. I had a feeling, though, that she oughtn't to be laughing. "You two come to supper," she said, and we went inside.

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But after only a mouthful or so he shoved his chair back and went outdoors and started plunking away again. And I couldn't eat any more, either. Sis called to him, but he didn't answer. So we sat there listening to him, his voice lonesome and sad and far-away. It made you feel there was something wrong in the world and that you wanted to get away from it all — wanted to die, maybe, and go to heaven or the other place. Anywhere, just so you were pulling out.

III

No, I DIDN'T get the idea from his singing that he might be colored. Why the hell should I? It was only, as I say, that he seemed a thousand miles from me. It wasn't till a couple or three weeks afterwards, on that day at the carnival, that the idea you're studying about first shot into my head. And I sometimes think that's the first time it really shot into his head, too.

The carnival was along in. . . . Oh, the dream I had? Well, as I said, dreams are fool things. Or maybe you take some stock in them. That's right. They do appear to have a kind of sense to them sometimes; that is, when you go back over them and begin hooking them up with things that came along afterwards. And they get you to stewing, particularly when you have the same one more than once. The first time? It was that night after Lum jabbed his finger and then kept harping on that darky tune.

I went swirling down into some damned place or other, inky black except for little floating specks of reddish light. I started walking along, going nowhere that I know of, and pretty soon here was Lum and his dog walking along with me. And while we was walking you could hear Sis's voice crying and calling from somewhere up above. In a minute, though, you couldn't hear it any more. We came to a river. It was running full with black water, but with those specks of light floating over the blackness of it. Then we were standing over this blackness ourselves, teetering at the end of a bridge that didn't reach clear across. I tried to step back from the end of that bridge, but I couldn't, and I thought for a minute that Lum wasn't with me any longer. Then I heard him strike up an old nigger tune. "You got shoes; I got shoes; all God's chillun got shoes."

And while he was singing, that other shore began to lighten up until over there it was the brightest kind of day. There were buildings, tall and fine, miles of them, and shining like gold. It was a city, you might say, and there was a golden street coming right down through the middle of it clear to the river. And the longer Lum kept that song going, the closer we crept to the city. I could hear far-away voices, answering back to him and singing, "Gonna walk all over God's heaven." A little more and we would have been there. But the voices changed all at once to a yelling, and down from the upper end of the street a man came tearing along towards us. It was a nigger, naked to the waist and as black as pitch. And in a second there came a running whiteness, filling that street and sweeping down after him. It was a mob, pure white — snow-white faces and clothes. The nigger stumbled, and all that whiteness was just about on him when I woke up.

Well, that dream comes back to me, spreads itself out in my sleep many a night — the river and Lum with his dog and that golden city with the nigger tearing along ahead of the yelling whiteness of that mob. No, as I say, I don't reckon there's any sense to it, but just the same it sticks to me like it wanted to finish itself. Well, it'll have to hurry. Do I feel O.K.? Sure. White, kind of? That's nothing. You'd be the same with sitting in here and waiting. But that dream — I expect there is a sort of sense to it. I get to thinking that if I could figure out exactly what happened at the carnival, then this dream would finish itself. Maybe that sounds crazy, mister. I reckon it is crazy, just like everything is crazy that comes along and busts you when you ain't looking.

The carnival? That's what I was coming to. They must have told you about the day Lum

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chased those two niggers. But did Lum chase them? That's just the point.

It was a one-horse carnival, but plenty good for a small town. There was a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel and some of the other usual stuff, with kids swarming all over everything and grown people too. No, Sis wasn't there. And Lum wasn't either. That is, not at first he wasn't. She was going to have a kid and Lum had sent her up to Ma's to stay a month or so. Presh Watkins and I went through the whole string of stuff, including a pretty bum leg-show, which we took in twice. But dinky as it all was, the carnival would have been as good as you'd expect if on the last day a couple of niggers and a little tan mule hadn't showed up.

The niggers roped off a spot a short ways from the merry-go-round and at the top of the slope that runs down across the tracks to the river. The little fat one — he was as black as tar — began clowning around with the mule, making the crowd fall all over itself laughing. You can't beat a nigger when it comes to playing, mister. Personally, I like to see them around, especially around a carnival or a ball game or even a revival. They get all there is out of such a thing and make a good time for other people. As I've told you, they don't worry me as long as they keep their place.

But the minute I laid eyes on those niggers I began to feel uneasy. To make it worse, Presh came along pretty soon and said there was a white woman and a nigger kid with them. He pointed her out. She was off to our left — a big, frowzy blonde dressed in loudish red with splotches of yellow in it. And in her arms was the blackest little nigger you ever saw. It was cute, too, or would have been if she hadn't been holding it. "They claim she's the big shine's woman," Presh said.

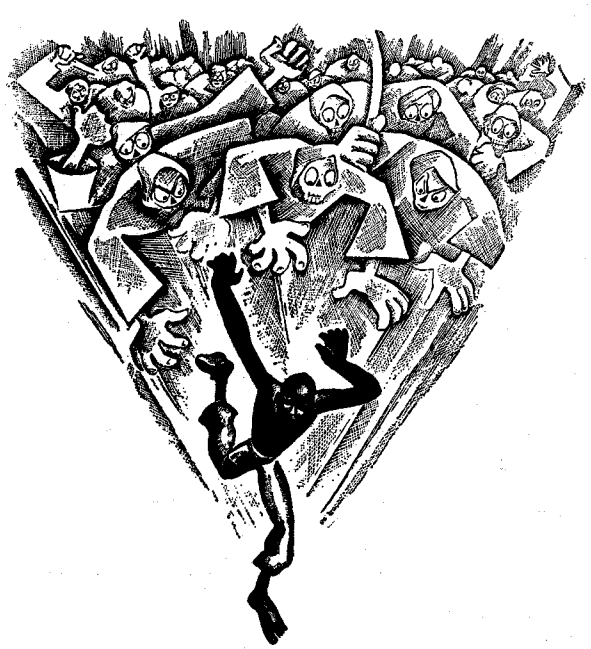
Well, it turned me sick to see that white woman there with that black kid. I tried to get Presh to go up and tell the niggers they'd better beat it. But he wouldn't, and said there wasn't anything to stew about. Still, I knew there was, or I felt there was, which is worse. You know how it is, mister. You have a feeling inside of you and you ain't sure just what it's all about. I commenced looking around for Lum. I'd saw him early that morning putting out across the river; so I reckoned he hadn't gotten back.

Maybe I had a notion that Lum could do something with the niggers or maybe I didn't. All I can say is that I was worried because he wasn't there with me, or maybe I don't know what the hell I did think. Maybe, as you might say, I had those nigger tunes in the back of my head without knowing it, or that dream. But he wasn't anywhere around, and I wished I had tipped those niggers off myself. I'm glad now, though, that I didn't. In the long run I reckon those coons did me a good turn.

IV

It would have been too late, anyhow. For things hadn't much more than got going when here came Colonel Toombs elbowing people this way and that and with a look in his eye that brought him right up to the niggers. The little coon was on his feet again after the mule had thrown him, and with his mouth so wide open you couldn't hardly see his face; he was letting out a funny *ai-yai* sort of yell that always brought a laugh. But right in the middle of the yell the Colonel reached over the ropes and poked him in the ribs with his walking stick. "You niggers pick up and clear out," he said.

As I say, a nigger's good enough in his place, but I don't like to see them stand up to a white man the way that big buck stood up to the Colonel. This coon was a yellow nigger as tall or taller than the Colonel himself, and was dressed in a long-tailed black outfit, a starched shirt, and a high hat. His part was to stand outside of the ropes and blow a crazy blast on a trombone that sounded a good deal like a jack



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braying. In this way he drew the crowd and got them to loosen up with their dimes and nickels before the other coon would commence capering around with the mule. He and the little nigger didn't make a bad team, and if he'd kept his trap shut maybe nothing much would have happened, for you could see that the crowd, especially the out-of-town fellows, were riled at the Colonel for butting in.

But you get a coon diked out the way this one was and he has oceans of brass. Anyhow, instead of keeping still, this nigger hardly waited for the Colonel to get done talking when he gave a couple of those braying sounds. Then the damn fool stuck his mug out at the Colonel and said the Colonel wasn't talking to them, that they was part and parcel of the carnival and wasn't aiming to pull out, not for anybody. He turned to the other coon, expecting him to speak up, too, I reckon, but the little nigger was scared stiff. He just stood there twisting the ends of his red sash and seemed to be looking for a hole in the crowd, which kept closing in.

You'd think that coon had done enough damage, but when the Colonel didn't say anything and only stiffened a little and got whiter and whiter, I believe the nigger thought he'd bluffed him out. He lit a big cigar and rolled it around in his mouth until it stuck out at a sassy angle. Then he called over to that white woman, "Come here, honey, and listen to this man."

But he hadn't more than got the words out when the Colonel up with his cane and whammed him across the side of the head. It was enough to knock a mule over, but all it did was to spin the nigger around and into the crowd a little. His hat didn't even come off.

I'll never get any of that day off my mind. Lum had bobbed up from somewhere. I saw him for a second standing not more than a foot or two from that nigger after the Colonel had socked him. But he didn't seem to have noticed what had happened. That is, he wasn't looking at the Colonel or the nigger but at the woman and the kid. He was bare-headed, making you think he'd come up there in a hurry. And he was the same deadish white that he was that day down on the river. I would have gone over to him, but the nigger had caught himself and whirled around with a most ungodly look on his face. You could see that he was going for the Colonel, but he hadn't taken a step when that woman let out a scream that froze everybody in his tracks, the nigger included.

She held that scream, it must have been, for a full minute, though it seemed an hour. Then, when you felt that the world had just about come to an end, she gave a gulping sound and collapsed. Everything went dead still, and in the midst of the stillness I looked around for Lum. He was gone. He must have shoved out before she screamed. Or was he gone? Anyhow, I couldn't see him, but I kept asking myself if the woman had let out that yell because Lum had stared at her so. Or was she only thinking of the nigger?

It wasn't ten seconds, though, after she went down that something flashed through that crowd like lightning, and your blood came churning up out of your heart into your head. Somebody yelled "Get that nigger!" Then hundreds were yelling it. But the niggers must have felt ahead of the yell what was coming, for before you knew it they had busted through the crowd and were tearing down the hill towards the river, the tall nigger in the lead and his stovepipe sticking on all the time. In a second we went pouring down after them.

But just when we were crossing the tracks by the elevator, somebody seemed to spring right up out of the ground and went tailing close in behind those niggers. It was Lum, mister, running like hell. His popping up that way slowed the crowd a little and they began yelling for him to head the niggers off. But when I caught sight of Lum, I wasn't a part of that mob any more, though I kept on running — running harder than ever. I had the idea that I had to do something to help Lum. He had looked back at us for a second with a horrible fear on his face. It was a fear that shot him past the little nigger and almost up with the yellow one in no time at all. My heart dropped down into me, but, as I say, I kept running, thinking I had to save him from something, though I didn't know what.

For a minute it looked like Lum and the niggers were headed towards his place, but they tore right on past it and made the river a good hundred feet ahead of the mob. When I got to the bank they were pretty well out and a little downstream, with the yellow coon swimming the strongest and Lum close behind.

(*Continued on page 192*)

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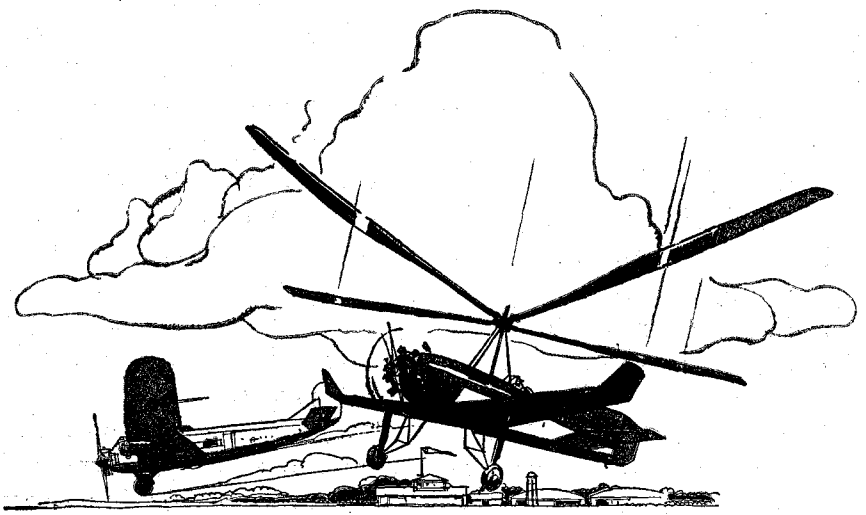
Wings of To-morrow



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by JUAN DE LA CIERVA

Inventor of the Autogiro

SPECULATION has done so much damage to the business of aviation in recent years that the rôle of aëronautical prophet is rather a thankless one. The industry has been overfed with promises, prophecies, and great expectations, and has paid for it with financial indigestion. But on the other hand, this is certainly no time for satisfaction with things as they are, or for complacent confidence that is unsupported by intelligent foresight and preparation for the future.

Between the devil of discouragement and the deep sea of unwarranted optimism, this may be a suitable time for a reasonable forecast and a realistic survey of the present condition of aviation, if the two can be kept in some sort of agreement. We must understand the present in order to anticipate the future with any accuracy. We must admit whatever is wrong with the wings of to-day in order to measure the wings of to-morrow.

It is no longer reasonable, I think, to allow imagination to have its own way with the prospects of aviation. We have had about enough of fantastic forecasts, based on very little science or none at all and supported by the single certainty that man has learned to fly. It must be admitted, moreover, that the dreams of swift progress inspired by certain memorable flights and feats in aëronautical history have largely ended in discouragement. The glory of their accomplishment has not dimmed, but subsequent events have not fulfilled their promise.

Such a statement seems to be born of a rather disillusioned mood, but disillusion is the present temper of aviation. Disillusion is not necessarily despair. It may be a very healthy state of mind, particularly if it encourages clear thinking and plain speaking. And since it is no secret that aviation has reached a somewhat critical point in its progress, this may be a proper time to apply a little honest realism to the present and future of the art, science, and industry of flying.

There are three principal factors to be considered in judging where aviation stands to-day — the plane, the pilot, and air traffic.

It may be said that the airplane is nearly a perfected machine. Current improvements to it are largely refinements and accessories. Engineering has eliminated practically all uncertainty in regard to structural strength, and experience has accurately determined what may be expected of any conventional type of plane. Performance, indeed, has become a matter of design rather than discovery. A plane can be built, for instance, to fly at a given speed, to climb to a certain ceiling, to carry a determined load.

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THE BRIEF history of practical aviation is rich in figures of men and women who have won fame by remarkable flights in the new vehicle of civilization. There are pioneers aplenty, record-breakers of every species, and outstanding individuals who have captured the public imagination with some single bold feat of flying. There are those who have turned the mastery of the air to the service of science and discovery.

But behind this record of achievement there is the great company of scientists, students, designers, and engineers whose patient efforts have made possible the spectacular flights of the past twenty years. Few of them are known by name. A reason for this is that each man adds only a little to the sum of knowledge and experience which makes up the mass of aëronautical science. The inventor adds a single element of safety, a single improvement in structure or materials, a single modification in design as his contribution to the perfection of the plane and its performance.

One name is safe in history — that of the Wright brothers, who first succeeded in building a machine that would fly. Another may some day earn a similar distinction. It has been said by many experts in aëronautics, in America and elsewhere, that the autogiro or "flying windmill" is the only fundamentally new invention in aëronautical history since 1903, when the Wrights first flew at Kitty Hawk. Its inventor, Juan de la Cierva of Spain, is entitled therefore to be regarded as a pioneer in the science of aëronautics, and his opinions on the present status of aviation have more than ordinary interest.

Juan de la Cierva is primarily a scientist and engineer, trained to his trade and thoroughly skilled in the theory and practice of conventional aëronautical design. His contribution to aviation, the autogiro, cannot be considered as the product of an inspired guess or of haphazard experiment; it represents a scientific answer to a scientific problem. Many years of conventional aëronautical studies preceded its development, and Señor Cierva had already built gliders and planes of various design before he turned his attention to an entirely new theory of flight and its application to a new type of flying machine. He is, of course, a pilot of long experience and has flown the autogiro all around Europe and in many demonstrations in America.

Señor Cierva speaks English fluently, and on his recent visit to the United States he discussed frankly and at length his confidence in the autogiro and his estimate of its prospective effects on the progress of commercial aviation. These are embodied in his analysis of the present status of aviation, its pressing problems, and their promise of solution in the performance and possibilities of the autogiro.

— DONALD F. ROSE

While airplanes were comparatively crude, it was easy to suppose that they might develop into anything at all and be made capable of any performance. But science has exploded many of these early fancies. It has done so principally by defining with comparative certainty the limitations inherent in the heavier-than-air machine which flies on fixed wings.

It is not an unfair criticism of aviation to consider these limitations. It is a criticism of the airplane itself, but such criticism must be made for the ultimate good of aviation. We have no scientific right to base our expectations of the future on possibilities which are flatly opposed to present facts. We are proud of what the airplane can do; we should admit what it cannot do.

WHAT PLANES CANNOT DO

WHAT ARE the outstanding limitations on the prospective development and present performance of the conventional airplane?

We know there is a limit to the airplane's ceiling, determined by the needs of internal combustion motors and the depth of the ocean of air. It is a limit that is not of any great importance at present, since flying at extraordinary altitudes offers no particular advantage unless we reach the height of the great winds which blow against the rotation of the earth, which is not a present scientific likelihood. We may also say that there is a limit to speed, so long as we depend upon propellers to push or pull our airplane along; and we may say again that this limit is of no immediate importance. A commercial speed of two hundred miles an hour and more can be considered fast enough for the world's present aërial business.

But at the other end of the scale we face a more formidable limitation. We find there is a minimum speed for airplanes, below which they will not stay in the air. We find another minimum below which they cannot be controlled with certainty and safety. And we discover that these limits are of immense and immediate importance to the progress of aviation, to the public use of the plane, and to the business which depends on it.

The outstanding weakness of the airplane — a marvelous machine in a thousand respects — is its inability to fly slowly and to come under full control to a stop at the point of landing. Strictly speaking, the difficulty is one of landing, of bringing a heavy machine safely to earth at a speed suitable to whatever conditions are present when the landing must be made. This is a very practical problem. Every pilot faces it with every landing he makes. Nearly every passenger is aware of it as the plane descends to the airport and he sees the ground

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going by at fifty miles an hour or more. Every airport engineer allows for it when he provides long and level runways, hard-surfaced and clear of obstructions, so that the planes may have space in which to touch the earth at high speed and come to a stop. And the vital statistics of aviation are full of illustrations of its importance, one evidence being the high percentage of accidents which are the result of bad landings or of loss of control in attempted landings.

It was twelve years ago that I was made keenly aware of this characteristic weakness of the airplane by watching an experimental plane of my own design smash to pieces in the hands of an overconfident pilot. It smashed because it went momentarily out of control while flying near the ground. It smashed because the pilot could not stop when he found himself in trouble. It smashed so completely and conclusively that it shook my faith in the conventional plane and started me in search of something better, though I had spent many years in study and experiment in order to become an aëronautical engineer and a designer of airplanes.

The autogiro, the machine which has lately been seen in flight at most of the Eastern airports of the United States, owes its successful development largely to the failure of more than one airplane which I built in Spain while a schoolboy and student. Their failure was due to no fault of their design or construction; they came to a bad end because of their likeness to all other airplanes which have been built since the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. Many other airplanes have met the same fate for the same reason. They could fly fast and high; they could not fly slow and low in sufficient safety or under proper control. They could not land in a small space and come to a quick stop.

When my tri-motored biplane, built in a national competition for prizes offered by the Spanish Government, ended its brief career in a heap of wreckage, I accepted the accident as an invitation to reconsider the theory of flight from its beginnings and seek another solution to its problems. The answer was the autogiro. My first models and machines were crude and clumsy and would not fly. Those of later design got off the ground and safely back again and little more. I tried various designs — types with two rotor vanes, with three and five — and many devices for control.

The machine developed, indeed, through more than seventy models to its present design and efficiency. But its fundamental idea is unchanged since its first discovery, just as the modern airplane is in essentials the same machine that the Wright brothers flew in 1903 and that Langley intended in 1898. The airplane is still a flying machine depending on the movement of a fixed airfoil against the air at an average speed of fifty miles an hour or more. The autogiro from the beginning has been designed to fly on what is really a revolving wing, whose blades or vanes are airfoils moving at sufficient speed to maintain flight and complete control, whatever the forward speed of the craft may be.

The best airplanes, in a word, must fly at fifty miles an hour or more and land at nearly the same speed; the autogiro can maintain flight at twenty miles an hour and land at no speed at all. The autogiro has eliminated the most serious limitation of the flying machine and the one which has been its most persistent handicap as a practical craft for business and pleasure.

The Human Element

The second main factor in the present status of aviation is the pilot.

Possibly the pilot's profession is the most exacting of all those that have been developed by the demands of the mechanical era. The airplane pilot is — or should be — a man of extraordinary skill, fine physical coördination, and a keen sense of responsibility. He must be trained by long and expensive practice. He must be cool, courageous, and resourceful. This is no less true to-day than it was in the earlier days of aviation; the tendency, in fact, is to demand more of to-day's pilots than sufficed for yesterday's. In the United States the licensing requirements have recently been made more severe; everywhere in the world a high premium is placed on long experience and practice.

The reason lies with the airplane itself. It is unnecessary to prove that there is no "foolproof plane"; if there were, the world would welcome it enthusiastically and fly it universally. The startling fact of present-day aviation is that there is no airplane which can be flown with consistent safety by anyone but an expert. Numerous protective devices have been added to the plane and to the airway along which it

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flies, but it still needs a first-class man, well trained and experienced, to fly and land it under all conditions.

The preponderance of the human equation in the operation of an airplane has scarcely changed since the machine was invented. Its proportionate share in good flying is still high — too high for the successful development of aviation as a universal utility. American experts have recently stated that the safe and efficient operation of a modern plane depends ten per cent on the plane itself and ninety per cent on the man who flies it.

It is hardly necessary to argue the point that this is immensely in excess of the corresponding requirements of any other commercial vehicle. No ship, locomotive, or automobile is so little as ten per cent efficient for safety. Certainly none of them requires the most of its driver or operator in executing the simple maneuver of coming to a stop. And yet the most critical operation in handling an airplane is to bring it safely down to the ground and land it there, particularly if conditions are at all unfavorable.

The autogiro has demonstrated in hundreds of test and demonstration flights its ability to land at slow speeds, without forward roll and under complete control at all times. It can be brought down safely and confidently under conditions of terrain which would be highly hazardous to an airplane. It comes to a stop as it reaches the ground. In technical terms, it can be landed at low speeds without danger of stall, it has remarkable inherent stability, and it has no minimum flying speed to make every landing a problem in skill and experience. In practical and popular terms it may be said that it compares with the airplane very much as an automobile with four-wheel brakes compares to a car with no brakes at all. The latter can be driven by an expert chauffeur and stopped approximately at will by skillful handling. But the car with good brakes can be driven by a man of moderate ability and stopped short under ordinary conditions, and even in emergencies, without any remarkable skill or good fortune.

The autogiro, in a word, has made a comparatively simple maneuver of what is the most critical and difficult problem in managing an airplane. My own estimate is that the ratio of importance between the man and the machine has been reduced until the pilot's skill counts for considerably less than fifty per cent in the autogiro as compared with ninety per cent in the airplane. Furthermore, it is the testimony of experienced American pilots that a novice can learn to fly the autogiro safely and efficiently in about one-quarter the time he needs to master the plane.

The third respect in which we survey the present status of aviation is that of air traffic.

This need not be a matter of statistics, but merely of ordinary, everyday observation. Hundreds of thousands of miles of airways are spread around the modern world, but few airplanes fly along them. Compare, if you please, the mileage of one of your American airways with a similar length of railroad track and compare the traffic that uses them. Compare the passenger lists of ships leaving New York on a single summer's day with the entire air traffic of America for the same period. And for a final and formidable contrast, compare the world's investment in its airways with the present business that uses them.

The most apparent reason for the serious shortage of air traffic in comparison to aëronautical progress in other respects is the scarcity of private plane owners and operators. The automobile industry never reached its present

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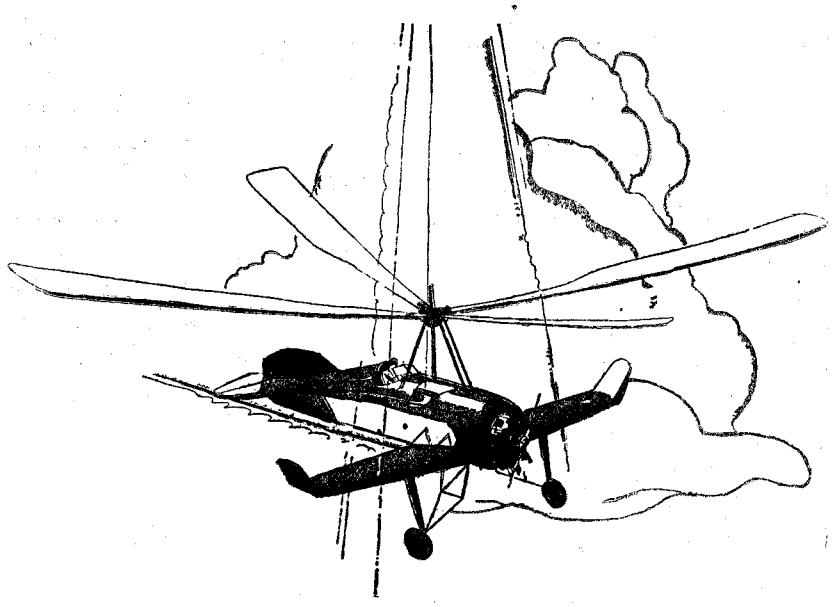
scale by reason of the demands of commercial traffic, and the automobile is the vehicle that can best be compared to the airplane. Millions of private cars use the roads, justifying the expense of building and maintaining them and thereby making possible a profitable commercial traffic. Aviation needs right now the private owner and operator of a flying machine built for business and pleasure.



At present he is a poor prospect for the airplane salesman. The reasons have been implied in considering the other factors in the present status of aviation. The ordinary skill of the average man is insufficient for the operation of an airplane, nor can he spare the time and money needed to make a competent pilot of him. Neither can he afford the overhead of owning a plane, since this means the possession of a private airport or proximity to a public field. I believe that the autogiro will answer the need of the private owner. It can be flown with less training and less natural ability than the plane, and it can be landed anywhere that there is an acre to spare. Some day, indeed, I expect there to be downtown airports in every town and city, some of them built above the rooftops so that autogiros may alight on them and take off again in entire safety. The mere mention of this possibility suggests what commuting may mean when autogiros are common.

A Renaissance in Aviation?

Three principal factors in the present condition of aviation have suggested in turn the autogiro as their remedy. The autogiro has overcome the inherent weakness of the airplane — its minimum requirement of speed for safety in flight and landing. The autogiro takes a substantial proportion of responsibility from the pilot, for it can be landed slowly and under a far wider variety of conditions than the plane. The autogiro promises to become a popular craft with the private owner and operator, multiplying many times over the demand for aëronautical products of all sorts, increasing air traffic everywhere, and creating many new customers for commercial aviation.

For these reasons and many others, therefore, I believe that the wings of to-morrow are not to be fixed planes like those which lifted the Wright brothers and other pioneers of flight, carried Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlain, Coste, and others across the ocean, and bear the burdens of to-day's aërial traffic. They will be revolving wings, swinging freely in flight, adjusting themselves automatically to the varied currents of the air and the load they carry, and coming down out of the sky to their destination in controlled certainty and safety. There will be thousands of such craft where one airplane cruises in solitude to-day; there will be airports wherever they are needed and small landing fields on countless country estates. There will be new wealth for industry and new work for those who handle and maintain a volume of air traffic far greater than that of to-day.

A word, now, as to how the autogiro works. Its theory and principle is fundamentally this: that all flight is by means of motion, which is not necessarily the motion of a fixed plane in a single direction. The autogiro is sustained in flight not only by its forward motion but by the free revolution of its four-bladed rotor. It needs less wing than a comparable airplane because in full flight its vanes or rotor blades (which are its wings) are swinging through the air in a circle as well as moving forward in the line of flight. For the same reason it can fly slowly, a speed of twenty miles an hour being sufficient to keep the rotor turning against the air with enough motion to sustain the craft. There is as

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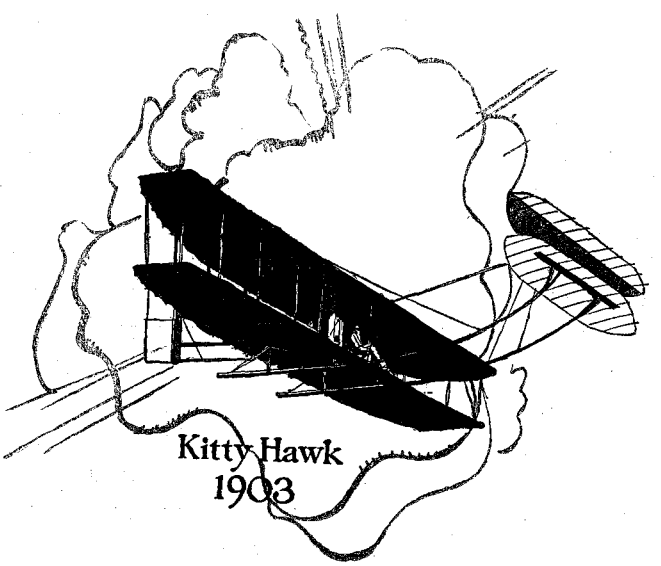
much motion in the flight of the autogiro as in that of the conventional plane, in proportion to its wing surface, but it is not all expended in a single direction. Therefore it is still flying when it is nearly at a standstill in the air, and still under full control in conditions which would cause an airplane to fall like so much dead weight.

What of its landing? Let us suppose that a similar weight and bulk were dropped from a considerable height. It would come down, of course, at a terrific and increasing pace. So would an ordinary airplane, deprived of its flying or gliding speed, which is why the plane must divert its descending speed into forward motion — a long glide or spiral — maintaining a pace of not less than fifty miles an hour until at the point of landing, and touching earth at thirty miles an hour or more. But the descending speed of the autogiro is automatically absorbed by the revolution of the rotor, so that it comes down no faster than a parachute, even in abrupt vertical descent. The speed is there, but it is transferred to the rotation of the "wings," which are still swinging through their arc as the autogiro touches the earth and stops "in its tracks."

The autogiro uses the ordinary airplane motor, the same materials and similar controls, the same instruments and accessories. It is flown in most respects like a plane; any competent pilot can handle it after a few minutes' instruction. It serves nearly every known purpose of the present type of plane; it flies at similar speeds and carries similar loads. But its wings are its own.

The time is ripe, I believe, for a renaissance in aviation, a new impetus toward its goal of usefulness to civilization. I think the approximate perfection of the autogiro will make a major contribution to this revival. Nothing of what has been done will be wasted, for the autogiro has appropriated to itself all the science of aëronautics and all the experience of aviation. It will use the airways which have been so boldly built to the scale of an air age. It will fill the waiting airports and crowd the schools with students who will have a real prospect of flying when their course is over. It will take its place in air traffic of all sorts, carrying passengers and cargoes wherever speed is an important consideration.

I dreamed of these things when I turned from the ruins of my last airplane to find a new application of the fundamental principles of mechanical flight. I was hopeful of them when the first successful autogiro lifted from the ground seven years ago and came safely down again. I am sure of them now that autogiros are flying successfully and in increasing numbers in America, England, France, and Spain. Because of its record of performance and the scientific certainties which safeguard that performance, and because it answers the outstanding needs of aviation as they are revealed in the present problems of the art and industry of flying, I am confident that the whirling vanes of the autogiro are the wings of to-morrow.



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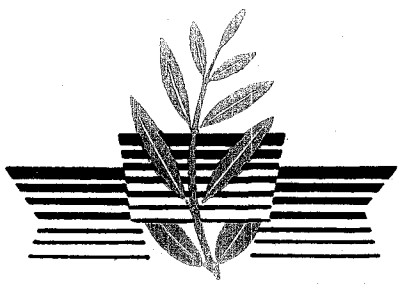
What I Believe

Living Philosophies XVII



Drawings by John Melching

by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Author of "The Modern Temper"

I

DURING THE COURSE of the Middle Ages it was, I believe, commonly assumed that man is an animal plus. No Darwinian researches were necessary to indicate the obvious fact that his body is constructed along the same general lines as the body of a cow or a pig, and that a very considerable number of his instincts and his desires are related in similar fashion to those of the humbler creatures. But something left out of the lower animals had, it was assumed, been put into man. A soul — something not only immortal but capable of desires and motives quite unknown to beasts — had been mechanically added. This soul came into frequent conflict with the animal part to which it was temporarily linked, but it should and it could (with the aid of God) triumph over it — indecisively in life, but definitively in some future when the troublesome body should have been completely cast off.

Now there are various reasons why it is difficult to accept this theory to-day. Indeed, very grave objections have been raised to even that modern variant called vitalism which assumes that life is something which has, in much the same way, been added to matter. But the theory itself is more than merely delightfully simple, for it serves to symbolize a problem quite as real just now as it ever was. We know even better than they knew in the Middle Ages how much of man is simple animal. We know that his body is, organ for organ and nerve for nerve, almost identical with that of the ape. And we know how much of his conduct can be explained in terms of animal behavior.

Yet try as hard as we may, we cannot quite succeed in bridging the gulf which still lies between us and the creatures whom, all too distressingly it sometimes seems, we so closely resemble. Even the most materialistic among us must distinguish, if only for the sake of convenience, between the human mind and the mind of the beast. We still desire passionately things which no animal could understand. We are still capable of motives unparalleled in animal psychology. And we still need very urgently to know what this difference means.

What of the values which we assign to love, to art, and to knowledge? What of the scruples which afflict us concerning duty, and right, and purity? It is true that the materialistic student of manners and customs may reply that morality cannot possibly exist, because every conceivable action has been at some two times and places considered both obligatory and forbidden. But the fact remains that man has the power and the need to conceive of those abstractions to which he has given the names of right and wrong, and it is that power and that need with which we must deal. Even if it be granted that there is nothing outside of man which corresponds to these conceptions, at least the conceptions are there. They are capable of modifying his conduct very profoundly indeed, and they are a part of the data which any adequate view of man must consider.

You may phrase as you like the question

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which results. Posing it as one of practical morality, you may ask whether the wise man will cultivate all the quixotic scruples of which his imagination is capable, or whether, brushing them aside, he will strive to attain to a Machiavellian ruthlessness. Putting it in a form more general and abstract, you may inquire whether instinct is, as the naturalists maintain, his only safe guide, or whether, as the dualists insist, man is man only in so far as he denies these natural instincts in the interests of something which he calls the human. But at bottom all of these questions are the same: how great is the difference between man and nature, and what does this difference mean?

II

If we do not set up as either metaphysicians or scientists, we may neglect if we like the metaphysical and the scientific aspects of the question. Granted that man can conceive a standard of values apparently different from any which is recognized by nature, we may leave to others the attempt to decide whether or not this fact necessarily implies that there must, after all, be something outside of him which corresponds to this standard. And to science, anxious to establish the continuity of phenomena, we may delegate the further problem of determining how the mind — which thinks and wills and judges — has been constructed out of the atoms of matter.

Some scientists, clinging still (and a little desperately) to purely mechanistic theories, may maintain that the most delicate spirit is only the most complicated of the machines which, somehow or other, have gradually got themselves built up out of the dead particles which constitute the ultimate stuff of the universe as it is conceived of in classical physics. Others, hardly less desperate, may lose themselves in the maze of more modern theories and, by speaking of the "free will of the atoms," attribute to even what seems the deadest of dead matter the attributes of mind.

But whatever our theories may be or however great our willingness to leave theories to others, we are faced by the fact that, for all practical purposes, there still lies a gulf between the two worlds which we as human beings must simultaneously inhabit — between, on the one hand, the world of matter and of animal instinct which we call nature, and, on the other hand, that world of human motives and values which, for convenience's sake, we distinguish as the world of exclusively human things.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that we must deal very often and very intimately with nature. In the first place, we must handle matter both as it exists in the form of that dead material out of which we construct our houses and in the form of those living organisms, plant or animal, which we kill in order that we may eat. Even the most fanatical ascetic must either surrender life itself or acquiesce to some extent in this necessary traffic going on between the human being and that which, living or dead, is at least not human.

But this is not all. For nature is within as well as without that thing which we call ourselves. We have the instincts, the needs, and the desires of the animal. We can no more deny them completely, we can no more refuse to accept that part of nature which is woven into the body with which we act and the mind with which we think, than we can deny that part of her which our hands touch and our eyes see. At every moment of our lives we must be animal in part at least.

And yet the latitude which is nevertheless permitted to us remains enormous. We can be, on the one hand, so nearly a creature of instinct and appetite that we deviate hardly once in a fortnight from the pattern of animal behavior. But we can be, on the other hand, a being so wrapped up in contemplation, so obsessed by scruples, so devoted to quixotic principles, and so hemmed in by the No's which come to us from God knows where, that the average human being can hardly recognize in our emaciated bodies and tortured minds a creature like himself.

III

Nor is there in the specious doctrine of the golden mean any more than a definition which does not define. For where, between extremes which are separated by a distance at once so great and so difficult to measure by any yardstick yet invented, does any actually determinable mean lie? Indeed, the very fact that the adjective "golden" is traditionally added to this mathematical term should in it-

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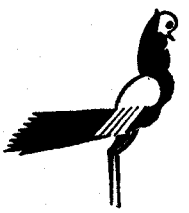
self constitute a sufficient warning of the subjective nature of the conception. It is not difficult to observe that in actual practice those who sing its praises agree better among themselves concerning its aureate nature than they do in determining just which human creature — a St. Augustine or an Alcibiades — has most nearly attained it.

By comparison, the doctrine of extremes is logical at least, for though we may not wish to



emulate the conduct of St. Simeon on his pillar, we do know what is meant when we are told to mortify as completely as possible the instincts within. But no man, I think, can be very much aided by instructions which consist of no more than the advice to give to the natural and to the human each its "proper" place.

Man has, to be sure, no monopoly on the virtues. The lower animals can be brave just as they can be — toward their offspring at any rate — self-sacrificingly loyal. Indeed, even the insects are said to exhibit a disinterested concern for the welfare of their community and to be capable of something to which the pragmatist at least can hardly refuse to give the name of patriotism.

But in the realm of the lower animals no conflict arises. The virtues appropriate to each creature's way of life are as truly instinctive as the impulses which lead him to defend his individual existence or to gratify the most elementary of his appetites. *His* golden mean — that balance of tendencies which serves to make him just what a tiger or a rabbit or an ant ought to be in order to lead exactly the life characteristic of his kind — is established for him. But though the problem is at least as old as Plato, no one has yet been able to define a good man in the sense in which it is possible to define a good horse, or a good pig, or a good bee.

Nor does there ever arise in the animal realm one of those other conflicts which result from the fact that, with us, all too many of the possible excellences are mutually exclusive. The glorious self-assertiveness of a Cellini is not compatible with the admirable self-negation of a St. Francis; and if the majority of us are hardly capable of becoming either the one or the other, yet we are faced with a thousand choices, similar except for their reduced scale.

Granted that we are not likely either to cultivate a Nietzschian lust for power and glory or to retire to St. Simeon's pillar, granted that (to be still more specific) we are not willing either to renounce the pleasures of the flesh or to devote ourselves whole-heartedly to the career of a Don Juan, then what portion of ourselves are we going to allot to the cultivation of the ego and the pleasures of sense, what part to the denial of instinct in the interest of benevolence and "purity"?

Considered merely as a problem in the calculus of pleasures, the question is unsolvable; no man can really know whether it is more pleasurable to worship an idealized Beatrice from afar or to take one's more substantial pleasures as one finds them. If a worldling cannot imagine the recompenses of the saint, it is no more to be denied that the withered ascetic is no judge of the pleasure enjoyed by the man who is also a vigorous animal, little troubled by those scruples which, so candor compels one to admit, can multiply quite as rapidly as the seeds of what the moralist calls self-indulgence or sin. And if to this mere calculus of pleasures be added the consideration of some "ought," then the already insolvable problem is still further complicated by the addition of another unknown.

IV

Yet all the problems of which this one may be taken as the type reduce themselves ultimately to that same problem of the relationship between man and nature. All these choices are in some sense choices between impulses which are clearly recognized as the common property of all living things and those which exist — at least in other than rudimentary forms — in man alone. He only can be "too virtuous." He only can deny nature to an extent which is ruinous to the good animal within.

In all other creatures some sort of stable equilibrium or harmony is established, auto-

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matically and unchangeably, but the power of choice which in him has been so often and so highly lauded is in reality only the sign of an unstable equilibrium — of impulses not completely reconcilable, of potentialities not to be developed together, and of diversely possible excellences all of which can be conceived but of which, in a given man or a given society, only one may be realized.

If ever that missing link hypothesized by the evolutionists should be actually discovered, and if ever we should be called upon to decide whether some creature apparently midway between the ape and the man should be classified as beast or as human being, then we have in this fact a delicate but decisive test. A creature in which harmony is not only possible but instinctive is a beast. One which is aware of a divided allegiance, one which is capable of feeling, however dimly it may be, standards of value different from any plainly perceptible in the world around him and yet conflicting with others no less categorically insistent, is human.

He may imagine, as have the members of most human societies, some invisible world presided over by a spirit which understands the unnatural part of himself. Or he may, like the sophisticated people who have grown weary of many faiths each equally improbable, choose rather to confess himself probably alone in a universe which shares neither his consciousness nor the processes of his mind. But if he is part of nature and yet not really at one with it, then he is surely a human being, for it is the lines which the perception of such a dilemma have worn into the soul which constitute the mark — not of the beast, but of the man.

Doubtless it would simplify things much if there were some guide to which we could submit ourselves as the animal submits himself to his instincts. Doubtless it would be pleasant if there were something which would lead us on to be good men as the tiger is led on to be a good tiger and the ant to be all that an ant should be. And indeed the skeptic can hardly be denied the right to remark that most moral philosophies consist in the philosopher's proclamation that he has discovered just that.

All the naturalistic religions from Rousseau on are founded upon the assumption that nature — which "never did betray the heart that loved her" — is discoverable and ready to serve as an infallible guide. On the other hand, all religions essentially anti-naturalistic in their tendency proclaim that something outside of nature — some revealed code, some theology arrived at by reason, or some inner voice having its origin in the supernatural realm — is equally infallible.

But these faiths unfortunately cancel one another. Nature cannot lead us to anything

except herself; and the categorical imperative which seemed to Kant so dependable turns out to be no more than the civilized version of one of those systems of taboos which instruct the savage in an equally categorical fashion that a tattooed face is "right" or that, under certain circumstances, it is immoral to allow oneself to be seen in the act of eating.

All moral codes are true in the sense that each is capable of forming one kind of individual or one kind of culture. As one or the other of them achieves an ascendancy over any united group, it forms a corresponding civilization — a Puritan New England, a Renaissance Italy, or that association of monks which made the Thebaid famous. But the very fact that no one of these civilizations endures, the very fact that humanity ultimately becomes dissatisfied with the limitations of each, is in itself a sufficient proof that no one of them can be described as affording the pattern of *the* Good Life.

Each represents, in other words, an unstable equilibrium. Each is a temporary compromise effected between the natural and the human, but a compromise destined — like all compromises between things essentially irreconcilable — to be no more than temporary. The civilization of the Renaissance comes to an end because human nature finally revolts against the increasing dominance of the animal. The civilization of the Thebaid comes no less surely to an end because nature revolts against the tendency to deny more completely than she will permit the claims which she makes.

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V

OBVIOUSLY the variety of compromises temporarily possible is great. Obviously a great distance lies between the monk on the one hand and the man of Machiavellian *vertu* on the other. But neither can break the chain which binds him. Neither can cease to be, in some measure, both animal and human. Nor is there any mid-point, permanently fixable by reason, to be determined; for that mean which seems golden is merely the point which we have taken up on the road which is leading to either indulgence or denial.

And thus though all moral codes are, in the sense just defined, equally true, all are nevertheless, and in a more fundamental sense, equally untrue, because none is alone in its power to form a civilization and because no one of these possible civilizations is demonstrably the best or the proper one. Hence it is that when a radical skepticism like that which I here profess comes to deal with the problem of ethics, it expresses a doubt which is more than merely a doubt concerning this system or that. As a matter of course it doubts the all-sufficiency of natural instinct just as it doubts also whether either the Quakers with their inner light or the Roman Catholics with their logically self-consistent corpus of theology have succeeded in getting in touch with anything outside of themselves which may be depended upon to guide them aright.

But these doubts are only corollaries, for the cardinal point of this skepticism is the doubt whether or not there exists anything to get in touch with — whether or not there exists any Idea of Man which actual mankind tends to approach, any "ought" which obligates him to go in any direction, or even any practically applicable epicurean test which will establish any particular sort of life as indisputably the most pleasurable.

The skeptic moreover — and this is fortunate for him — is not obliged to explain how the human dilemma arose. It is indeed one of the advantages of his position that it enables him to shirk that obligation which others seem to feel — that of accounting for all phenomena by some explanation, however improbable.

But he is, nevertheless, permitted to speculate; and if he happens to be (as I confess myself) temperamentally inclined to rationalistic theories, he may find in biology a suggestive clue. It may be that the tiger is not aware of any conflict between things which he would call nature and tigerishness, that the ant is not aware of any conflict between nature and true anthood, simply because no animal is capable of very many or very great deviations from a set type of conduct. But some animals are more variable than others. Man is the most variable of all; and the thing which we call intelligence is, biologically, only the means of utilizing this variability for the purpose of making biologically useful adjustments.

Is it, then, just possible that the sense of conflict of which man is aware is merely the bi-product of this variability and that his persistent hypothesization of "oughts" outside himself is merely the effect of a puzzled realization that he can be, not merely one kind of animal, but any one of several? Is it possible that there is, therefore, no more reason in the question whether it is better to be a St. Francis or a Cellini than there is in the question whether or not a tiger is better than an ant? Both exist and both are interesting.

And yet the individual human being is left with the necessity of making choices and with a need of having them made for him so great that he persists in adopting one or another of the faiths which are, quite obviously, contradictory enough. Not even the skeptic is relieved from the necessity of making them, although he may be aware that he chooses in more or less haphazard fashion and without that illusion of knowing what he "ought" to choose which is so comforting to others.

Nor is it likely that any ultimate scientific discovery will solve the dilemma. Man may be part of a purely mechanical nature, or the stuff of matter itself may possess those rudiments of volition which some physicists seem ready to attribute to it. But neither fact would alter the practical aspects of the dilemma. Even the demonstrated existence of a not quite mechanical atom would hardly serve to define an "ought" or prevent individuals and cultures from achieving, for a short while, their own individual but unstable equilibriums.

Irwin Edman will contribute the next paper to this series of Living Philosophies.

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Hard Times and Soft Thinking

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

by **FABIAN FRANKLIN**

WHAT SHOULD government do to promote business recovery? Few are so ignorant or so presumptuous as to think that this is an easy question to answer. But many persons of high standing, who are neither ignorant nor presumptuous, seem to think it perfectly easy to say what government should *not* do. Whether or not their conclusions are correct, it is surely not too much to ask, in regard to any reasonable proposal, that they should accompany their verdict of rejection with something like an adequate statement of the grounds for it. But what we actually find in the most important quarters is unhesitating pronouncement of conclusions with hardly so much as a trace of reasoning.

The President, in his message to Congress at the opening of the December session, declared that "the government must not undertake works that are not of sound economic purpose," and very properly left this declaration to speak for itself, since it is hardly open to dispute. But when we pass from this simple matter of principle concerning the *nature* of government undertakings to the question of the *volume* of government expenditures for them, we enter upon a very different and very debatable field. Yet Mr. Hoover was content to dispose of that question likewise in a single sentence: "To increase taxation for purposes of construction defeats its own purpose, as such taxes directly diminish employment in private industry."

Now, surely, this is far from being self-evident; and indeed, in the sense in which it must be understood in order to make good Mr. Hoover's position, it is far from being true. For, though increase of taxation is likely, in greater or less degree, to "diminish employment in private industry," it would be absurd to contend that no matter what form the tax might take, it would be sure to diminish employment to the full amount, or anything like the full amount, of the tax. It is quite possible, on the other hand, that the *psychological* effect of a serious increase in taxation would be very injurious at a time like this; but that is quite another matter. All that I wish to say is that the President's pontifical deliverance on the subject is not calculated to have much influence on the mind of anyone not previously disposed to accept it.

And not only did the President dispose in this summary fashion of the possibility of obtaining by taxation the means of undertaking great government works, but he did not even mention the other obvious possibility — that of borrowing. A loan of half a billion dollars,

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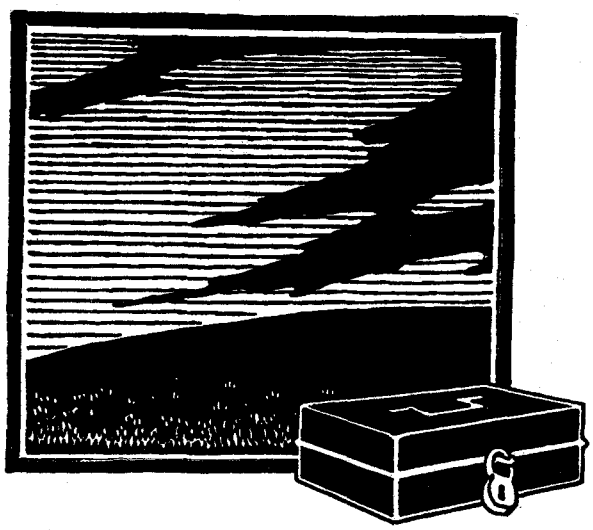

or even a billion dollars, for such purposes, though it might be objectionable for a thousand reasons, is certainly not open to the objection that it would impose any immediate tax burden of importance upon the business community. And even the rashest of our national legislators do not propose an expenditure of such magnitude otherwise than by means of a loan.

Accordingly, although his protest against attempts of Senators and Representatives to "raid the public treasury," given out in the second week of the session, was devoted in the main to passionate denunciation, the President did make it the occasion for saying a word on the loan question: "For the government to finance by bond issues deprives industry and agriculture of just that much capital for its own use and for employment." This is all he said on the subject; and it is precisely of a piece with what he had said about taxes in his opening message to Congress. The President may be entirely right in his opposition to government borrowing for construction purposes; but the reason he assigns for it will not stand examination for a moment.

If our capital were fully employed; if industry and agriculture were suffering because our people as a whole did not have at their command a supply of capital adequate to the maintenance of those activities: then, indeed, it might be said that any money loaned to the government would be just so much taken from the uses of manufacturers and farmers. But to make such an assertion in the existing situation, with vast amounts of capital idle or but partially employed, is little better than a mockery.

Nor is it only in relation to government policy that we find this absence of solid thinking upon the crucial questions which confront us. It is equally conspicuous in regard to those questions which directly concern the attitude and conduct of the general public. How void of thought are the pronouncements, upon this subject, of some men of high station in the banking world is most effectively shown in the brilliant article contributed by Foster and Catchings to the February FORUM ("Must We Reduce Our Standards of Living?"). To their exposure of the shallowness of the view that "it is impossible for any country to save too much," and of the peculiar fatuity of making this doctrine the keynote of a discussion of our present plight, it is needless for me to attempt to add anything. It may, however, be worth while to point out one thing which perhaps goes far toward accounting for what on its face appears to be sheer stupidity.

FATUITY IN HIGH PLACES

NOBODY, it would seem, who had given a half-hour's serious thought to the present condition of business in this country could come to the conclusion that the way to recovery lies in a general régime of severe saving and rigorous abstention from all avoidable expenditure; yet that is what the gentlemen quoted by Foster and Catchings are solemnly urging. This cannot be accounted for by the supposition that these eminent banking people are either stupid or insincere; but it may, I think, in some degree be explained as the result of a species of mental inertia which everybody is more or less prone to indulge.

Certain familiar dicta concerning spending and saving, sound enough in relation to normal circumstances — though even then by no means impeccable — are applied, without examination or reflection, to the abnormal circumstances of acute business depression and profound industrial disturbance; and, armed with this "little hoard of maxims," these gentlemen dispose of their problem without going through the pains of looking it straight in the face and doing some real thinking about it.

It is needless to multiply instances of this absence of clear and forthright thinking on the elementary questions which hard times have brought to the front; the bankers' pronouncements examined by Foster and Catchings, and

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the declarations of President Hoover discussed in the opening paragraphs of this article, suffice as illustrations of the point. But I wish to guard against a possible misunderstanding. The defect to which I am venturing to direct attention is not a lack of professional or technical ability, or of energy and good faith in its exercise: it is the failure to come to grips with questions more fundamental, questions more elementary but of more crucial import, than any that concern the technique of finance or administration.

Whatever other aspects of the matter we may have to consider, it is surely desirable that we should have clear convictions upon such basic questions as that of spending versus saving, of the merits and demerits of possible increased-taxation policies, of the relation of a possible government loan to existing conditions. And it is equally desirable that we should be able to state the grounds on which our convictions on these subjects rest. Failure to fulfill these requirements is not a matter of merely academic interest; it has a far-reaching influence upon actual developments, both in the field of governmental action and in that of private conduct. Mr. Hoover might not be able, in any event, to steer Congress into the path which he wishes it to follow, because of partisan or personal antagonisms; but surely he would have a far better chance to do so if his position rested on solid reasoning instead of mere dogmatic assertion.

As to the practice of individuals in regard to their private expenditures, exhortations in either direction are of course limited in their potency; yet it is greatly to be regretted that while the common-sense view, which favors liberal expenditure at this time on the part of those who can afford it, is urged on the public by many leaders in the business world, the opposite doctrine should be pressed with equal urgency — though without any warrant in reason — by authorities like those cited by Foster and Catchings in their FORUM article.

BUY YOUR WAY BACK TO NORMALCY

A FEW general remarks, in conclusion, upon the character of the hard-times situation, and the bearing of our individual conduct upon it, may not be out of place.

What has happened is not a permanent collapse, but a temporary dislocation, of our business machinery. That dislocation will be overcome when demand and supply resume those normal relations which have been so profoundly disturbed. The *underlying* causes of this disturbance are many, and complex, and baffling; but when the disturbance has once set in, the direct or *immediate* cause of its persistence is to be found chiefly in a very simple thing — the decline of ordinary *buying*, of consumers' demand for the necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of ordinary life. If consumers won't buy, manufacturers won't produce; and if manufacturers won't produce, the workers who are thereby thrown out of employment *can't* buy.

Since lack of buying is the immediate cause of the persistence of hard times, so the immediate agency of cure is to be sought in an increase of buying. Spending in any reasonable way, on the part of those who can spend without difficulty and without any sacrifice of their own security and well-being, is all to the good in a situation like the present. It makes no difference, as regards the tendency to promote business recovery, whether the spending is for necessaries or for luxuries.

There may, indeed, be a marked difference of effect between various forms of expenditure, but the difference does not turn on the distinction between necessaries and luxuries. The thing that is to be promoted is a restoration of normal conditions — a return of productive activity, in its usual dimensions, to its accustomed channels; and it may happen, in some

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instances, that from this standpoint more will be effected by a given amount of money expended for an article of luxury than by the same amount expended for more necessary goods.

But considerations like this are of no great importance, and in any case are not worth insisting on. If people are going to spend, they will direct their spending to the objects which they think best worth using their money for. But it *is* worth while to try to brush away from people's minds the idea that at a time like this they are acting the part of public virtue in refraining from expenditure, when in fact liberal expenditure on the part of those who can afford it would be a most potent agency of cure for the present hard times.

It is important to note, moreover, that this beneficial effect upon business is brought about just as truly when the spending takes the shape of giving help to the needy as when it goes to the purchase of things for one's own personal enjoyment. Of course, at a time like this the objections to indiscriminate almsgiving are just as strong as — indeed, in a sense, stronger than — in ordinary times; the pauperizing of the recipient is an evil that cannot be ignored or belittled. But there are a thousand ways of helping those who are now in distress which are entirely free from these objections; and the point I am making has reference, not to the direct effect upon those who are helped by getting the money, but to the indirect effect which this kind of disposal of the money has upon the business situation.

The people whom you are aiding to pull through will not *hoard* the money they get, but will *spend* it for the things they need, just as you would do if you applied the money to the purchase of things which you yourself desire to possess or consume. Thus if a thousand workmen are employed to improve the condition or the appearance of Central Park in New York, the money devoted to this object will not only provide relief for a thousand sufferers from unemployment, but will also play its full part toward bringing about that enlargement of consumers' demand, and consequently that stimulation of business activity, to which we must look for a return of prosperity.

The Way Out

In our consideration of all these questions, it is essential that we shall bear in mind the radical difference between the principles that are appropriate to a time of abnormal depression and those which apply to the normal course of business activity.

The notion that the man who saves money instead of spending it indulges his avarice at the expense of the community — that the lavish spender does good to his fellow men by putting money into circulation — is a naïve fallacy; and indeed, slow as is the education of the people in the rudiments of political economy, this fallacy has long ceased to have the currency it enjoyed in former times. Every person of any intelligence knows that, in a commercial community, saving money (except in cases so unimportant as to be negligible) does not mean hoarding it in a stocking or a strong box, but investing it, either directly or through banking institutions. Accordingly, when the suggestion is made that spending may sometimes be more beneficial to the public than saving, superior persons — perhaps naturally enough — are prone to dismiss the suggestion with contempt as a mere survival of ancient ignorance.

But the merits of spending, as against saving, are wholly different at a time like this from what they are in the normal working of the economic mechanism. In normal times there is no reason to suppose that money to maintain the supply of producers' capital is less needed, in order to keep things going, than money to

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maintain the demand for consumers' goods. But in a time like the present, it is clear that the deficiency lies in consumers' demand, not in producers' capacity. Accordingly, as regards a situation like this, it is the plain people who are right and the superior people who are wrong.

With how much nonchalance, and how little clear thinking, they are likely to dispose of such matters is perhaps best illustrated by a judgment that has been delivered by more than one person of high standing in the financial world. We got into the trouble, they say, by lavish spending; now we must get out of it by strict economy. It is by no means clear that we *did* get into it in that way; but let that pass, and let us consider the matter on the assumption that this assertion is correct. There is a tremendous gap in the logic: if we grant that lavish expenditure got us into the hole, does it follow that strict economy is the way to get us out of it? If our car came crashing down the hill because we didn't use the brakes, does it follow that the way to get up the hill again is to put the brakes on tight? The case is not quite so simple as all that.

Dirge for Civilization

Here is a man dying. He has been caged in stone,
Paying starvation with a beggar's penny
Too many years. A few more cannot matter.
He was young once, and being young, a poet —
Wondered about stars and questioned life and dreamed
Of something that might be beautiful. Now
Only his shadow remembers.

Better the beast
That lusts hot-flanked and, velvet-footed, kills;
Better the savage lazy in the forest
Who earns no wage and laughs under the sun;
Better the child naked; the woman whose mouth is red
And whose breast will not be forgotten.

Here is a man dying. It is a long time since
He has felt rage or pleasure or desire
Burn in his veins. The flesh has lost its meaning,
The tongue its taste. Nor does he remember
When rivers and green hills slipped from his sight
Into the shadow. The stalk of the red flower,
Beauty, is broken, and he does not care.

Here is a man dying. All day he sits
In a steel cage with others. He makes money.
He is methodical, he markets flesh, and buries
Under corruption in the name of law
The corpse of love. In his steel cage he sits
Fat with conformity — complacent, civilized.

Better the beast snarling; the sun-dark savage
Building his jeu-jeu against evil spirits;
The weeping child afraid of the dark; the woman
Giving her body to a faithless lover.

Time laughs in his sleeve. There is no reason
Why we should take the matter seriously. But
Here is a stone cage with ribs of steel,
— And here is a man dying.

—Ruth Lechlitner

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History's Greatest Dates

Results of The Forum's Prize Contest

Introduction by THE EDITOR

In September, October, and November of last year THE FORUM published three articles in which Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells made their independent lists of the greatest dates in history. Thereupon THE FORUM inaugurated a prize contest to determine the most important events which these celebrated authors omitted or forgot to include in their choices, and offered cash prizes totaling five hundred dollars for the three best papers — the Editor to be the sole judge of the contest.

In due course two thousand and twenty papers were received. All were read and carefully considered, and after much deliberation the final award was made for the three papers which are published in this issue. It is hardly worth pointing out that the attempt to decide such a contest, in which many very excellent lists were submitted, was no easy task; the Editor will quarrel with no one who is disposed to pick flaws in the final summary of the world's important dates which has resulted from it. Some will think that the second-prize paper is better than the first, or that the third is better than the second, and only one thing is certain: a few contestants who failed to win will be convinced that their efforts surpassed all three.

The sixty-six dates, therefore, which are printed on the opposite page are not final and authoritative. They merely represent a compendium of the opinions of six intelligent people working independently of each other. The most conspicuous omission of Messrs. van Loon, Durant, and Wells was their total neglect of the nineteenth century; this the prize winners have corrected by inserting nine events of that period.

Even a casual examination of the complete list will reveal obvious faults of one kind or another, which was naturally to be expected in such a work of composite authorship. For example, seven dates (622, 632, 732, 1095, 1453, 1571, 1683) reveal a preoccupation with Mohammedanism and its threat to European civilization. Important as this undoubtedly was, the perspective of history is distorted by devoting almost one-tenth of the whole list to this single movement.

Again, politics and wars seem to come in for far more than their proper share of glory, with thirty-four dates, or more than half the total. This reflects, one is compelled to believe, the most common defect in all our thinking about history; for, until very recently, the subject has been taught in our schools and colleges solely in terms of dynasties, battles, political campaigns, and personalities. To review the past in this way is to deprive it of its most significant lessons for the present and future: it makes of history just a pretty pageant of puppet players, and at the same time conceals the secret wires by which the puppets are moved.

On the other hand, the list has equally obvious points of merit. It does justice to the great historic religions. Science and invention receive a fair share of their deserved importance. Such dates as 1620, 1860, and 1867 recognize the large part which pure ideas play in shaping our destinies. And finally, by including 1903, the list does not ignore, as many teachers of history do, the immense influence that economics and business have come to exercise over our lives. In view of the present dominance of business over all our other interests, it is surprising that other happenings of recent economic and financial history were not included. One is almost tempted to add "1928 — The Election of Herbert Hoover" as a final date to mark the complete ascendancy of business over politics; but it is still too early to know the full significance of the event. Shall we say that it indicates the beginning of an era? Or does it foreshadow the failure of an experiment?

FIRST PRIZE — $250

Won by T. P. BROCKWAY

Department of History, Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

1. *264 B.C. — Asoka Begins His Reign as Emperor of India.* It was Asoka's patronage of Buddhism which ultimately made this religion of self-abnegation dominant in the East. The tendency to passivity in the Orient, a cardinal fact in human history, can be ascribed to no single cause; but Buddhism and its Nirvana stereotyped the tendency in India and, later, in China and Japan. Until Asoka's time, Buddhism was the religion of a relatively obscure sect in northern India. Asoka made it coextensive with his vast domains and invested it with strength for the subsequent conquest of all Asia.

2. *330 A.D. — Constantine Shifts the Seat of Empire from Rome to Byzantium.* Constantine's attempt to conjugate Europe and Asia was a momentous failure. It underscored old antagonisms and guaranteed permanent bifurcation. The new capital, Constantinople, went its own way and took Eastern Europe with it. It turned the barbarians westward to populate Europe and to give the Western empire its *coup de grâce*. Expiring, the Western empire found an eager heir in the Roman Catholic Church. The history of the Middle Ages is largely the story of the papacy defending its legacy of imperial prerogatives.

3. *382 — The Ecclesiastical Council at Rome Adopts the New Testament Canon of Athanasius.* This year may be said to have ended the Holy Ghost's career as author of the Bible; from this moment the Bible began its authoritative rule over the West. The Roman Catholic

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Church has slightly mitigated the authoritarian character of the Bible while maintaining its inerrancy; various Protestant sects have insisted on Biblical absolutism. In spite of the findings of modern criticism and the rise of science, the stultifying effects of this concept of the Bible are still with us in the twentieth century.

4. *1402 — Jean de Béthencourt and Gadifer de la Salle Explore and Partly Conquer the Canary Islands.* This event foreshadowed the achievements of Columbus and Vasco da Gama at the end of the century. It is early evidence of the complex impulse, compounded of piety, boredom, and avarice, that led rapidly to the discovery of the Western world and, in time, to its Europeanization.

5. *1452 — Leonardo da Vinci Is Born.* In his active and creative devotion to beauty Leonardo is typical of the great figures of the Italian Renaissance. In his disinterested quest of knowledge by experimentation he is a modern scientist. While the Humanists were seeking wisdom in the records of antiquity, Leonardo was dissecting corpses and designing flying-machines. The union of science and art in his person is perhaps unique in history. This is no place to moralize from his career at the expense of our pseudo-Humanists and our narrowly specialized scientists.

6. *1534 — Henry VIII Becomes the Supreme Head of the Anglican Church.* This event is not chosen, after the fashion of the modern biographer, to signify an episode in the private life of a member of the *parvenu* house of Tudor, but as the culmination of an old English feud with the papacy. It is part of a larger movement by which the church was nationalized throughout Christendom in the sixteenth century: in Catholic Spain and France by threat and negotiation; in England and northern Europe by the Protestant revolt. The nationalization of the church represents the final collapse of the medieval ideal of Christian unity and the emergence of the national state in which the gravest heresy is finally dissent from the creed of nationalism. The climax of this movement may be studied in the vigorous patriotism of the Christian churches in each of the belligerent countries engaged in the Great War.

7. *1823 — Publication of the "Diabolical Handbill."* This is a significant event in the history of birth control, for through it instruction in contraception first became available to the public. This English handbill suggested a more satisfactory solution of the world's population problems than famine, disease, and war, or the Malthusian deferred marriage. It is included here, however, as a necessary factor in the emancipation of women, for it ended the era in which Martin Luther could say: "Let them bear children till they die of it; that is what they are for."

8. *1830 — Louis Philippe Becomes*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DATES

Those printed in Roman type were chosen by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells; those in Italics by the winners of the prize contest.

B.C.

4241 — The Introduction of the Egyptian Calendar
2200 — Hammurabi's Code of Law
543 — The Death of Buddha
490 — The Battle of Marathon
480 — The Battle of Salamis
478 — The Death of Confucius
399 — The Death of Socrates
343 — Aristotle Is Appointed Tutor to Alexander the Great
323 — The Death of Alexander the Great
264 — Asoka Begins His Reign as Emperor of India
202 — The Battle of Zama
146 — The Final Destruction of Carthage by Rome
44 — The Death of Julius Caesar
4 — The Birth of Christ

A.D.

30 — The Crucifixion of Christ
34 — The Conversion of St. Paul
330 — Constantine Shifts the Seat of Empire from Rome to Byzantium
337 — The Baptism of Constantine
382 — The Ecclesiastical Council at Rome Adopts the New Testament Canon of Athanasius
476 — Odoacer Becomes King of Italy
526 — Justinian Codifies the Roman Law
622 — The Hegira of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina
632 — The Death of Mohammed
732 — The Battle of Tours
751 — Paper Becomes Known to the Arabs
800 — Charlemagne Is Crowned Roman Emperor
1095 — Pope Urban II Summons the First Crusade
1215 — Magna Charta
1250 — The Death of Frederick II
1250 — The Invention of the Magnetic Compass and the Lens
1294 — The Death of Roger Bacon
1354 — The First Use of Gunpowder
1402 — Jean de Béthencourt and Gadifer de la Salle Explore and Partly Conquer the Canary Islands
1415 — The Burning of John Huss
1452 — The Birth of Leonardo da Vinci

A.D.

1453 — Constantinople Falls to the Turks
1454 — Johannes Gutenberg Prints the First Book
1492 — Columbus Discovers America
1517 — Luther Openly and Successfully Defies the Pope
1534 — Henry VIII Becomes the Supreme Head of the Anglican Church
1558 — The Death of Emperor Charles V
1571 — The Turkish Fleet Is Defeated at Lepanto
1620 — Francis Bacon Issues His "Novum Organum"
1625 — Grotius Codifies International Law
1648 — The Treaty of Westphalia
1683 — Jan Sobieski Relieves Vienna Besieged by the Turks
1762 — Rousseau Publishes His "Social Contract"
1769 — James Watt Patents His Improved Steam Engine
1776 — The American Declaration of Independence
1789 — The Outbreak of the French Revolution
1791 — The Death of Mirabeau
1815 — The Congress of Vienna
1823 — The Publication of the "Diabolical Handbill"
1830 — Louis Philippe Becomes King of France
1853 — Commodore Perry Forces a Commercial Treaty upon Japan
1856 — The Invention of the Bessemer Process
1859 — Darwin Publishes His "Origin of Species"
1860 — Pasteur Disproves the Theory of Spontaneous Generation
1867 — Karl Marx Publishes the First Volume of "Das Kapital"
1879 — Edison Invents the Incandescent Lamp
1903 — The Incorporation of the Ford Motor Company
1905 — Japan Wins the Russo-Japanese War
1914 — The Great War Begins
1914 — The Panama Canal Is Completed
1917 — The Two Russian Revolutions
1920 — Comrade Trotsky's Red Army Routs Baron Wrangel's White Army

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King of France. The accession of this pear-headed potentate indicated that the long-contemplated conquest of government by the *bourgeoisie* had occurred. In England this conquest was accomplished by the Reform Bill of 1832, and in the United States by the Civil War. The second half of the nineteenth century, and so far the twentieth, have belonged politically to the beneficiaries of the Industrial Revolution.

9. *1853 — Commodore Perry Forces a Commercial Treaty upon Japan.* The opening of Japan to Western trade by order of a squadron of the United States Navy marks the early twitchings of American imperialism and rivalry with Europe for world markets. But its greatest significance lies in the alternatives it offered Japan: economic exploitation by the West, or conversion to the gospel of industrialism as a measure of self-defense. Japan accepted the latter course, and thus ended the reign of Buddha.

10. *1903 — The Incorporation of the Ford Motor Company.* This event may be taken as the beginning of our present era, in which mass production is working a second Industrial Revolution. Mass production, in a larger sense, might better be assigned to a date in the history of Columbia University, but the phenomenon is sufficiently striking in its industrial aspect.

11. *1914 — The Great War Begins.* Besides proving the futility of international anarchy as a scheme of world society, the Great War demonstrated the likelihood that war on one continent will henceforth involve all nations in belligerency. For the first time it revealed modern science as a potential exterminator of the race; and it established the necessity of international organization if the homicidal and suicidal propensities of nationalism are not to destroy civilization.

12. *1920 — Comrade Trotsky's Red Army Routs Baron Wrangel's White Army.* In this year Bolshevism won its first round against capitalism. Trotsky's victory points the failure of the military rejoinder to Bolshevism offered by Russian *emigrés*, Russia's former allies, and the United States. Seldom in history has the failure of a counter-revolution been so charged with political, economic, religious, and social significance. Had the counter-revolution succeeded, it is probable that the teachings of Marx and their implications would have remained abstractions far into the twentieth century. As it is, the Russian experiment has alarmed *bourgeois* society more profoundly in thirteen years than all the emanations of the radical press since the Communist Manifesto of 1848.

SECOND PRIZE — $150

Won by GEORGE WILLIAM ALLISON

Presbyterian Minister
Topeka, Kansas

NATURALLY three men having such a range of knowledge and interest in the human story as van Loon, Durant, and Wells have between them usurped the larger part of the most significant dates in history. But to place as much emphasis upon political considerations (twenty of twenty-six dates) as do van Loon and Wells is to betray an unbalanced conception of relative human values. Political dates may represent effective transformations of the human scene, but they are not necessarily causative or creative. Durant's list, while it comes nearer the mark, is marred by an undue religious and philosophical interest.

Nor can I see that there is any particular point in designating dates so remote in time that (however important they may once have been) they have ceased to be influential in their effect upon the trend of affairs, and do not appear likely ever to be influential again. It may be said that the importance of an event in history varies as the square of its distance from us in time.

While the majority of my own *first* twelve dates are included in the three published lists, and are therefore ruled out, there are some which none of the three authors has mentioned, but of which proper account must be taken.

1. *343 B.C. — Aristotle Is Appointed Tutor to Alexander.* Of the two, Aristotle was the greater and more influential man. Much of the effect of Alexander upon history must be accredited to Aristotle, his teacher, who in his own right well deserves a place in this list anyway, since it was he who formulated the philosophy which for almost fifteen hundred years dominated the thought of men in the realms of metaphysics, logic, psychology, ethics, politics, and æsthetics. I think he must be credited with having been about the most effective thinker the race has yet produced.

2. *30 A.D. — The Crucifixion of Jesus Christ.* I name this date rather than that of His birth because this year marked the climax of His teaching. And it was in addition the date of His peculiarly tragic death, the character of which focused the world's attention upon Him and gave the nucleus around which grew the great body of Christian doctrine. It is doubtful if a single event in any other life has so profoundly affected human life and action as that crucifixion.

3. *1453 — The Fall of Constantinople.* This resulted in the dispersion of Greek scholars in Europe, the splendid burst of human energy and intelligence in the Renaissance, leading in turn to adventure, exploration, colonization, and commerce, to an enriched art, and to the development of letters which culminated in Elizabethan England. It is doubtful whether any single century (with the dubious exception of the last) has ever witnessed so magnificent an assertion of full human life and progress as that which followed this date.

4. *1620 — Francis Bacon Issues His "Novum Organum."* I name Francis rather than Roger Bacon because, while both were proponents of the method of induction, experiment, or empiricism in the search for knowledge, it was Francis Bacon who succeeded in securing its effective adoption. This laid the basis for all the scientific research and discovery which has so revolutionized our whole human habit, practice, and outlook.

5. *1625 — Grotius Codifies International Law.* Impressed by the waste, futility, and horrors of the Thirty Years' War, Grotius began the adventure of searching for a better way of settling international disputes. This was the initial step leading toward the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations, conferences on limitation of armaments, and pacts renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

6. *1762 — Rousseau Publishes His "Social Contract."* The essential doctrines of this book furnished the philosophy which found expression in republican revolutions (most notably the American and French) and led to a period of political turmoil in the succeeding century that has never been paralleled in the fortunes of civilized nations. The right of the individual citizen to freedom and to an expression in determining his government is not yet completely passé, as witness the phrase "self-determination" recently current, and also the present situation in India. The doctrinaire is still with us.

7. *1859 — Darwin Publishes His "Origin of Species."* This book was destined to change the whole cast of human thought. And while some minor elements of Darwin's theory of evolution have been modified by further intense research, his main thesis forms the skeleton

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which supports all modern biological and social sciences and their practical application in animal and plant husbandry.

8. *1860 — Pasteur Disproves the Theory of Spontaneous Generation.* In relieving man of this chimera, Pasteur gave him control over a considerable additional portion of his environment, to which — because of ignorance, superstition, and guesswork — he had previously been mercilessly subjected. He also laid the basis for the science of bacteriology, biological chemistry, preventive medicine, aseptic surgery, and modern sanitation.

9. *1867 — Karl Marx Publishes the First Volume of "Das Kapital."* From this source book were drawn the ideas embodied in the present Communistic movement which has captured Russia and much of China and seriously disturbs its opponents in dozens of other nations. Much as we may deprecate the vast Communistic experiment, it has profoundly affected human life, and is still operative — to an end no man can see. It is thus historically important, regardless of our personal attitude toward it.

10. *1879 — Edison Invents the Incandescent Lamp.* This may be taken as an arbitrary date or as an outstanding point in the development of applied electrical science (though Bell or Marconi might serve equally well to date the period), which has already greatly modified human life the world round and apparently is destined to exert still greater influence in the future. This development is more influential and determinative in its effect upon the totality of human life than any of Creasy's *Decisive Battles* or the lives of any of Plutarch's "illustrious."

11. *1905 — Japan Wins the Russo-Japanese War.* This victory dispelled the legend of the inherent racial superiority of the Caucasian, and gave rise to self-confidence and self-assertion among all the colored races of the earth. It constituted a threat to the forcible domination of the colored peoples by the whites.

12. *1914 — The Panama Canal Is Completed.* This date should be marked not so much for itself alone, but because it is symbolic of the energy, address, science, and skill with which engineers have in practical fashion built dams, storage and irrigation projects, railroads, mines, chemical plants, and engaged in other great enterprises designed to harness the forces of nature and subdue them to voluntary human control. This date may stand for a dramatization of modern man's increasing success in subduing his natural environment in a manner that is truly historic.

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Lieutenant, United States Marines
Quantico, Virginia

EVEN WITH thirty-two of the dates recognized generally as the most important preëmpted, I feel that there are several in my selection which could not possibly be excluded from even a list of twelve.

1. *480 B.C. — The Battle of Salamis.* The Greco-Persian issue could never have been decided on land, for as long as Persia held the reins on the sea Greece was in the palm of her hand. In this battle the Greek allies, led by Athens, utterly annihilated the Persian sea power and shattered the Persian lines of communication and transportation; this left the Persian army, under Mardonius, in Greece and at the mercy of the Greeks, who defeated it at Platea the next year. Marathon (which Mr. van Loon selected) was spectacular, romantic, but not decisive. From the very nature of the conflict, no land battle could have been. The Greek victory at Salamis insured pure Hellenic development in all the arts and sciences — in government, literature, philosophy, sculpture, painting, and medicine — which we have inherited.

2. *34 A.D. — The Conversion of St. Paul.* This evangelist was, from a practical point of view, even more important than was the Founder in the ultimate Christianization of the Western world. Paul was the business manager of a young and struggling concern, imbued with the thought of selling a product to skeptics. He and his successors established the original-sin-and-atonement idea, as well as most of the dogma and ritual that are to-day such important parts of our beliefs and have in the past caused so many schisms.

3. *526 — Justinian Codifies the Roman Law.* Seventeen jurists under the direction of Tribonian and at the command of Justinian completely collected, simplified, rearranged, and indexed the mass of Roman law. Their efforts are visible in the civil institutions of every country which has been influenced by Europeans.

4. *732 — The Battle of Tours.* The defeat of the Moslems by the Franks under Charles Martel restricted them to the lands south of the Pyrenees and prevented Islam from overrunning Europe. Obviously had the Mohammedans been victorious, our way of living would not have been as it is to-day.

5. *751 — Paper Becomes Known to the Arabs.* During this year the Arabs encountered a Chinese raiding party in the vicinity of Samarkand. Among the Chinese prisoners taken were several expert paper makers. It took six centuries for this knowledge to be transmitted to Europe and there assimilated, but in the thirteenth century we find mills for the manufacture of paper established at Padua, Cologne, Nuremberg, Treviso, and Toledo. Until this time there had been no cheap, abundant, flexible medium on which to print; and until there was some reason for a press, none developed.

6. *1215 — Magna Charta.* When the Barons forced King John to grant in writing a statement of civil liberties, they pulled down the first prop that upheld the Divine Right of Kings idea. They made their king admit the inalienable rights of man. Magna Charta marks the first step in the introduction of constitutional government.

7. *1250 — The Magnetic Compass and the Lens.* In this year occurred two discoveries that helped in a great measure to usher in our modern era. Petrus Peregrinus, a Sicilian, was experimenting with and perfecting the magnetic compass. We do not *know* that the Northmen, Chinese, and Arabs were familiar with the compass, but it is a recorded fact that at this time it was being perfected in one of those Mediterranean countries, all of which a little later used it in their extensive navigational exploits. Without the compass, these adventures would have been impossible.

At the same time an unknown worker discovered the curious properties of the convergent crystal known to us as the lens. Concerning this, Roger Bacon remarked: "It is useful to old men and to those whose sight is weak, as by this means they will be able to see the letters, however small they be." Early users of the lens were Kircher and van Leeuwenhoek in their studies of anatomy and medicine. From a lens it was but a step to a series of lenses, to the compound microscope and telescope; to Kepler, Newton, Pasteur, Curé, Einstein; to all our modern knowledge of chemistry, biology, astronomy, geology, and medicine — in other words, to what we know of the world we inhabit and the universe of which it is a part.

8. *1453 — Constantinople Falls to the Turks.* The immediate result was the

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exodus of many scholars, who found shelter and, frequently, royal patronage in the cities of Western Europe. These men helped considerably in that re-establishment of the arts known as the Renaissance. Furthermore, the caravan routes to the Orient radiated from this city, and these routes were closed to Western nations by the Turks, who until 1571 exerted a westward pressure that forced the European nations to look across the Atlantic to find a water route to the Indies. It was with this hope that Columbus and most of those who followed him made their voyages.

9. *1571 — The Defeat of the Turkish Fleet at Lepanto.* On the seventh of October of this year occurred the final clash between the East and the West for world domination. The fleets of the Turks under the Kapudan Pasha Ali encountered the great fleet called together by Pope Pius V under the command of Don John of Austria. Every Christian sailor in Europe offered his services to combat the infidel. The Turks were defeated and their sea power shattered. The battle marked the end of the last Holy War, the last use of the galley as a war vessel, and the last time that Christianity presented a united front to anything.

10. *1815 — The Congress of Vienna.* After Napoleon's downfall, the European monarchs assembled at Vienna and divided Europe up among themselves and their friends. They did it with such lack of political foresight that Europe has been in a ferment until this day. They paid no attention to ethnic or cultural boundaries, and as a result many peoples became subject to alien nations, from which they have spent the last one hundred years attempting to free themselves. By judicious treatment of its problems, this Congress could have eliminated the nineteenth-century struggles, revolutions, and "land-grabs," and the consequent World War.

11. *1856 — The Invention of the Bessemer Process.* Prior to this year, man had been able to procure iron in limited quantities. With the advent of cheap, abundant steel of regulated strength, he could extract the mineral wealth of the earth, perfect his means of transportation and communication, build skyscrapers, and shape all his implements of war and peace.

12. *1859 — Darwin Publishes His "Origin of Species."* This work showed man, logically and irrevocably, that for thousands of years his sense of values concerning himself had been perverted. The development of the theory of evolution from a heresy to an axiom has been the greatest single step in the emancipation of the mind since the Reformation.

White Man's Town

Continued from page 171

Well, mister, it was then I reckon that things began coming over me. I started to yell at Lum to turn back. Then something told me not to yell, that maybe he oughtn't to come back, that maybe I wouldn't want him to come back. So I didn't yell. All I did was to stand there or be shoved along with the crowd, but watching him all the time.

The crowd surged up and down swearing and looking for a boat, or they followed along the bank, throwing rocks and even tin cans and sticks out at the niggers. And all the time they were yelling and screaming for Lum to get the big nigger. A rock must have hit the little coon, for he went under and didn't come up again. But the other one and Lum kept cutting farther and farther out, Lum diving every other minute but the shine never diving at all. It looked like the nigger would make it, and he would have if a gun hadn't started cracking away at him. Maybe he did make it, who knows? But after a little all you could see was his hat floating along next to a big log. And Lum was gone, too. A hand had come up over the log from the far side and had hung on for a minute and then let go. It was Lum's hand.

That brought the crowd to its senses. It had worked its will with those niggers. Now it was just as wild to get out there and save Lum. Why didn't I go out there and try to save him? That's just it. Things commenced ripping through my head and I began figuring he had been running *from* that crowd, mister. And the idea took hold of me that he wouldn't have run if he hadn't been a nigger himself. As I say, the notion came to me and grew on me that there was some nigger in him and that that was why he was running.

V

Well, some boats went out, but they didn't find him. I reckon I was glad of it. Then another thing came over me. I tried to keep this thing out of my head, mister. I swore at it and did drive it off. But you can't drive a thing like that off very far. No white man could have. I started back towards town, and it was waiting for me at the top of the hill.

There was a bunch of women close to the merry-go-around, chattering the way women will no matter what's up. A couple of them waved for me to come over. So I did. In the midst of them was that big shine's woman. She was sitting on the ground with the kid hugged close to her and was rocking back and forth, making a low, moaning sound.

"What'll become of her?" the women kept saying. I went over and shook her. She stopped rocking and looked up. "Does this young one belong to you and that nigger?" I asked her. I had to shake her good and hard again before she nodded her head. But when she did nod it, that thing I had to do was as clear as day. So I started off to get it done and over with.

You want to know whether I'm still sure Lum was running from that mob and not with it? Well, there you are, mister. At the time, as I say, I was sure enough, but now when you ask me, things start getting foggy again. If Lum was chasing the niggers, that's one thing. If he thought he was being chased himself, that's another. There was that fear on his face and then. . . . Oh, her? Sis? Now, that's different. That part of it ain't troubling me. Not a bit. That's the idea that's clear as day and that I keep hanging on to. Anybody but a fool could see that I had to do what I did, whether I was absolutely sure about him or not. You say that maybe Lum was white after all? But how could I tell that? After he had gone and died I could never be sure. So there was only one thing to do and I did it. As I've already said, any white man that is a white man would have done the same.

You can't figure out yet that there was any sense in me doing for Sis? Why, she would have wanted me to do for her, mister. There's a heap worse things than dying, and I would have killed Sis whether she wanted me to or not. I told you there was going to be a young one. Just put yourself in my place. Would you have taken any chances on that young one of hers not being the right color and turning out, maybe, as black as they make 'em? You still don't see? Well, where was you raised, mister? Where in the name of God was you brought up?

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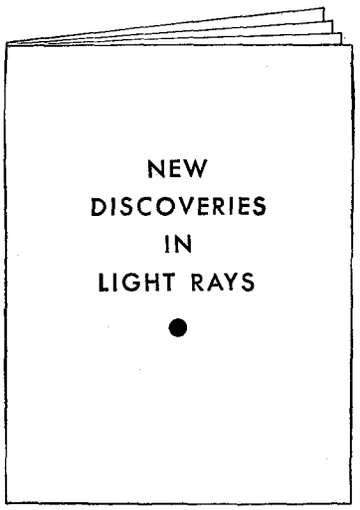

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Wickersham Commission Adopts Chafee's Plan

The report of the Wickersham Commission seems to prove what everybody but President Hoover already knew: namely, that the prohibition problem is only one-tenth a question of fact and nine-tenths a question of opinion. Upon the facts of present conditions under the Eighteenth Amendment the eleven members of the commission were in substantial agreement. But when it came to the point of interpreting these facts and offering constructive proposals for correcting the evils which they reveal, the commission split eleven ways in their opinions. There was, however, one very significant agreement in their opinions. After submitting their various proposals, the commission looked ahead and sketched a plan of campaign to be followed in the event that further efforts to enforce prohibition proved ineffective. They drafted the text of a new amendment to the Constitution which might then be substituted for the Eighteenth Amendment. It reads:

"The Congress shall have power to regulate or to prohibit the manufacture, traffic in, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, and the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes."

In this, the Wickersham Commission has followed almost word for word the idea advanced by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr. in his article—"After Prohibition, What?"—which was published in the January issue of The Forum. *Compare the amendment suggested by Professor Chafee with the text quoted above:*

"Congress shall have power to regulate or prohibit the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof."

The following are some of the comments of Forum *readers upon Professor Chafee's article. The disagreement which the paper has provoked indicates that the Commission's work is not yet done.*

Chafee Wins a Dry

To the Editor:

I have always been a staunch prohibitionist and felt that it would not be many years before the die-hard wets would finally die off and drinking would have the same social disapproval as stealing and murdering. The liquor question would then quickly fade away and be forgotten. But the desire for drink seems to be rooted deeper in the fabric of human nature than many of us thought.

Mr. Zechariah Chafee's article in the January Forum — "After Prohibition, What?" — is the best thing I have read on the subject because it is constructive, and because it is in harmony with our democratic form of government. I believe Mr. Chafee is right in his contention that a question so controversial as the liquor question should not be answered in final and absolute terms by the Constitution, thus shutting out any possibility of handling the matter by any other method. I should hate to see the liquor question made purely a political issue. But what is it now?

Thank you, Mr. Chafee, for your constructive proposal. Should it be carried out, I see years of squabbling, battles between neighboring states, battles between the states and the Federal Government over "states rights," and a great increase in the volume of unnecessary words in the halls of Congress. But the battles will at least be fought above board, in democratic fashion, whereas the booze battles are now fought below board where the drinking is done.

Welton P. Farrow

Waterville, Me.

Out, Damned Spot!

To the Editor:

The article by Mr. Chafee in the January number is correct legal reasoning, and is the best answer I have read from those who wish to substitute something in place of the unpopular 18th Amendment. I should think that it ought to receive ready acceptance from the moderates of both parties, provided that the moderates are ready to admit that some form of Federal regulation is desirable or necessary.

But too much emphasis has been laid upon the necessity for having something to replace this amendment. The retort *cliché* to those who wish to do away with *any* existing situation — prohibition or anything else — is, "What do you offer in its place?" If the proponent of the idea has nothing to offer, his opponent smirks and the unthinking audience rocks in ridicule. It is a most effective retort, but not always logical. If you have a diseased appendix and your physician tells you that it ought to come out, are you going to be fool enough to ask him what he would put in its place?

No one can foretell what the Supreme Court will do with the appeal from Judge Clark's decision. The point that was there decided is one which has long been mooted. It is beyond the comprehension of the average layman; but many good lawyers approve it. If it should be sustained on appeal, we would then be back where we were in the good old nineties. I can think of many worse fates.

George Albert Drovin

Philadelphia, Pa.

"What Millions Want"

To the Editor:

Zechariah Chafee's mere statement of his proposed substitute for the 18th Amendment — a new amendment giving "Congress power to regulate or prohibit the liquor traffic to such an extent as it deems wise" — should be enough to refute it. The 18th Amendment is a malignant growth on our body politic and should be removed without substituting for it another sore.

One of the mistakes the Professor makes is the clause, "absence of any control over liquor, which nobody wants." That is just what millions of us do want — especially absence of control by the Federal Government.

B. A. Roloson

Crestone, Colo.

Limits of State Enforcement

To the Editor:

To give back to the states the authority to grant or deny the privilege of manufacturing ardent spirits would obviously open the doors to those states where metropolitan influences largely predominate for the establishment of numerous breweries and distilleries. Business organization has undergone a great change during the past ten years. The small unit of administration has practically disappeared in all lines where combinations are feasible. The newly expanded liquor manufacture and traffic would at once become centralized for economic reasons, and under an enormous capitalization.

As any business would do, it would seek the widest market possible for its output and would employ large resources to break down sales resistance. It would make no compromise with opposition, holding to the assumption that dry territory was an anachronism to be invaded and subdued. To attain this end all strategic factors in politics would be under perennial assault. Party organizations and all halls of legislation would be especial goals, and every Congressional contest, even before the primaries, would receive earnest and costly attention. That, from motives benevolent to the welfare of society, it would refrain from interfering

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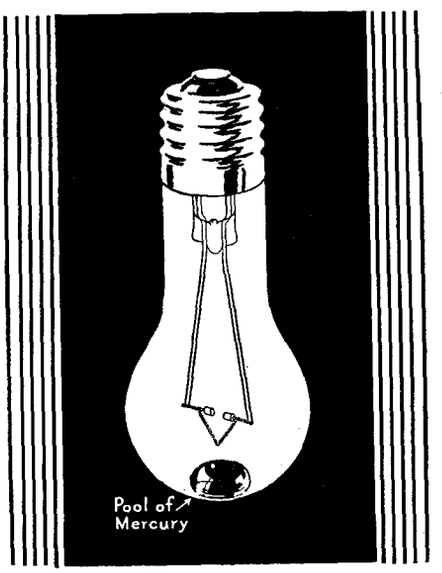
SINCE the dawn of civilization primitive men and animals instinctively turn to sunlight for its beneficence. What modern science knows, the ancients only sensed. The Greeks and the Romans had their Phoebus Apollo. The Brahmans of India paid homage to the sun under a variety of forms. So did many Buddhist sects. The Emperors of China and Japan claimed to be the descendants of the Sun God. Virtually, all the Indians of North and South America were sun worshipers, the most fanatic in this respect being also the most highly civilized—the Incas and the Mayas.

For countless centuries these people turned gratefully to the sun, worshiping its benevolence. Belief in the goodness of sunshine is something that is born in every one of us, a heritage from those far off days when the cave man selected his residence to face the sun and the Romans built lavish solariums better to enjoy the health-giving energy of sunlight.

Unfortunately for most of us, as physicians and scientists realize, the sunshine that our forefathers knew, a kindly beneficent season out in the open under a cloudless sky, free from smoke and dust and dirt, is gone. Economic necessity has made of us a nation of sun dodgers, hiding away in closely packed buildings in the daytime, working and playing behind glass that screens out the ultra-violet rays of sunshine just as surely as the window shades screen out the visible rays of the sun's light. We bundle up our bodies. We ride in subways and street cars and automobiles, almost totally cut off from the sunshine which our forefathers enjoyed as a matter of course. Even when we get out-of-doors in our cities, smoke and dirt cloud the air and rob the sunshine of more than three-quarters of its active health-giving rays. And then winter comes; and the sunlight loses most of its health value. Lucky, indeed, it is for us that we know more about the sun than the Romans did—than even modern science knew about it up to twenty-five years ago. Lucky, indeed, it is that science has presented us with a new means of compensating our bodies for the losses caused by our economic necessities.



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Our Rostrum

with elections, is absurd to imagine. From past history the policies of the rejuvenated liquor trade could be reliably predicted.

The 18th Amendment is the dike that protects the electorate from an inundation of corrupt political agencies, whose favor would be bestowed upon swarms of mediocre officials sworn to work the will of the liquor interests. If it breaks, the saloon will return, perhaps dolled up under another name, but it will smell just as vile.

A. B. Ripley

Augusta, Me.

Cure Worse Than the Disease

To the Editor:

The article of Professor Chafee in your January issue is based on a plan for a constitutional amendment which shall give Congress power to regulate the liquor traffic as it shall deem wise. Who-oo-o! Were it possible to conceive an idea more pregnant with trouble than the 18th Amendment itself, the Professor has certainly hit it.

Fred H. Tracy

Lakewood, O.

More Than Congress Can Manage

To the Editor:

Zechariah Chafee offers more arguments for prohibition with stricter enabling acts than I have ever before seen massed in so short a space. Notwithstanding the learned gentleman's protest that he is neither "wet nor dry," he appears to be trying to muster weapons for the wets; but his guns kick farther than they shoot. In the thirty-eight centuries since Hammurabi every conceivable method — except prohibition — for control of the liquor traffic has been fully tried through long periods of experimentation and found inadequate. How can total prohibition, the only remaining device untried, reasonably be cast aside after only ten years of experiment?

Anyone who has frequently sat in the galleries of Congress knows that if power and responsibility for the liquor traffic rested with that body, the debating Solons would have no time for conducting any other business of the nation. Even the perennial tariff discussions would be crowded out. Better try "the noble experiment" a while longer than introduce such confusion between national and state legislation as Mr. Chafee proposes.

B. V. Cushman, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Education for Marriage

To the Editor:

I read the article by Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, "Educating Girls for Marriage," in the January Forum with considerable interest, but I must confess that it left me disappointed. I felt that it was a theoretical analysis rather than a practical contribution to the solution of this problem.

We hear a great deal to-day of the breakdown of the American home. Much of this so-called breakdown is merely the clearing away of certain things which necessity associated with the homes of our rural economy. The homes of our present industrial economy must be bound together by psychological and affectional ties rather than by the stern economic necessity which characterized the early American home. Much serious training is needed in making these adjustments. Wise choices as to mating are only part of the solution; there should also be training in the technique of home-making and in the basic responsibilities which go with it. I like Mrs. Gerould's emphasis on the development of social consciousness.

Ethyl Morgan

Ames, Ia.

Marriage, New Style

To the Editor:

It was really pathetic; their marriage was a terrible failure. Poor Betty Lee had majored in "Scientific Marriage 5B" and Jimmy's mental capacities required no less than a 9A graduate. Alas, poor Yorick! Pater's advice will soon be: "Choose wisely, my son, and remember — the degree's the thing!"

Educate girls for marriage with a well-planned study of the problem, extract all the romance from it, all the ups and downs, eliminate the joys and worries; and then — let's take the old institution and fling it out of the window. The adventure will lose its zest, and instead of that love and comradeship, born only of adversity, it will degenerate into nothing more than a sanctioned satisfying of the biological urge.

Despite Mrs. Gerould's pessimistic reflections on our poor, unprepared, young American women, thousands of our clergymen and professors seem to think that the members of the weaker sex are better prepared to face life than their mothers were. The chief trouble with young manhood and womanhood of to-day lies in parents who have lost their youth along the path of years.

F. Philip Buebendorf

New York City

Why Girls Work

To the Editor:

In Helen Woodward's article on "Futile Females" in the January Forum there appears a paragraph in which it is alleged that many Southern Junior Leagues conduct restaurants "competing with women who need the money badly." Disparaging comments follow to the effect that "the girls are energetic and don't know what else to do," and that they "realize they can manage tea rooms without loss of social prestige."

Individual Leagues run these cafés and shops in support of local charities which they sponsor. All profit accrues to the charity. In the majority of cases Junior League members act as waitresses or salesgirls — always without remuneration. The popularity of tea rooms and shops has spread because Junior Leagues realize that they provide a steady and growing income. They feel that they are a dignified means of financing their own philanthropies, giving value in return, and that they are far better than the annual appeal to public generosity.

It is the girl whose family is usually able to provide for her that the Junior League reaches, the girl who has been well educated. We open her eyes. We fit her peg to a hole. Then if she still wants a job and is capable of keeping it, I'd like to see anyone stop her.

Nathalie Gates, *Chairman,*
Junior League Shop Bureau
Dayton, O.

19th Amendment — a Washout

To the Editor:

"Futile Females" by Helen Woodward gives one food for thought. What have women done with their gift of the ballot? I am beginning to wonder if the 19th Amendment isn't about as much of a washout as the 18th.

C. F. Distelhurst

Omaha, Neb.

No Mystery to This Family

To the Editor:

The article by Priscilla Pennypacker in the December Forum is rather amusing to me. She has a family of four and she goes into all the details as to how she manages it on $1800 a year. When you observe from her article just how much this family misses of the really important things in life, this is no mystery at all.

I am a Methodist minister and am considered quite above the average in my appointment, yet over a period of twenty-three years my income has averaged little more than $1500. We have nine children — six girls and three boys. Two of the girls are college graduates and another is finishing high school next June and will be ready for college. In another year a son will be ready. I cannot say how I shall be able to manage for them, but they all plan to go to college.

We have lived well, for the most part. To be sure, we have been pinched many times. My wife has worked hard. We know what economy means and what made-over clothes mean. You must remember, too, that a minister must necessarily pur-

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Our Rostrum

chase many books and magazines during the year, subscribe to many causes, and lead in all the activities of the community.

C. M. Myers

Wharton, Tex.

Hats Off to Priscilla!

To the Editor:

Thank you for "How to Raise a Family on $1800 a Year" in the December Forum. Reading it has evoked in my mind a vivid portrait — that of a woman attacking with wit, courage, and intelligence, not to mention incredible energy, the problems with which her "indecent income" inevitably besieges her. It is the portrait of an unembittered woman who derives genuine satisfaction from such simple pleasures as an evening by the fireside with her husband and a book or magazine, family picnics and bathing parties in summer, with skating and coasting in winter.

The editorial comment on this "frostbitten" article seems to me to have missed the essence of Mrs. Pennypacker's attitude toward her experience. As I see it, Mrs. Pennypacker has come to terms heroically with her world, even as Stuart Chase's Mexicans, with all their surety and strength, have come to terms with their entirely dissimilar environment. The woman who wrote that article knows what she is seeking in life, and thereby gains a contentment not often seen in the modern picture.

Mary G. Lewis

Corvallis, Ore.

The Underworld

To the Editor:

Walter Lippmann's article on the underworld in the January Forum certainly is timely; yet he did not state much that is new in political thought. More than twenty-five years ago Havelock Ellis expressed very similar ideas in his book, *The Task of Social Hygiene;* and Ellis went farther with his analysis. He said: "The American police are generally admitted to be open with special frequency to the charge of ineffectiveness and venality. It is not so often realized that these defects are fostered by the impossible nature of the tasks that are imposed on the American police. . . . Their most serious defects are due to the impracticable laws and regulations made by inexperienced legislators." Havelock Ellis explains this readiness of the American legislator to support anti-vice laws, whether wise or not, by this additional statement: "No public man likes to take up a position which his enemies may interpret as favorable to vice."

John J. Rundus, Jr.

Topeka, Kans.

The Dismal Science

To the Editor:

John Maynard Keynes' article on the "Causes of World Depression" in the January Forum deserves a few words. If the author is one of the experts who have been advising the world, his article has thrown more light on the causes of world depression than anything explicitly stated therein.

Of economics he says, "It is even becoming a science." I have been searching for fifteen years for a single fact to support that statement, and in vain. His plea that his explanation is too complicated for full statement belongs in the jokes column, along with "normal prices," "enforcing of orderly contraction," "the atmosphere of business depression," "recovering their good spirits," and other standard parts which fit somehow into "a very delicate machine." The jargon is familiar, but the old machine is a wreck and we know it won't go.

Even if some expert, by chance, succeeded in getting the old wreckage wobbling along for a time, it would soon stop again, for the simple reason that the experts can't agree on the make-up of the thing and the principles of its mechanism. Then, too, it is almost certain that "a nightmare," "a muddle," "an action" or "reaction" or some other part would be missing or out of place.

After all, are machines "depressed"?

O. L. Hamlin

Milo, Me.

The Only Paying Industries

To the Editor:

It would be hard to find a more simple, readable, and objective presentation of the problem facing our modern civilization than that of Ralph E. Flanders in "Pandora's New Box" in the December Forum. Realizing that, mechanically speaking, our industrial machine could easily provide an abundance of material things (and through material things, the more intangible blessing of peace of mind) for all the people, Mr. Flanders sets before the economist the problem of how to turn this industrial potentiality into an actuality.

What I want to know is this: Have Mr. Flanders and the others who write in similar vein no solution to suggest? Or, as I am more inclined to believe, do they know the solution very well, and yet dare not mention it?

Mr. Flanders must indeed have noticed this past year that virtually the *only* industries which are to-day functioning at their full efficiency, which have not laid off employees, cut down hours of labor, or retrenched on their expansion programs, the only industries that are providing their products to meet public *demand* rather than public *purchasing power*, are the school "industry," the post office "industry," the fire department "industry," the road building and maintenance "industry," and the army and navy "industry"; in short, those "industries" which are run for the public good rather than for individual profit. Can it not have occurred to Mr. Flanders that the same idea can be applied to the food industry, the clothing industry, and in fact to all basic industries; that by so doing the colossal wastes of competitive production and distribution can be eliminated; and that we as a nation of 125 million souls have everything to gain by such a change?

Henry Coe Lanpher

Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Big Load

To the Editor:

If you want to know one of the reasons why we are in the economic doldrums, consider the overheads on three great staples the present low prices of which make for business depression.

A bushel of wheat has to carry: (1) the land, (2) the farmer, (3) the hired men, (4) the harvesting machinery, (5) the thresher, (6) the banker, (7) the elevator, (8) the Chicago Board of Trade, (9) the railroad, (10) the miller, (11) the flour sack and barrel, (12) the wholesaler, (13) the retailer, (14) the yeast maker, (15) the baker, (16) the grocer.

A bale of cotton has to carry: (1) the land, (2) fertilizer, (3) the grower, (4) the laborer, (5) the boll weevil, (6) the picker, (7) the gin, (8) the bale-cloth, (9) the bale-strips, (10) the compress, (11) the banker, (12) the steamboat, (13) the railroad, (14) the steamship, (15) the stevedore, (16) the truckman, (17) the Cotton Exchange, (18) the broker, (19) the spinner, (20) the weaver, (21) the bleachery, (22) the cotton printer, (23) the jobber, (24) the cutter, (25) the stitcher, (26) the sweatshop, (27) the wholesaler, (28) the commission agent, (29) the drummer, (30) the retailer.

A ton of coal has to carry: (1) the mine owner, (2) the miner, (3) the helper, (4) the powder, (5) the mule, (6) the breaker, (7) the operating company, (8) the railway company, (9) the selling company, (10) the holding company, (11) the coal-yard, (12) the tug boat, (13) the shoveler, (14) the truckman, (15) the man who puts it in, (16) the furnace tender. All this before it becomes live heat; then seventy per cent of its caloric power is

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Our Rostrum

lost in imperfect combustion.

"Wuk all day an' steal all night," sighed the discouraged darkey, "an' den caint git ahead!"

DON C. SEITZ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nathan's Crazy Quilt

To the Editor:

My mother-in-law used to make crazy quilts. I was reminded of them by reading George Jean Nathan's "What I Believe" in the December FORUM. Sometimes they were pretty and sometimes they were not — all depending upon what happened to be in the "piece bag," how they tumbled out, and how they jibed with each other. Occasionally the result was startling — just as was Mr. Nathan's masterpiece. Reading it, I exclaimed, "The insufferable snob!" — only to be jerked up short by his assertion: "I am against snobbery in all its lovely American forms."

He hopes in time, he says, "to be a playboy in a world which other men run for him with the sweat of their brows." Is this not snobbery of the most unlovely and disgusting kind — that of the intellectual for "congenital clerks, bookkeepers, mill hands, and such like incompetents and slaves"? Somebody has said that men are better than their creeds. Let us hope so, else Mr. Nathan is a poor thing.

CELIA BALDWIN

Denver, Colo.

A First-Class Pagan

To the Editor:

We are indebted to George Jean Nathan for his frank revelation of the glorified pagan in his statement of "What I Believe" in the December FORUM. It is no mean achievement to be a first-class pagan. Since ancient Greece and Rome the best of the pagans have exhibited in striking degree some of the virtues which Christians are disposed to regard as their exclusive possession. As a matter of fact, we don't begin to be Christians until we find our footing on the noblest of pagan qualities.

It may be that Mr. Nathan has more religion tucked into his versatile make-up than he suspects. There is more hope for the world in men who openly denounce traditional religion, but who live in "honesty, honor, and decency," than in innumerable pietists who don't dare let their left hand know what their right hand is doing. But I recommend to Mr. Nathan that he make a study of the Christian religion as it is lived at its best.

ELMER YELTON

Albany, N. Y.

Good Men and Bad

To the Editor:

Dean Inge is good; I like him. George Jean Nathan is better; but I'd like to hear him develop his theory of contempt as the artist's choicest and most offensive weapon. He is also badder than the good Dean. The good man can only bless those he hates, improving them lest he hate them more; but the bad man — the wicked artist — damns those he loves and makes them more worthy of his cheap contempt.

BATTELL LOOMIS

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Birds of a Feather

To the Editor:

With all due respect for the "Editorial Foreword," there is nothing brilliant in Mr. Nathan's hedonistic pretensions. By professing to be without subterfuge in his pursuit of happiness, he sets himself up as a virtuous sinner with a holier-than-thou mien. Here he is, he tells us, pretending to be happy in a dismal apartment overlooking the abode of shyster lawyers. Well, that's quite the place for him!

NOLA R. HOOPER

West Orange, N. J.

A Square Deal for Religion

To the Editor:

I have been reading the series of articles in THE FORUM entitled "What I Believe" with a good deal of interest. You will not be surprised that one in my position feels that you have hardly given the Christian view point a fair chance. For the most part there has been a vein of unbelief running throughout many of the articles.

WILLIAM F. ANDERSON

Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church
Boston, Mass.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. — *The object of this series was not to select spokesmen for representative points of view, but to invite the most distinguished thinkers of our age to set forth their personal beliefs, whatever they might be. If only two out of the entire number (Dean Inge and Dr. Robert A. Millikan) professed faith in orthodox Christianity, this fact is significant in itself. On the other hand,* THE FORUM *has not neglected religion in its articles. What about Dean Inge's paper in the December issue? And Shailer Mathews' in February? And J. Gresham Machen's in this issue?*]

The Ford Myth

To the Editor:

"The Great American Enigma" is the title of an eight-thousand word article in *Harpers* by Gamaliel Bradford, devoted to an "exploration of Henry Ford." The exploration is very well done; but why Henry Ford should be called the great American enigma is itself an enigma to which Mr. Bradford furnishes no answer. Ford is, of course, a remarkable person, and offers plenty of material for a writer who has made the "psychography" of prominent individuals his peculiar business; but there is no more of an enigma about him than there is about thousands of other Americans who, with very limited powers of mind, but with unlimited energy, and with extraordinary ability in a special field, have made great fortunes — though not fortunes comparable with Ford's — from small beginnings. Mr. Bradford tells us much about Henry Ford's mental peculiarities, dwells on traits that go far toward accounting for his unparalleled industrial success, and reminds us of some of his notorious exhibitions of arrogant ignorance; but when all is said and done, one sees not only no solution of enigma, but no enigma at all.

What the country really needs to be set right about, in regard to Henry Ford, relates not to his intellectual or moral qualities, whether good or bad, but to his actual achievement. His colossal industrial success has been no accident; it has resulted from the application of extraordinary specialized abilities to the exploitation of an equally extraordinary opportunity. So much as this must be granted; but the idea that Ford's manufacture of cheap automobiles has been an elemental force in the shaping of American life is sheer delusion. He has made automobiles somewhat cheaper than anybody else could make them; but automobiles costing not much more than the Fords have been sold alongside of them in vast quantities. This could not have been the case if they had not been worth the difference; but that is not the point. The point is that if the cheapest automobiles on the market had cost twenty or twenty-five per cent more than they did, this would have made no radical difference in the spread of the automobile habit.

FABIAN FRANKLIN

New York City.

Why Boys Join the Scouts

To the Editor:

Mr. Floyd Tillery's article, "Little Babbitts," in the December FORUM was the first attack on the Boy Scout movement that I have ever read. I have been in the Scout orgainzation for five years and should like to refute some of his statements.

Boys still join the Scouts because they yield to the call of nature. They still study woodcraft and campcraft, like the so-called "real boys" of yesterday. "Parlor Scouts" are in the minority.

The organization is non-sectarian. If a troop is sponsored by a church, its members need not necessarily be affiliated with that particular church — or any church. Scouting knows no race, creed, or color.

HARRY R. WARREN

Philadelphia, Pa.

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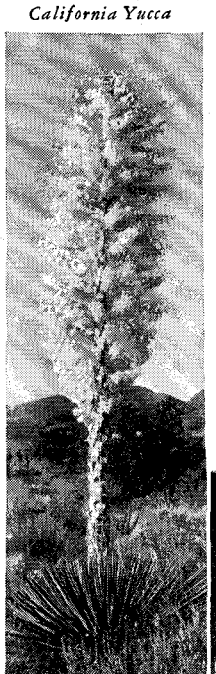
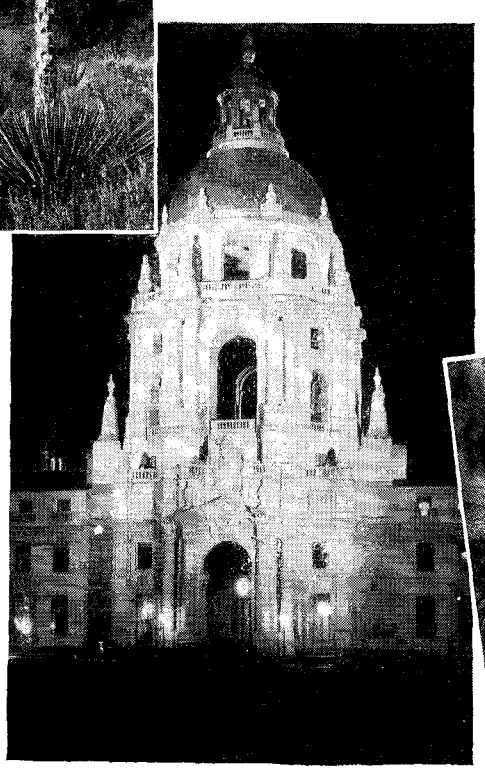
Giant Bloom of the California Yucca





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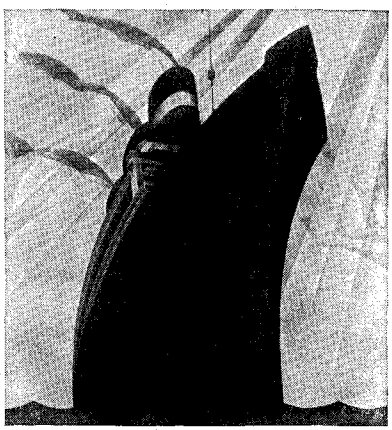

sine that numbers every world delicacy, prepared by a chef who catered for an emperor . . . the charm of smart company and brilliant minds . . . and divertissements that dial every happy emotion!

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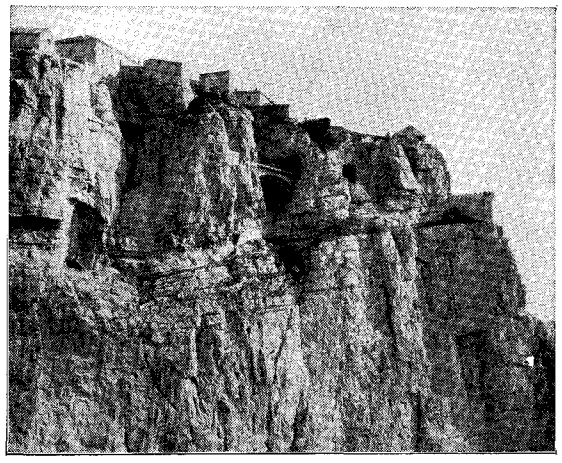
TRAVEL

Desert Sands

by **JOHN B. HARTNETT**

EVERY TRAVELER probably approaches the edges of the mighty Sahara with much the same feeling of awe that he experienced on first glimpsing an ocean. From his early school years he recalls the geographical facts of a waste land covering an area as great as the whole United States. From his reading he pictures fast-riding, fierce-fighting Tuaregs in conflict with the romantic Foreign Legion. From travel pictures he imagines Bedouins with their camels crossing the dunes, sharply silhouetted in the desert twilight. Almost every impression he has of desert life is colorful, mysterious.

Bill and I started for the desert in June, nearly a month after the most belated winter vacationists had left the Mediterranean coast of Africa. The Renault — "a beeg stirrong car," as Leo, the guide, called it — heavily laden with cameras and photographic supplies, had brought us in from Tunis to Constantine in Algeria, some hundred miles south of the sea. Despite our eagerness to reach the desert, we found much of interest in Constantine and lingered there for several days.



The City of Constantine

Constantine is a truly remarkable city, if for no other reason than its location. It is a city in the sky, built entirely on a great rock which boldly pokes its face out high above the surrounding countryside. A gorge, in places more than two hundred feet deep, has been cut across the neck of this rock peninsula by what must once have been a raging torrent, and in the days of medieval warfare this must have provided the city with well-nigh impregnable natural defenses. Two great steel bridges flung across the chasm look like mere rope threads from far below, and these bridges are of course the arteries of travel to and from the city.

The descent from the city to the bottom of the gorge is in no sense dangerous, but it offers thrills enough and striking views. Even Bill, whose drawling speech and physical laziness betray his Tennessee ancestry, became enthusiastic and exclaimed: "This place 'bout fits my ideas of what Dante and Milton must have seen at one time or another; don't seem just the place for humans." He was right. There was something that suggested the supernatural about this narrow, tunneled gorge with its sheer walls of frowning rock.

From below, great holes in the face of the giant rock are visible. These are the openings of tunnels honeycombing the greater part of the city, cut out of the solid rock by Christian slaves, captives taken by Moslem corsairs. These tunnels were elaborated as measures of defense. When the French stormed the town in the early nineteenth century, thousands of Arabs sought escape by means of ropes hung from these tunnel openings, some of which became so overloaded that they broke, plunging the panic-stricken refugees to death in the chasm below.

Journeying south from Constantine we passed through the Tell — a region of rich valleys which is the keystone of French colonial development; then on over high plateaus and barren plains to a wall of mountains which serves as a

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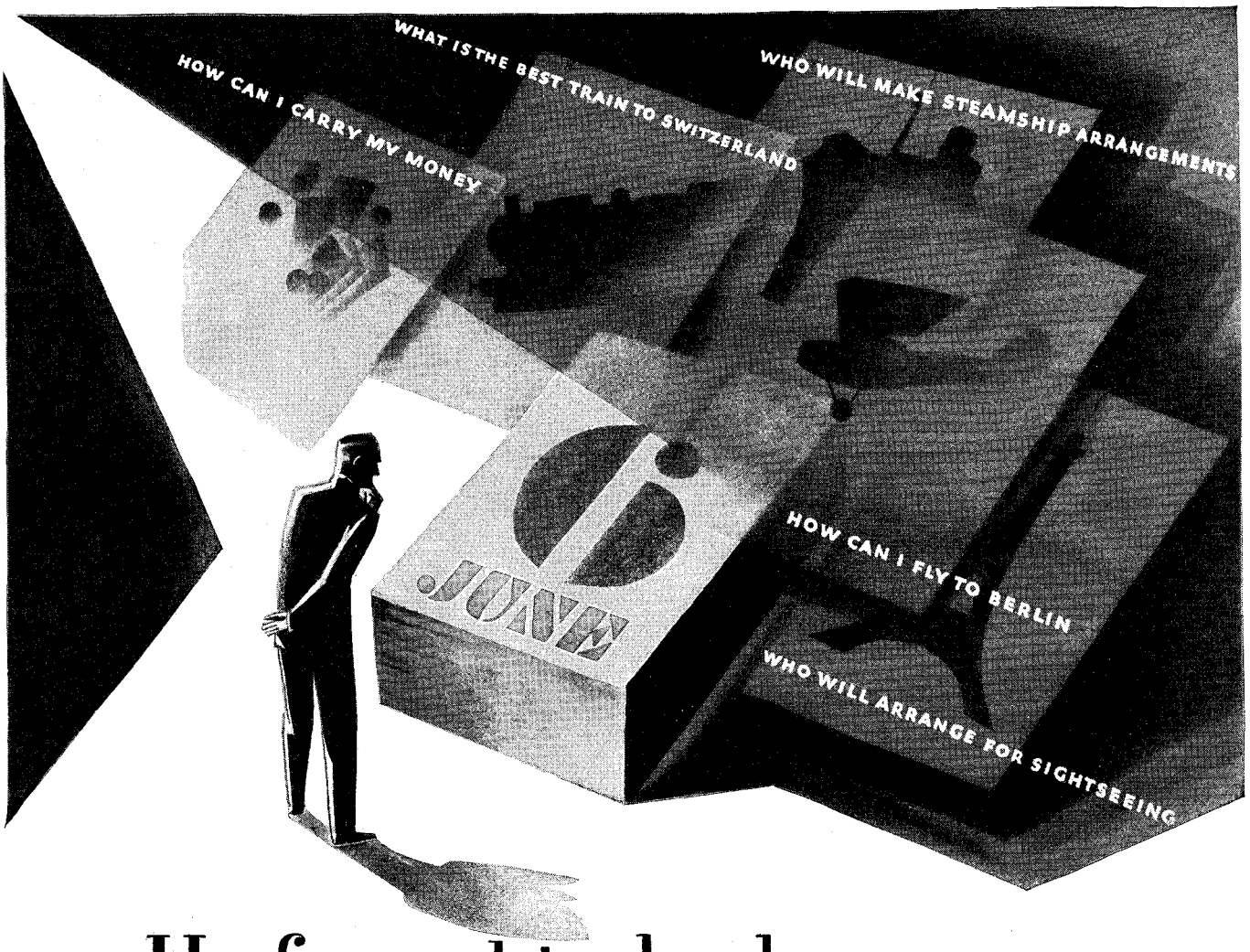
HOW CAN I CARRY MY MONEY
WHAT IS THE BEST TRAIN TO SWITZERLAND
WHO WILL MAKE STEAMSHIP ARRANGEMENTS
HOW CAN I FLY TO BERLIN
WHO WILL ARRANGE FOR SIGHTSEEING

He feared to look the calendar in the eye

A fight against time. A business program to be made fool-proof . . . so that he might enjoy Europe with his wife and daughter, his own mind worry-free. Meanwhile, too much to do, and too little time to do it. Half the fun of going spoiled by the trouble of getting ready. Contracts, board meetings . . . all day long. Then half the night . . . guide books. The best steamship line? Southampton or Havre? Reservations in advance? How? Where? When?

Haunted by unfamiliar details, he feared to look the calendar in the eye. Then one hectic morning the light broke through. He gathered up a hat-full of pencilled slips of paper. "Here," he said to his secretary, "take these and get answers."

She did. She knew how.

They were scores of high-spot travel questions . . . really a rough sketch of his travel dream . . . that she took over to the American Express travel office.

Then in a few days came the answer. The stateroom number on the best boat—sailing date—pier number—itinerary—who would meet him at the port—the best trains—short cut airway connections—hotels and rates—local sightseeing trips—port and steamer for the return passage—the amount of Blue Express Travelers Cheques in their most useful denominations.

It was a ground plan of his longed-for tour. He took it home. A few modifications in the program and the job was ended. His mind was free.

This man knew his business and he discovered that the greatest of American Travel Companies knows its business. The two met—one with a need—the other with experienced men to meet that need—and an organization in foreign lands to carry on its responsibility to the finish of his tour.

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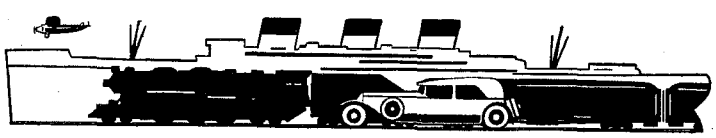

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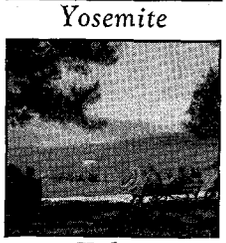
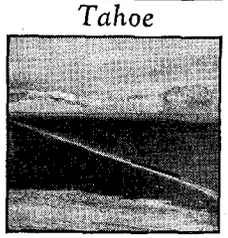


Tahoe



Great Salt Lake

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CALIFORNIA BOUND! Down from the North and East they come. By rail from Chicago; by rail or by Southern Pacific Steamship from New York... *through New Orleans* on their way to California.

Throughout the miles that measure the SUNSET ROUTE drifts the color of foreign lands. Old France still rules New Orleans...in charming little restaurants and in forgotten courtyards. But it is the *Old South* that boards the train with you. With its gracious hospitality, and a Creole dish or two.

Before the speeding lights of your train twinkle to the stars, another world suggests itself. A world that's close to Mexico, close to the charm that Spain has left. You'll see it in the sun-splashed adobe; hear it in the softly spoken Spanish phrases.

Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, with Juarez just across the Rio Grande, Douglas, Tucson, Phoenix, Agua Caliente, Old Mexico, mark this famous route. Choose for your return the GOLDEN STATE, SHASTA or OVERLAND ROUTE and you'll choose from the following places (see coupon).

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Southern Pacific

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My Pacific Coast destination will be_____. I would like to include in my roundtrip the following places I have checked: [ ] *Great Salt Lake* [ ] *Lake Tahoe* [ ] *Yosemite* [ ] *The Redwoods* [ ] *Crater Lake* [ ] *Columbia River* [ ] *Pacific Northwest* [ ] *San Francisco* [ ] *Los Angeles* [ ] *San Diego* [ ] *Agua Caliente* [ ] *Santa Barbara* [ ] *Del Monte* [ ] *San Antonio* [ ] *El Paso* [ ] *New Orleans*

2003

Name_____ Address_____

Travel

barrier to the desert. It was late, almost sundown, when we reached the great slice of the mountain wall known to the Arabs as *El Kantara* — "the Gateway to the Desert." The Romans had a different name for the pass, based on the legend of Achilles, who approached the mighty mountain wall, found no way to scale the barrier, and with one mighty kick opened the pass. Some of the French still call it "Achilles' Kick."

The winding road climbed through this opening and when we finally emerged, the red sun was just dipping under the horizon. Almost immediately the full moon rose — an unbelievable moon, appearing three times its normal size and flooding the desert with light bright enough for camera snapshots.

A FEW MILES farther on we made out a camp of desert nomads, and as we drew closer we could distinguish hooded forms moving silently among the tents. Many tribes of shepherd Bedouins shift northward from the Sahara in the spring to find ample grazing for their flocks. A simple, half-wild people, each tribe lives a wholly independent life. They make their own *cous-cous*, the national dish of mutton and meal, weave their own cotton cloth, and barter for the few weapons and camels they require.

Several days later we summoned all our courage and walked boldly into such a camp, despite the ominous warnings of Leo, who told us in no uncertain terms that the French Government would assume no responsibility whatever for us in the face of such a flagrant bid for trouble. On our approach three black-bearded fellows stepped out from the excited group which had instantly formed at the edge of the camp and advanced toward us. Leo went up to them and to our great relief was soon passing out cigarettes and exchanging his scattered Arabic phrases for their white-toothed smiles.

The cameras were in action before long, and it was here that we made our best pictures of native women. Bedouin women, though Moslems, go unveiled. To our great surprise, they proved much less curious than the men, who crowded about, touching our clothing and manifesting tremendous interest in the photographic equipment. As a matter of fact, I was a bit worried about the cameras. I made the mistake of letting one of the fierce-eyed fellows look into the hood of my Graflex. After a few moments, pointing and gesticulating, I made him understand that he was seeing in the ground-glass whatever object was before the camera. With that he let out a yell which scared me half out of my wits. He jumped up and down like a child with a new toy, excitedly telling his comrades all about it in shrill

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Arabic. They all wanted to look at once and almost tore the stout hood from the box. It was only after Leo intervened that I was able to clean the lens and carry on with my work.

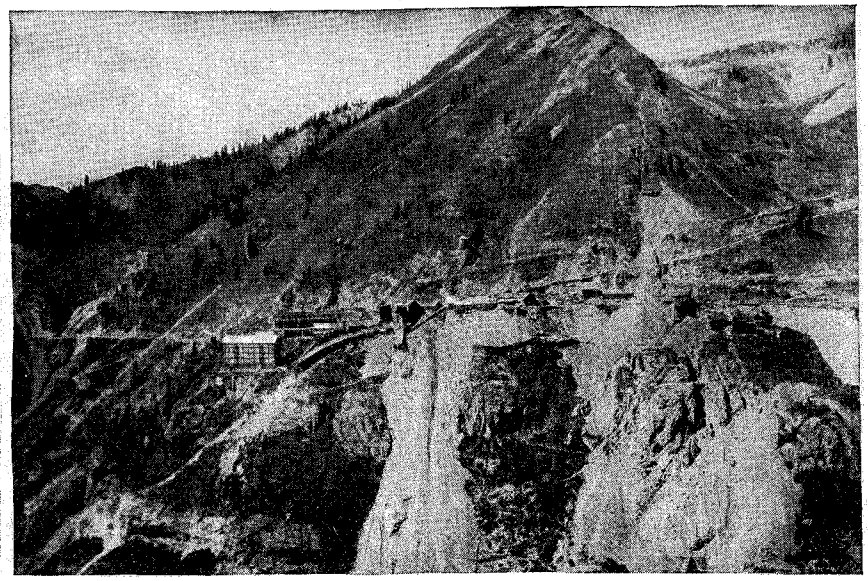
The nomad home is the simplest sort of shelter — a low, mushroomlike tent of coarse wool cloth, usually widely striped in two shades of deep brown — with no door covering whatsoever. Dirt and filth seem to afford no cause for worry. Dogs and children are everywhere underfoot.

The women wear a loose, shiftlike garment of coarse woven cloth gathered in at the waist with a cord. A turban for their heads completes their simple dress. The men wear the regulation burnoose — a long, hooded cloak of white wool, which serves as protection against the burning sun and the cold night winds. The head, particularly the temples and base of the brain, are the focal points of danger from the rays of the desert sun. The Arab garb protects these parts most practically. Many travelers are misled by the apparent harmlessness of the sunshine and suffer sunstroke, often death, as a result of only a few hours' exposure.

The desert is not, as popular imagination pictures it, a continuous ocean of beach sand. Dune formations do, of course, make up a large portion of the Sahara, but there are many areas of sandy waste land dotted with low clumps of brush much like our own desert lands in Nevada. Mountains, too, lift their peaks in the center of the Grand Erg. Water may be located at from fifty to sixty feet below the surface of the sand in many places, and the French are sinking artesian wells to create artificial oases at such points.

OUR FIRST glimpse of an oasis was truly a wonderful sight — a forest of waving, green palms surrounded on every side by miles of desert land. After a day of travel over blistering sand — lifeless, monotonous — to see living trees and streams of water is pretty much like seeing the rabbit lifted out of a magician's hat. Small wonder that the Arab is a creature of mysticism! His is an unreal, uncanny world.

Biskra is one of the most beautiful oases in the desert. Over eight thousand Arabs live in the ancient, mud-walled settlement, most of them finding their livelihood in date-growing or in barter with the nomad traders. The houses are of mud, much like our adobe shacks in the Southwest. These huts crowded together, each touching its neighbor, narrow, winding streets, an occasional date grove fenced with mud walls, streams of dirty water, naked children, veiled women, sheep and goats everywhere — this is Biskra. The business section is more modern; here are shops and market stalls,



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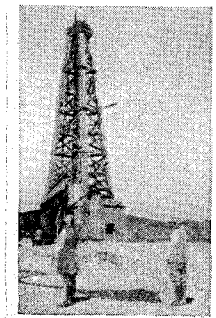

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Travel

cafés, and more pretentious homes. There is even a tiny horse-car proceeding lazily along its crazy tracks and carrying far too many Arabs, most of whom ride only for the supremely exciting thrill of it. Beggars abound, most of them blind.

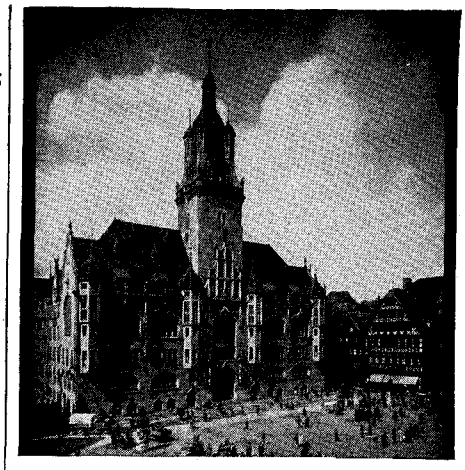
The Arab oasis café is an important institution, and it was in one of them that we saw the *Ouled Nails* for the first time. The *Ouled Nails* are a desert tribe the women of which are trained from childhood to perform the weird dance for which they are famous. From our observations we deduced that the dance consists of three movements. First, the head is moved horizontally across the shoulders by a motion of the neck, while the dancer gazes straight ahead with a peculiar glazed look in her eyes. The second movement is to walk slowly around once in a circle. The third is a muscular movement of the stomach upward.

An apparently endless song of love is chanted in a monotone by the dancer to the accompaniment of a finger-drum and a tuneless reed pipe. The dancers are unveiled but heavily swathed in voluminous skirts. They wear bracelets and anklets made of silver coins strung together; this is their entire fortune and their frank bid for a husband. There is nothing of grace and not the least hint of voluptuousness in the dance, yet the Arab will squat for hours sipping his sherbet and watching it. One dancer is relieved by another, and they apparently vary in age from forty to sixty.

Caravans are often encountered. We saw one over a mile long — hundreds of camels, asses, sheep. Leo told us that he had seen such a sight on only one or two occasions. Enormous packs were loaded on the animals. Some of the camels carried *bassours* — a sort of enlarged hump of cloth each of which contained some jealously-guarded wife of the tribal chieftains.

Of course, Bill claimed that he had made a conquest. He said he noticed a tiny opening in one of these *bassours*, and knew immediately that its occupant was interested and pleased with his handsome person. So, with astonishing presence of mind, he improved the passing moment by discreetly bowing his head — and was rewarded, so he claimed, by seeing the eye wink at him. Leo, however, spoiled Bill's romance by assuring him that winking implied nothing coquettish to the Arab.

Camel travel is a bit discouraging at first. The sensation is very much like that experienced in a canoe on choppy water. After the jerky forward-and-backward motion has almost wrenched your head from your body, you finally become accustomed to the movement and even begin to enjoy the ride. But, as Bill said, "Being hanged might be enjoyable too, if you could get used to it."



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Travel News

ENGLAND AND WHY

ALREADY around hundreds of lamplit tables family councils are busying themselves with the question of next summer abroad — where to go, and what to see. One of the most obvious choices, and one of the most worth while, is England. There are, as the Great Western Railway reminds us in its booklet, "England and Why," several Englands: Cornwall, "the country of lovely legend"; "smiling" Somerset; Wales, "land of contrasts"; Devon, "the glory of England"; and each of them is especially charming in the summer vacation period. So many Americans consider London as the be-all and end-all of England that the interior and corners of the island are sometimes merely taken for granted without actually being seen. England is a country of short distances as compared with the United States, so sight-seeing is both labor- and time-saving. Probably more can be seen within her shores in the space of a limited holiday than in any other country in the world.

MUSH!

THE WORLD'S greatest dog-sled derby will be held on March third. It is a 200-mile non-stop race and the best dog mushers of Canada and the United States will take part. It starts on the Saskatchewan River at The Pas in northern Manitoba and proceeds north and west to Flin Flon, the turning point one hundred miles away. It is considered to be the greatest test of the dog's speed and strength in the world. For several years this historic race, the hardest and longest since the Alaska Dog Derby was discontinued, was won by Emil St. Goddard, but last year the honors were wrested from him in a terrific driving finish by his greatest rival, Earle Brydges. In addition to the race, The Pas and the whole of northern Manitoba hold a carnival at the same time and go *en fête* for three days. The program is typical of the northern frontier.

SOUTHWEST ENCYCLOPEDIA

A BAEDEKER of the Southwest has been issued by the Southwestern Travel Development Association of El Paso, Texas, which should prove a convenient guide to motorists. Since this territory was the land of Billy the Kid, that gentleman and his associates figure largely in the list of historic points of interest. The booklet tabulates similar place-names in Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas, and also calls attention to various points of particular scenic beauty. Aside from this definite information as to the high spots of the tourist's Southwest, the pamphlet seems to offer a rather liberal education in

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Travel News

pioneer history. Both rail and motor routes are included in the directions supplied.

MAYALAND

As we predicted some months ago, the country of the ancient Maya ruins is now being recognized as a new vacation land for those who have been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything. Various steamship lines will take you down to Merida, in Mexico's Yucatan, and, with that "jewel city" as a base, the Pan-American Airway Company will then see to it that you get to Chichen-Itza, Uxmal, and Izamal, which are the centers of the remains of Mayan culture. A hotel, with "the best obtainable accommodations," has been opened at Chichen-Itza in order to take care of the increased number of tourists. The sponsors of this development wish to direct attention particularly to the enchantments of Merida itself, which "offers romance and the glamour and mystery of centuries." At any rate, here is one country which cannot very well be spoiled by exploitation; certainly some sort of organized routes to the Maya district will be appreciated by those who wish to see the ruins yet fear the rigors of a wild, densely-wooded district.

PASSAGE TO INDIA

Popular interest in the political fortunes of India may lead to an increased activity on the part of tourists who have never visited this vast country. The Cunard-Anchor Line offers fortnightly sailings from Liverpool which include stopovers at many and varied ports en route. Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, Suez, Bombay — these are the milestones on the journey southward. The Anchor Line fleet to India includes four ships, which are augmented during the busy spring and fall seasons by the *California* and the *Tuscania*, both well known in the Atlantic service.

EARLY SPRING VACATIONS

When this is read, the rush season for winter vacations in the south will have passed and the spring lull begun. It may be pointed out that this in-between period offers excellent opportunities to those who have not yet taken their winter lay-offs. Florida, Havana, the Bermudas, the Bahamas will be less crowded now than earlier in the winter. They are all easily reached from Atlantic seaports by rail and boat, and the Illinois Central Railway is stressing its southern service for the benefit of the Middle West. From Chicago one can take a train direct to New Orleans or to Florida.

EASTER

Now that Fat Tuesday is past and New Orleans has settled down to talk over its Mardi Gras, travelers are beginning to anticipate their Easter vacations. One of the more enticing among the many offered is the *Transylvania's* nine-and-a-half day cruise to Bermuda, which starts from New York on Good Friday (April third) and ends on Sunday, April twelfth. Easter in Bermuda — and you land there on Easter morning — is of course the unique opportunity to see the season's flower, the lily, in one of its favorite native habitats. Fields and fields of white meet the eye, and the air is heavy with perfume. During the five days spent in Bermuda the passengers on the *Transylvania* will use the ship as their hotel; full service, meals at regular hours, music, dancing, and entertainment will be maintained.

TO SWEDEN ON WINGS

Air-minded travelers (which means almost everyone nowadays) will have a chance next summer to eat breakfast in Paris or London and sip their afternoon tea the same day in Sweden. Planes will leave Le Bourget and Croydon air fields at nine in the morning and will arrive in Malmo seven hours later. In the other direction, the planes will leave Malmo at nine in the morning — allowing connections for passengers arriving on the overnight trains from Stockholm, Oslo, and Gothenburg — and will arrive in London and Paris respectively about four in the afternoon, with a stop at Amsterdam for luncheon. The Scandinavian Air Express also maintains a service between Stockholm and Helsingfors and Reval. The trip by steamer, requiring twenty-two hours, is cut down to two and a half hours by plane. Scenically this journey is considered one of the most beautiful in Europe, as the plane passes over the entire Swedish and Finnish archipelago and one may look down on tens of thousands of islands. The Swedish Aerotransport Company, which has been in operation since 1924, has maintained a hundred per cent record for safety. Since 1930 it has carried on all its lines over 78,000 persons.

ISLE OF PINES

When Americans go to Havana for a vacation they usually don't go in for excursions. However, if there are any who can bear to leave the Prado for a couple of days, they may be interested in the trip to the Isle of Pines. One takes the train to Batabano and then the boat.

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Forum Definitions

What is a Civilized Man?

THE BRITISH historian, George Macaulay Trevelyan, has pointed out that modern civilization has produced an entirely new class of human beings never before known in the world. In ancient and medieval times there was always a sharp line of demarcation between the relatively small group of educated people and the sodden masses of the uneducated. With the rise of democracy and the coming of universal primary education, a new type has appeared which is neither fish nor fowl — the half-educated. The truly educated men and women are probably more numerous than they ever were before; the totally uneducated are rapidly disappearing; but the self-assertive, material-minded, half-educated class has sprung up in such numbers that it has become the leaven of democratic society, making it possible for cheap politicians and other quacks to rule us with the verbal magic of their half-truths and lies.

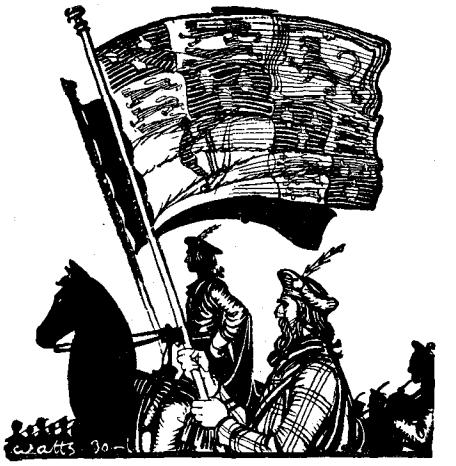
Many of those who submitted definitions in this contest were aware of the close relationship between education and those qualities of mind and soul which make of man a civilized being. The following have been awarded prizes:

1. One whose interests include the community, and, beyond that, mankind; one who provides for leisure hours as well as working hours; one who has some thought of spiritual advance and is wise enough to guard against material surfeit as well as material want; one who appreciates widely; one who loves deeply — he is the civilized man. (*Helen I. Sempill, Lafayette, Indiana*)

2. A civilized man is one who no longer regards himself as a mere individual whose imperious demands of hunger or sex or greed demand immediate satisfaction at all costs. He has learned to see himself as an integral factor in his environment, with duties and responsibilities toward his home, his associates, and his country, which he cannot evade without sinking back into savagery. (*Mrs. Mariella Ladd, Spokane, Washington*)

3. A civilized man is one who has enough understanding of himself and his physical and social environment to liberate him from unreasonable fears and to enable him to interpret events and plan his own life intelligently; who has genuine good will for his fellows which leads him on occasion to sacrifice his immediate personal advantage for a greater social good. Thus he is an integrated, wholesome personality, he is socialized and purposive, and he is a free man. (*Charles W. St. John, Maplewood, N. J.*)

Next: — *What is* A HERO? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Definitions Editor by March 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winner.*



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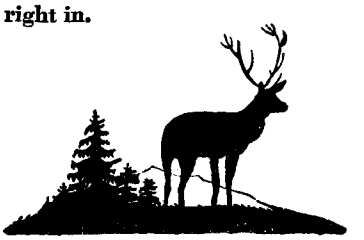
Glasgow is the front door to Europe. Turn the key and go right in.



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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i. e., type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

IN THE LAST few years newspapers and magazines have given more editorial space to the discussion of aviation than to any other single subject, with the possible exception of Washington and its politics. Every accident and stunt flight has had its headlines. Hysteria and maudlin sentiment have swayed the people. But the men — and women — interested in their research to make the plane a safe means of travel, both in commerce and pleasure, have gone their quiet ways, developing new instruments, improving old. What is new in aviation, where can one fly, and, of paramount importance, how safe is flying? These are the questions uppermost in the layman's mind. The following programs are designed to answer these questions and to give to the average uninitiated person the true state of aviation to-day.

A. A NEW WAY TO FLY

Wings of To-morrow — Juan de la Cierva — FORUM, March 1931

From Glider to Autogiro — Juan de la Cierva — *North American Review*, November 1929

The Windmill that Flies — Donald F. Rose — *North American Review*, June 1929

A Flying Windmill that Would Shock Quixote — *Literary Digest*, February 9, 1929

A New Way to Fly — Juan de la Cierva — *Saturday Evening Post*, November 2, 1929

B. WOMEN IN THE AIR

New Woman — *New Yorker*, May 10, 1930

Amy Johnson, Britain's Lady Lindy — *Literary Digest*, June 28, 1930

Spreading My Wings — Antonie Strassmann — *Pictorial Review*, August 1930

Husband-and-Wife Teams in the Flying Game — *Literary Digest*, April 12, 1930

Flying is Changing Women — Margery Brown — *Pictorial Review*, June 1930

C. SAFETY AND COMMERCIAL AVIATION

How Safe is Flying? — Gove Hambidge — FORUM, September 1930

Troubled Airways — Myron M. Stearns — *Outlook*, March 5, 1930

Is It Safe to Fly? — Francis D. Walton — *Nation*, October 22, 1930

Where Is Aviation? — Francis D. Walton — *Harper's*, June 1930

How Safe is Flying? — C. J. V. Murphy — *Harper's*, March 1930

New Things in the Air — Howard Mingos — *North American Review*, July 1930

D. ADVENTURES IN THE AIR

Two Flights in the Fog — Myron M. Stearns — *Harper's*, May 1930

Anthony Fokker; A Man with an Instinct for Airplanes — Walter Tittle — *World's Work*, November 1930

Flying Blind — Helen Buckler — *World's Work*, March 1930

Those Flying Hellions of Dayton! — James Layfield — *American Magazine*, February 1930

The Sporting Side of Aviation — Brigadier General William Mitchell — *Saturday Evening Post*, April 26, 1930

E. TRAVELING BY AIR

A Flying Merchant Marine — Howard Mingos — *World's Work*, October 1930

The Men Who Fly the Planes — Myron M. Stearns — *World's Work*, July 1930

Traveling by Air — Myron M. Stearns — *World's Work*, September 1930

By Air to America's Côte d'Azure — *Review of Reviews*, March 1930

Air Vacations — Howard Mingos — *Ladies Home Journal*, March 1930

II

MARCH FOURTH, 1921, was the date of Woodrow Wilson's retirement from the Presidency of the United States. He was variously glorified and maligned in the years of his public life. Has further thought or world action justified either of these attitudes? Was he a little man, or does he deserve to rank with Lincoln and Washington? Various men of discern-

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Women's Clubs

ment have surveyed the present situation in the light of Wilson's attempts and achievements. What they have decided is to be found in this group of articles.

A. WILSON — TEN YEARS AFTER

Woodrow Wilson After Ten Years — Harold J. Laski — FORUM, March 1931

Wilson and Lansing — Vittorio Emanuele Orlando — *Saturday Evening Post*, March 23, 1929

Woodrow Wilson, Princeton Schoolmaster — Alfred Pearce Dennis — *Saturday Evening Post*, February 15, 1930

Woodrow Wilson as an Undergraduate — C. L. Williams — *Current History*, January 1930

Woodrow Wilson — William Bolitho — *Saturday Review of Literature*, October 12, 1929

Roosevelt and the War: A Chapter of Memories — Owen Wister — *Harper's*, June 1930

Roosevelt: The Story of an Animosity — Bainbridge Colby — *Current History*, August 1930

Grandeur and Misery of Victory — Georges Clemenceau — *Collier's*, April 19, 1930

B. TEN YEARS OF THE LEAGUE

The League and the Status Quo — Rudolf Broda — *World Tomorrow*, June 1930

Ten Years of the League — Felix Morley — *Nation*, January 15, 1930

The League of Nations — *Nation*, January 15, 1930

After the First Decade — Wickham Steed — *Outlook*, January 15, 1930

The Real Value of the League — Gilbert Murray — *Harper's*, September 1930

The League and the Underdog — John Maynard Keynes — *Saturday Review of Literature*, March 8, 1930

Outside — Looking In — John Palmer Gavit — *Saturday Review of Literature*, January 4, 1930

III

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"Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson" — Genevieve Taggard — *Knopf*, $4.00

"The Adams Family" — James Truslow Adams — *Little, Brown*, $4.00

"R. v. R.: The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn" — Hendrik Willem van Loon — *Horace Liveright*, $5.00

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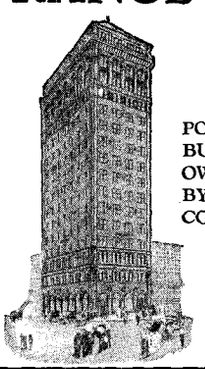

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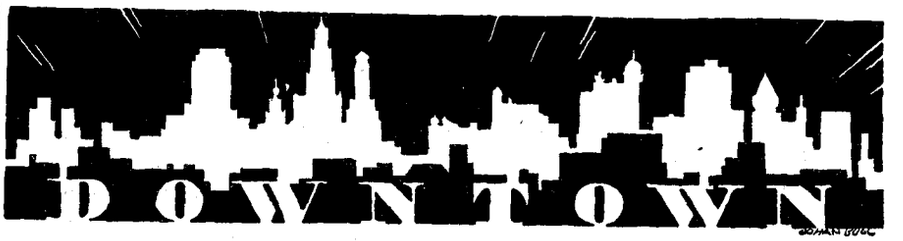

The Uses of Adversity

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

MANY are the lessons taught by adversity, and if those lessons taught to business men and investors in this era of economic depression are retained, the present period of distress will not have been suffered in vain. We learn only by experience, particularly in the field of business, and our economic evolution from a nation of primitive agriculturists to a stage of highly complex industrial organization has been chiefly through the trial and error method. As a nation, we are not noted for being particularly credulous; nevertheless, it is a national trait that we are willing to try anything once. The evolution of our currency system from the worthless "Continentals" of the days of Alexander Hamilton to the present efficient system of Federal Reserve notes backed by a reasonable gold cover has been achieved at the cost of monetary panics, business depressions, and all the attendant woes that accompany them. We made the serious mistake of listening to the siren call of bimettalism, of a silver standard in the ratio of sixteen to one; and we paid for it with five years of industrial stagnation in the early 1890's.

We have gradually learned, through the storm and stress of industrial labor disputes, that when machinery displaces hand labor, it creates more jobs than it displaces, in the long run, and that it contributes to a higher standard of living. This is beyond dispute to-day. The humble workman in his cottage has running water, electric lights, better sanitary conditions, probably a radio, and quicker access to transportation than the industrial princes of the pre-industrial revolution days. But evolution brings its new problems. They must be tried and tested. And we are now in the throes of these economic trials.

To go back no further than the last period of depression: What were the problems that arose in 1921, and what were the lessons derived from those problems? They were many. At that time such questions as price fixing, government control of railroads and utilities, Federal Reserve policy, income-tax procedure, wages, and many other problems were the live issues of the day.

During the war, price fixing was adopted as more or less of an emergency measure by the United States Government in order to facilitate the conduct of the war to a successful conclusion. Wheat was stabilized around $2.25 a bushel, steel prices were pegged, and a more or less artificial basis was forced upon many commodities due to the complete dislocation of the usual equilibrium between supply and demand. After the emergency passed, a full year's crop was harvested on the fixed price basis, notwithstanding the fact that the crisis was over and consumption was far below the highly stimulated production. Unfortunately, this was one lesson that was not thoroughly learned. The farmer had had a taste of $3.25 wheat and liked it. He was not willing to let it go without an appeal to the government, and farm relief has been a perennial political problem ever since.

British rubber producers conceived the idea of taxing excess rubber produced beyond an arbitrary level to a point where production was stifled. They did succeed in sending rubber to extraordinary prices, but Dutch rubber growers simply expanded their output and the market was soon glutted. Brazilian coffee growers thought they had solved the coffee price problem when their government withheld a certain proportion of the output in order to stimulate prices. But the high prices stimulated producers to greater efforts and that market became glutted. Copper producers thought they had solved the problem of stabilizing prices when they attacked it from the production end; but they soon found that consumption can fall off much more rapidly than producers are willing to curtail, and huge surplus stocks of that metal accumulated. We failed to learn the lesson that price fixing and other kinds of tampering with the natural law of supply and demand were futile in 1921, and we have had another vivid demonstration of their uselessness in 1930.

THE RAILROADS

ELEVEN YEARS ago government control of the railroads and public utilities was a live issue. To prevent an utter collapse of the financial position of the carriers in 1918 the government operated the roads, guaranteeing earnings and

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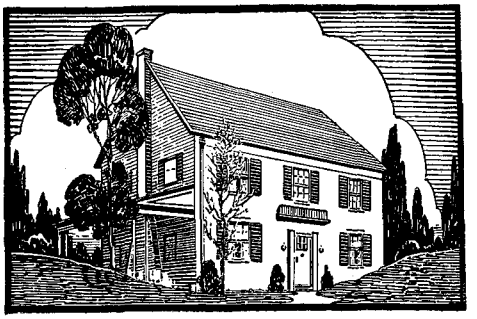
credit. The physical condition of the railroads became impoverished. Engine failures were common, transportation blockades were frequent, car shortages were the rule. Consumers were crying for deliveries and bidding goods prices up. A shortage developed on consuming ends and overproduction on producing ends. Then when the carriers were restored to private ownership and goods began to move to their destinations, prices collapsed, cancellations of orders were enormous, and a depression was on. We learned a costly lesson in government ownership. The reaction went far in the other direction, yielding the Transportation Act of 1920, with its requirement that railroads be merged in large systems, and its establishment of the principle that the railroads shall be permitted rates that will yield a fair return on the investment of capital. The Interstate Commerce Commission has never fixed rates that would yield the prescribed return, but there has been some progress in that direction.

After the Armistice the Treasury Department faced the problem of issuing new loans. To facilitate these issues and secure a low interest rate, pressure was brought upon the Federal Reserve Board in 1919 to maintain a lower rediscount rate than market conditions warranted. This artificial ease in credit greatly accelerated the inflation in commodity prices then under way. This lesson has not yet been learned as well as many Federal Reserve critics would have it, some of them holding that the cheap money policy of 1927 was one cause of the inflation in security prices in 1928 and 1929. But the principle that Federal Reserve policy should be dictated by the Federal Reserve Board, and not by political considerations, seems to have become well established.

In 1920 business men were caught with enormous inventories at high prices. These inventories were commonly mortgaged at the banks and the ensuing deflation of prices crippled many industries. That this lesson was taken to heart is best indicated by the fact that inventory problems were not at all common in 1930 when commodity prices went through another period of drastic decline. Another lesson was also derived from this experience. Business men saw the wisdom of getting into a strong cash position, reducing bank loans and paying off funded debt while the business skies were bright. Most of the major industrial corporations took occasion to sell stock during the boom and to strengthen their cash positions. The scarcity of big corporation failures in 1930 may be attributed to these precautions. This is a sign of progress.

TAXES

ANOTHER LESSON that was learned in 1920 was that high surtaxes imposed by



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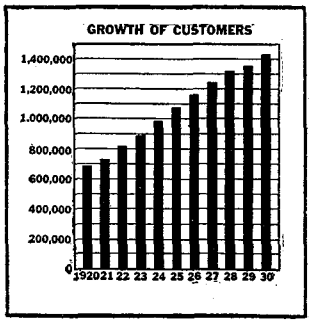

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the Federal Government upon incomes were less productive than a low surtax rate. When Secretary Mellon took the helm at the Treasury in 1921, he initiated a tax reform which resulted in a reduction in the maximum surtax from sixty-five per cent in 1921 to twenty per cent in 1928. The corresponding increase in yield of taxes and in prosperity left no doubt in the minds of contemporary observers that Mellon was right. But the lesson of tax reform still has many angles that need correction and the current depression is providing an example of this. Notwithstanding the decrease in surtax rates in 1928, business men and investors with large stock market profits refused to sell their securities when prices were high because of the large tax on capital gains that would follow. A scarcity of stocks at high prices developed when the public buying power was at its peak, and the inevitable stock market collapse was all the more severe.

Lately it has worked out another way. By the end of 1930 investors became keenly conscious of the fact that they could save money on Federal income taxes by selling securities at a loss and thus registering little or no income for the year. As a consequence an enormous flood of offerings poured into the markets in December, driving prices far below their real worth in many cases, creating serious banking problems in some instances, and at all events enormously enhancing the spirit of discouragement and depression in general business. If the current period of hard times leads to a reform of the capital gains tax, it will be another sign of progress.

During the war wages were advanced to unprecedented levels. When the deflation of 1921 developed, a great cry went up to the effect that labor must be liquidated also. But wages did not come down materially and within five years we found business men espousing the cause of high wages. Their reasons were obvious. By raising the standards of living of labor and augmenting their purchasing power, business in general was benefiting from the increased production necessary to satisfy these wants. We may consider it a gain that the present depression has been attended by a minimum of agitation for wage revision and industrial strife.

These were several of the lessons learned in the last great economic cataclysm. What are the probable lessons to be derived from the current decline?

LESSONS OF TO-DAY

Since the stock market panic of 1929 was the most vivid harbinger of the business slump and the cause of more direct loss than any other factor, let us first consider this situation. Since the panic we find investors and speculators laying more stress upon present earning power than upon future earning power as a measure of value. We find less emphasis upon the good-will value of stocks and more upon tangible asset values. The idea that stocks should normally sell to yield from one to three per cent has become pretty well discredited, apart from very exceptional cases of established growth factors. The practice of considering gains from appreciation or from rights as income, rather than as additions to capital, has been definitely exploded. The practice of individuals and corporations in lending funds in the call-money market has exposed definite objections, which may call for reform.

The weaknesses of investment trusts have been exposed, such as liability to fraud, loss brought about by inferior management, and lack of individual responsibility. But their strong points have also been emphasized. The wheat has been separated from the chaff and the sound-investment trust has come to stay. But regulation is needed, and it is on the way in several states. In finance, then, we may feel sure that a valuable lesson has been learned and that investors in the future will behave in a saner and more wholesome manner than in 1929.

In banking, a lesson from the current depression has been the weakness of some forms of chain banking. Most of the twelve hundred bank failures last year were in one-industry sections, such as the cotton belt. A chain banking system which does not cover a widely diversified industrial or agricultural region cannot be regarded with the high esteem that would be accorded to one possessing these qualifications.

This depression has thoroughly tested the fundamental soundness of the installment selling system. It has exposed some weaknesses, as was to have been expected, but the system has met most of the arguments of its bitter critics and has demonstrated that installment selling has a proper place in merchandising. From this depression we should expect the movement for the five-day week to gather impetus, on the ground that in a machine age enough can be produced in five days to meet our wants. The period of twelve-hour days and six-day weeks belongs to the past. The economic value of leisure is more widely recognized to-day. Mass vacations are likely to be more common.

We should expect this period of storm and stress to demonstrate the futility of duplicating productive capacity, because of restrictions imposed by anti-trust laws. We note a sign of the times in the recent Packers' Consent Decree decision, where the court remarked that "the packers have no monopoly of food." The depression has stimulated the agitation against subsidized competition against the railroads, the government offering substantially free highways and free waterways for competitors of the carriers, while taxing the railroads to contribute to these highways and canals. The depression has emphasized the enormous burden of taxation upon real estate and the extravagance of local government.

These, then, are some of the benefits that should be derived from this period of storm and stress. If this ill wind blows nobody good we shall have only ourselves to blame.

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THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

A PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRIES. The history and earnings of some of the representative companies in basic industries in which Continental Shares is a substantial stockholder; also complete classified list of securities owned by Continental Shares. Copy upon request. Continental Shares, Inc., Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

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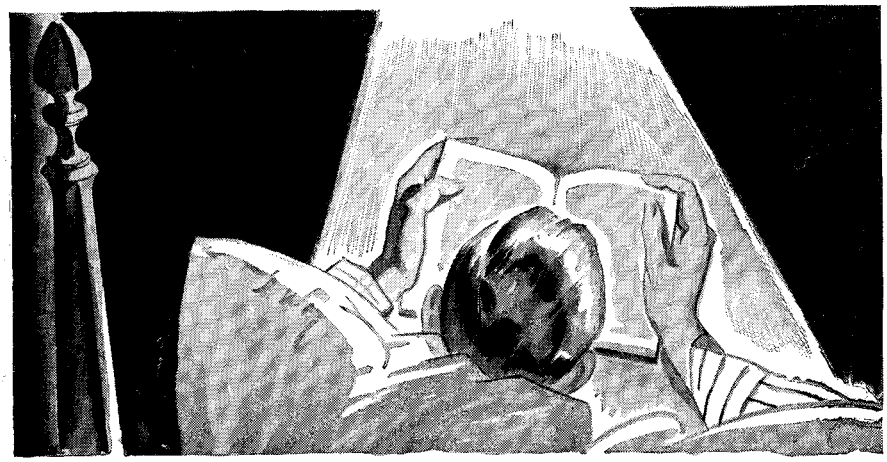
LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY



. . . . of the guest who couldn't sleep

The house was hushed. Midnight had struck two hours ago. But still the guest in 1422 hunched wide-eyed in his bed.

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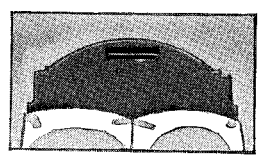

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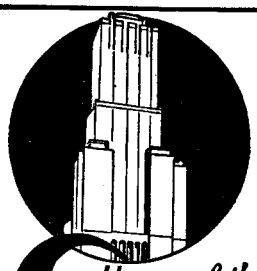

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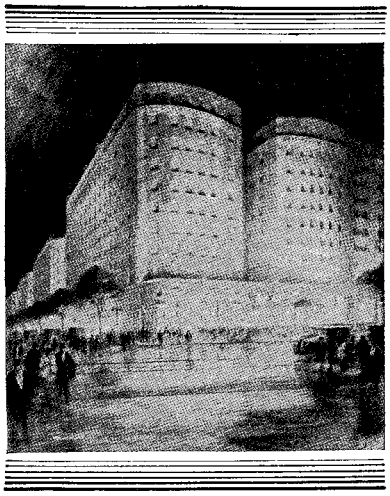

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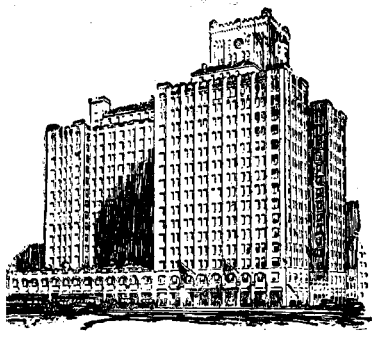

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TOASTS

WHILE still in his twenties, HAROLD J. LASKI published *The Problem of Sovereignty* and *Authority in the Modern State*, which won for him a reputation as one of the most brilliant living scholars in the science of government. For a time he was lecturer in history at McGill and at Harvard, but since 1920 has been connected with the London School of Economics, and is now, at thirty-six, Professor of Political Science in the University of London. Recently Professor Laski was asked by Premier MacDonald to lead an investigation of the administrative machinery of the English government, which may, according to various newspaper dispatches, result in several changes in the content of the British constitution.

Underwood & Underwood

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER is probably best known for his command of the Marines during the war. He has been awarded both the Congressional Medal of Honor and the D.S.C. A few years ago General Butler was loaned to Philadelphia to help enforce prohibition. In his first five days in office nine hundred and seventy-three saloons were closed. During the next few weeks two thousand arrests were made and four hundred policemen were shifted in an attempt to improve the morale of the police force. After two years General Butler said, "Enforcing the law in Philadelphia is worse than any battle I was ever in. . . . The petty annoyances that are piled on me are worse than the Chinese drip torture." The Marines are well represented this month: Lieutenant S. B. Griffith is a date contest winner.

BORN in a small village in Cornwall, A. L. ROWSE is from that English stock which has lived close to the soil and has remained unchanged throughout the centuries. During the last few years Mr. Rowse has been primarily concerned with historical theory and has published several books of reflections on this subject.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON is a professor of history at Harvard. In 1927 he published his two-volume *Oxford History of the United States*, and, as editor, he is now at work upon the *Tercentennial History of Harvard University*, which is scheduled to be published by 1936 to celebrate the founding of America's oldest college.

MARGARET DOTY is a newspaper woman who has worked for the *Detroit Saturday Night*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and is now with the *New York Herald-Tribune*. In between times, Miss Doty has been on the stage. She was born in Petoskey, Michigan, was brought up in Detroit, and pursued an education in Paris, London, and Oxford.

THE last time we heard from RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, he was very much engrossed in a new daughter. Since she is now a young lady of nearly two, her father has probably had a chance to occupy himself more extensively with his labors as Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association. One of the foremost authorities on international affairs, Mr. Buell has been of considerable importance in promoting friendly understanding between the Americas.

AFTER completing his college course at Johns Hopkins, J. GRESHAM MACHEN spent a year there as a graduate student in the Department of Greek. From Johns Hopkins he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1905. Then he went abroad and continued his Biblical studies in several German universities. Upon his return he became an instructor at the Princeton Seminary, and later an Assistant Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. At the time when this theological school was divided over the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy, Dr. Machen led the secessionists to found the Westminster Theological Seminary in Philadelphia.

Bachrach

JUAN DE LA CIERVA

BORN in Louisiana, where his father began his ministry as a circuit rider, LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY followed his father's pastoral peregrinations into and out of most of the Southern and Middle Western states. "Like most preachers' sons," says Mr. Wimberly, "I did a great deal of deacon dodging, becoming in the process a sort of juvenile Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I learned that although one may move and move and still not find an earthly paradise, nevertheless a parsonage is about the happiest household on earth." At present Mr. Wimberly is teaching English at the University of Nebraska, and editing that successful literary quarterly, *The Prairie Schooner*. His "Tom Hardy" appeared in an autumn issue.

JUAN DE LA CIERVA is a young Spanish aëronautical engineer, creator of the fabulous-looking autogiro. During the war and while yet in his teens, Señor Cierva designed the first tri-motored tractor biplane ever built, and reconstructed a wrecked French plane which was the first airplane ever to fly in Spain. Since conceiving the autogiro, much of his work has been done in England, but recently the Pitcairn-Cierva Autogiro Company was formed to sponsor this craft in America. He was at one time a member of the Spanish parliament.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH was born and lived in Knoxville, Tennessee until 1915. In reviewing his most recent book, H. L. Mencken took occasion to say that he (Mr. Krutch) was suffering from a "baptismal katzenjammer" and that, of course, complete enlightenment was not to be expected of anyone who had been born in Tennessee. On the other hand, Mr. Krutch's home town newspaper summed up his career a few years ago in an editorial headed, "We Are Not Proud of Him." "So," says Mr. Krutch, "I suppose I must occupy some unsatisfactory middle ground between the heights which Mr. Mencken expects, and the depths of ignorance demanded by my native state." After graduating from the University of Tennessee, Mr. Krutch took his doctor's degree and later taught at Columbia and then the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. After having written *The Modern Temper*, Mr. Krutch is now enjoying a respite abroad — thanks to the Guggenheim Foundation. His latest book is *Five Masters: A Study in the Novel's Mutations*.

WHILE he was still a Professor of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, FABIAN FRANKLIN became interested in economic theory and later lectured on important aspects of it, both at Johns Hopkins and at Columbia. At Columbia his lectures discussed the single-tax doctrine and Gustav Cassel's theory of interest, which Mr. Franklin regards as fundamentally erroneous.

RUTH LECHLITNER presents her biography thus: "Graduated from the University of Michigan 1923; taught school in New Mexico and promptly got fired for having in my possession what the school board termed 'radical and immoral books'; came to New York in 1926." Miss Lechlitner's poems have appeared in many of the leading magazines, and she also reviews poetry for "Books" of the *Herald-Tribune*.

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